July

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Drawn by
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½ teaspoon salt	¼ cup melted butter
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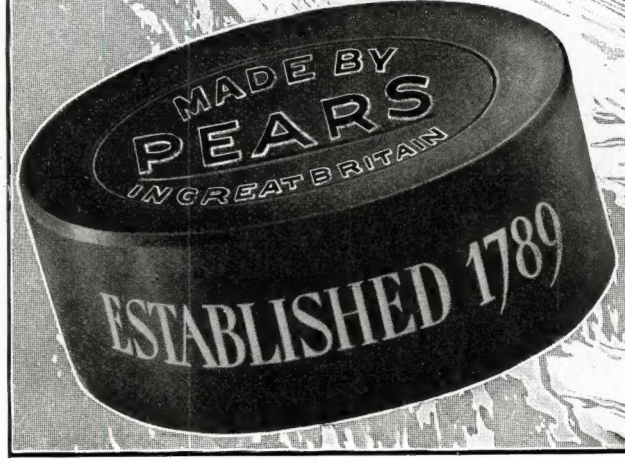

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OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST

Vol. 24 No. 1

Hearst's Magazine

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Cover Drawing by Charles Dana Gibson

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Hearst's Magazine

DRAWN BY GARTH JONES

The Optimist

By Dr. Frank Crane

BE an Optimist! Optimism is the product of health. Pessimism is the fruit of a diseased body, brain, or spirit.

The whole universe is an arena for the tremendous battle eternally going on between the forces of vitality and the forces of morbidity, between down-pulling and up-building energies, between hope and despair, between the unafraid and the panic-stricken.

The agents of death swarm in the air, lurk at every corner of your path, dog your steps night and day. Failure threatens, accidents may happen, enemies are after you, microbes are everywhere. Think of these things, and it is all over with you. The man afraid is half whipped.

Circumstances have nothing to do with Optimism. Even the sick-room of an Optimist is a bulwark of encouragement to the whole household.

Facts do not cast down the Optimist. If he is cheated he makes the swindler ashamed. If he is beaten he never knows it. When Trouble visits him she soon leaves because she is not offered a chair. If he stumbles he fights on his knees.

Any human being's will is the soul's citadel; all hell cannot take it unless it surrenders. The Will clears the brain, inspires the heart, nerves the hand, and makes the foot sure.

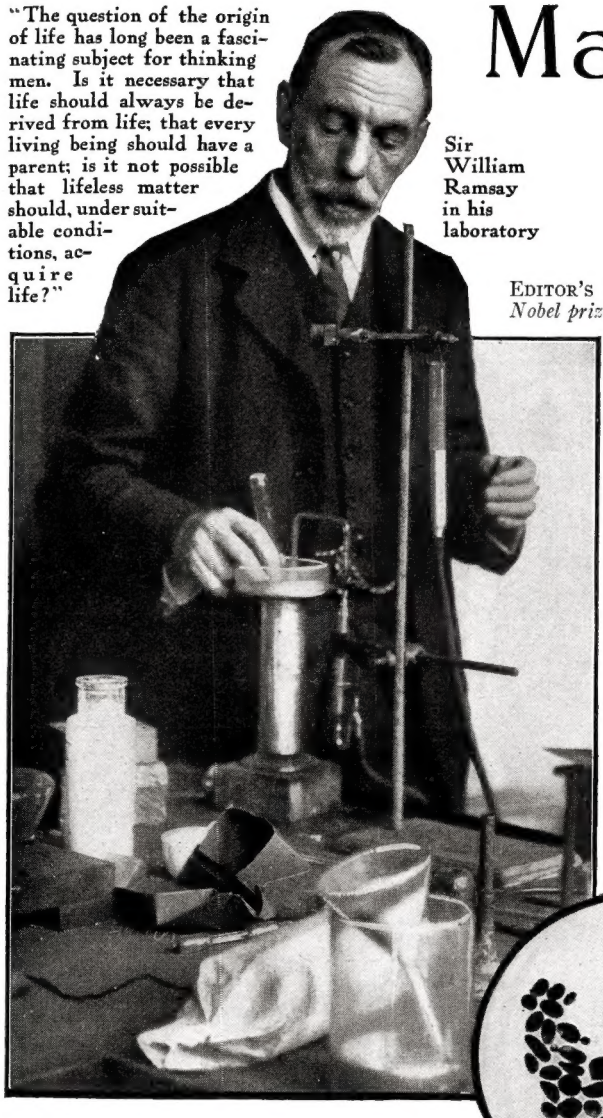
The Optimist is the one who is linked with the great health-force-constructive powers of the universe. The stars in their courses fight for him.

The Will is the central fire of the Optimist. And the Will is a piece of Almighty God, given gratis to him who will use it.

Making the
for the Good

By Sir William

"The question of the origin of life has long been a fascinating subject for thinking men. Is it necessary that life should always be derived from life; that every living being should have a parent; is it not possible that lifeless matter should, under suitable conditions, acquire life?"



Sir William Ramsay in his laboratory

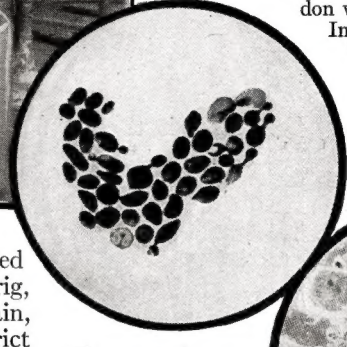
EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Sir William Ramsay received the Nobel prize in chemistry in 1904 for his revolutionary discoveries in connection with the inert gases of the atmosphere. These gases, the existence of which was previously quite unknown, are called argon, neon, and krypton. A fourth gas, called helium, had been discovered as a constituent of the sun by Sir Norman Lockyer, but was first revealed as a terrestrial element by Sir William Ramsay. Subsequently Sir William observed the transformation of radium emanation into helium. He then reported the seeming change of copper into lithium, under influence of radium; and very recently his observation of the appearance of helium and neon in old X-ray bulbs has been confirmed by other workers, giving color to the suggestion that one element may be trans-*

THE word "germ" is derived from the Latin *Germea*, a sprig, an offshoot; and that again, from *gero*, I bear. Its strict meaning is the ovary or seed-bud of a plant, and thus it has come to signify that from which anything springs—its origin. The expression "germs of disease" is a common one; and when Pasteur found that in many cases these were small organisms, the word germ was transferred to denote them.

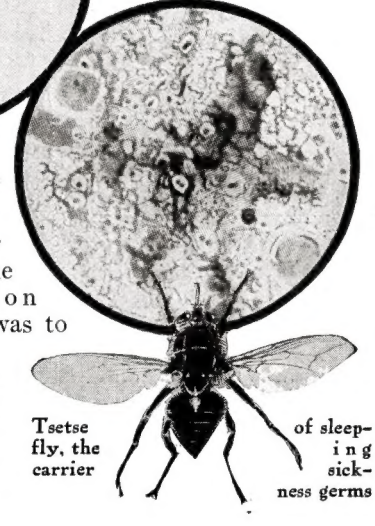
That infectious fevers were caused by something in the air was suspected even in the middle ages; care was taken to avoid contact with the stricken one; breathing his breath was imagined to be risky; and fires used to be kept burning in the streets, so as to consume the "germs of disease." Defoe, who lived while (to quote his own jingle)

"A dreadful plague in London was,
In the year sixty-five.
Which swept an hundred thousand souls
Away, yet I alive,"

tells of a sexton who fetched away the bodies; the only precaution which he took was to hold garlic and rue in his mouth, and to smoke tobacco; and his wife, who survived with him,



The germ of malaria (at top), and the germ of pneumonia

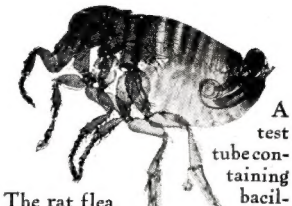


Tsetse fly, the carrier of sleeping sickness germs

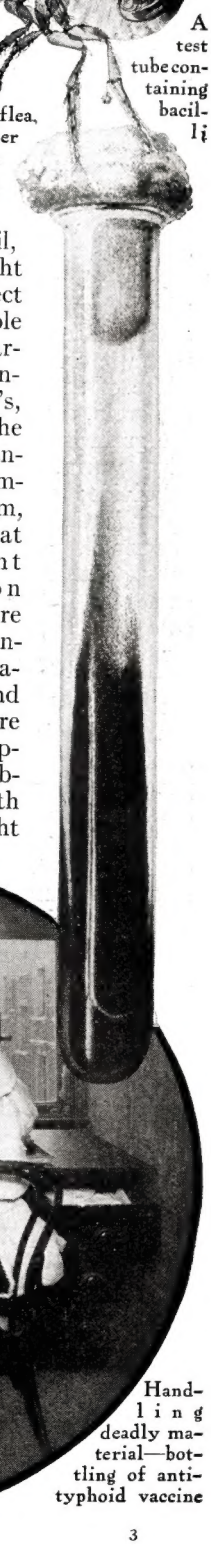
Microbe Work of All Mankind

Ramsay, K.C.B., F.R.S.

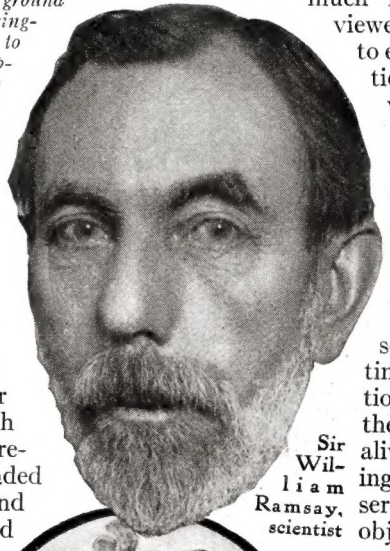
muted into another with the aid of the electric current. Sir William Ramsay is an exceedingly expert, ingenious, and resourceful laboratory worker, and he has a very practical mind, as evidenced by his scheme for burning coal in the ground without mining it, bringing the generated gases to the surface for consumption. The catholicity of his interests and the breadth of his knowledge are well shown by the present article on Germs, which deals authoritatively with a subject that cannot fail to be of interest to every living human on this terrestrial ball of ours.



The rat flea, a carrier of bubonic plague germs



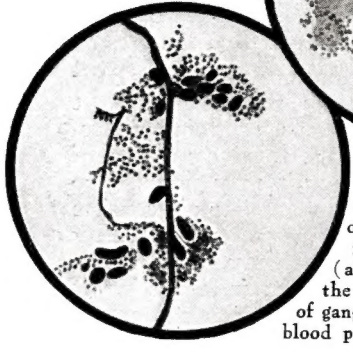
A test tube containing bacilli



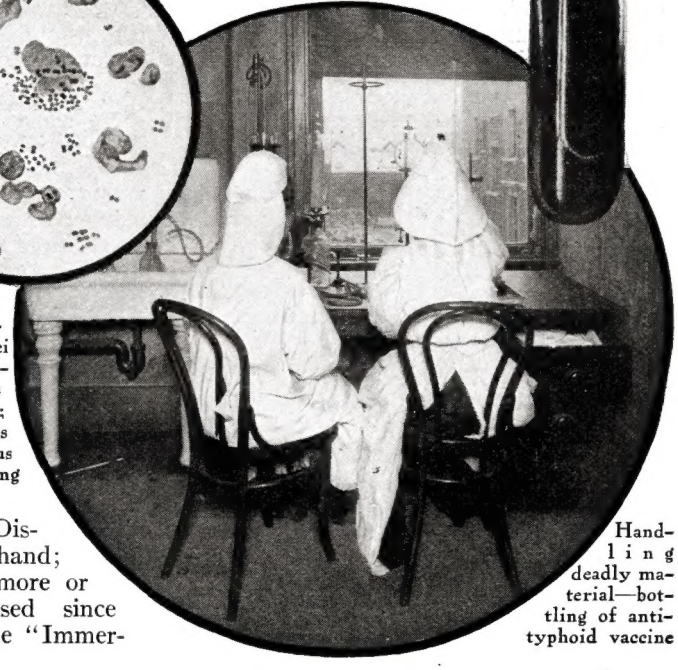
Sir William Ramsay, scientist

washed her head and sprinkled her head-cloths with vinegar. Another precaution recommended was to burn rosin and pitch, brimstone and gunpowder, in the houses; these were ancient disinfectants.

sion-lens," where the lens dips in water or oil, and can thus be brought much nearer the object viewed, made it possible to examine minute particles hitherto invisible. In the '30's, Robert Brown, the "prince of botanists," as Humboldt called him, discovered that with sufficient magnification small particles are seen to be in a continual state of agitation, skipping here and there, as if they were alive. But this jumping motion was observed not only with objects which might



The micrococci of meningitis (above); the germs of gangrenous blood poisoning



Handling deadly material—bottling of anti-typhoid vaccine

The sisters Invention and Discovery always walk hand-in-hand; and although microscopes, more or less effective, had been used since 1590, Amici's invention of the "Immer-

be of animal or vegetable nature; it took place equally with small particles of water-color paints, which no one could suppose to be alive. Of recent years, the cause of this motion has been found out; but that is another story.

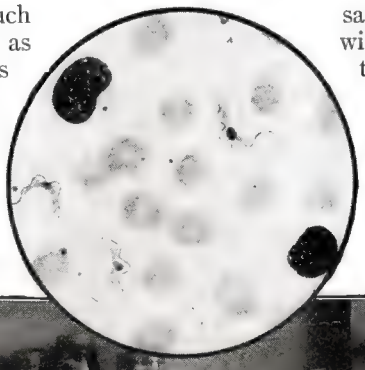
It was Brown who discovered by help of his improved microscope the existence of a nucleus in plant-cells; and after that the way was paved for the examination of germs.

A seed, whether animal or vegetable, whether an egg or a grain of barley, consists for the most part of food for the germ which it contains. Both the yolk and the white of the egg, as well as the starch of the grain, are merely food supplies. When the grain is moistened, or when the egg is kept warm, the embryo commences to subdivide; each cell becomes two. This reduplication continues, and an organism is formed, which has structure, according to what it eventually will become. It consumes its food, starch or albumen, as the case may be; and the plant or animal is formed. But neither the starch nor the egg food-stuff are taken in by the germ as such; they have first to be changed; and the change is the function of a ferment; a substance, which, although not alive, yet has the property of causing other substances to alter their nature; starch, for instance, by the action of the ferment diastase, contained in the grain, changes into sugar, and it is in this state that it is used as food by the germ. There are similar ferments which act on the white and the yellow of the egg, and bring them into such a condition that they serve as food for the germ of the egg.

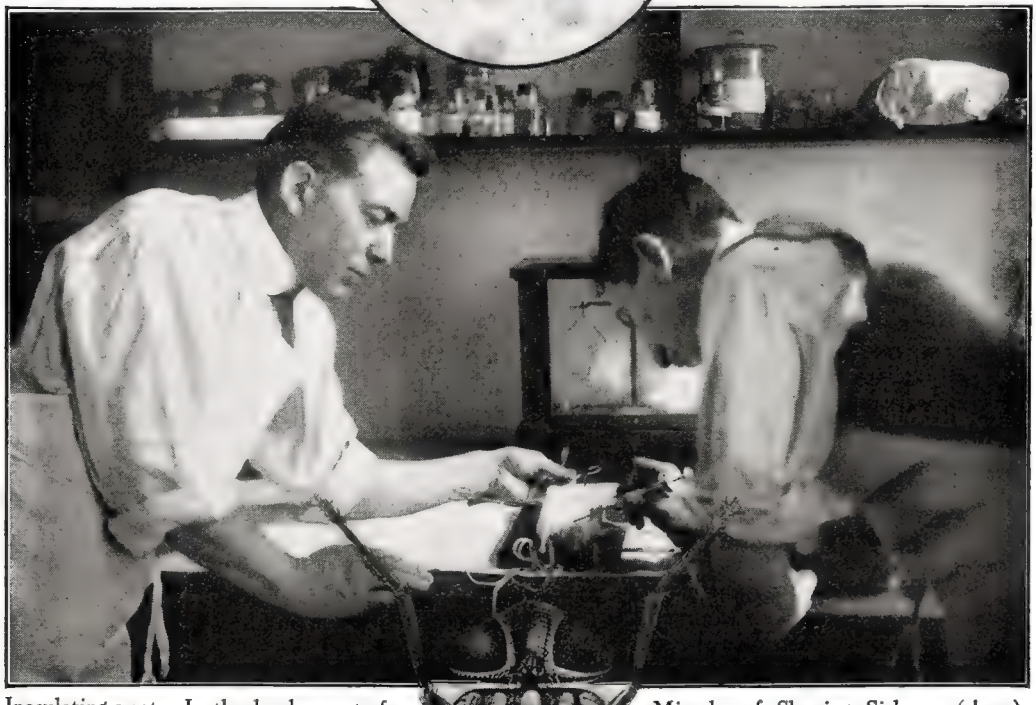
The subdivision of the cell, under normal circumstances, does not take place until after fertilization; in the case of plants, until after penetration of the embryo by the pollen, the dust which comes from the anthers; in the case of animals, by the spermatazoon. But Professor Loeb has proved that fertilization is not always necessary; that sea-urchins' eggs can be made to develope into living animals by placing them in water to which certain salts have been added, or even by irritating them with a needle. It has long been known that many organisms multiply by budding; a familiar instance of this is, cutting a slip from a twig and planting it; it grows into a shoot, which develops into a complete plant. Yeast, small oval granules, which grow in sugary solutions and change them into alcohol and carbonic acid, multiplies in somewhat the same way: a bud begins to appear on the side of a cell; it grows; and when it has become nearly as large as the original cell, it breaks off and starts an independent existence. Strictly speaking, the plant grown from the slip, or the new yeast cell, is the same organism as that from which it has been derived; it has, so to speak, only one parent, and is merely a part of that parent which has become independent. To form a really new organism, the concourse of two parents is necessary; the organism then partakes of the qualities of both. And not merely of both; but of the ancestors of both.

These remarks apply not only to low forms of life which have been referred to as illustrations; they apply equally well to human beings. Everyone knows that children resemble one or the other parent; and not only their parents, but their grandparents, or even their great-grandparents. Often, indeed, a child resembles some particular grandparent. The cell-structure to which this resemblance is due must have been derived from the grandparent; it must have persisted through the life of the parent without becoming manifest; and it appears in the third generation! And yet the cells which form the embryo of the perfected organism are, so far as can be seen, very simple objects; a skin, surrounding a quantity of granular matter, in which there is a nucleus, itself containing a nucleolus, or still smaller nucleus. But such simplicity must be merely apparent; the chemical atoms of which cells are built up are incomparably smaller. We now know, moreover, that even atoms themselves have complicated structure; many believe that they consist of electrons, or atoms of electricity. It is difficult to give an idea of such minuteness, but it may perhaps be realized as follows: a gas like air consists of small particles termed molecules, of oxygen and nitrogen, chiefly. Air can be made liquid by cooling it; in liquefying, it contracts, so that these particles in liquid air are about ten times as near each other as they are in ordinary gaseous air, and a thousand volumes of the gaseous air gives one volume of liquid. The smallest object that we can see with the naked eye—the smallest speck of dust—is composed of at

least a million million of such particles, a thousand times as many as there are inhabitants on this earth; and the minutest object which the microscope reveals still contains a million molecules. And it is possible to imagine considerable variety of structure among



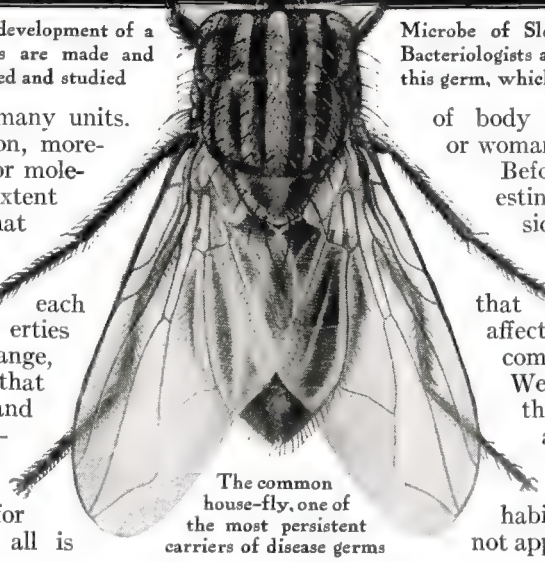
said, we cannot but be struck with the extraordinary fact that the resemblance of a child to his grandfather, not only in feature but also in mind and in trivial habits, involves the existence of cells in the father or mother, which "lie low," and yet carry with them all the characteristics



Inoculating a rat. In the development of a vaccine many inoculations are made and results carefully compiled and studied

Microbe of Sleeping Sickness (above). Bacteriologists are trying to exterminate this germ, which is transported by flies

objects containing so many units. Add to this conception, moreover, that the units, or molecules, differ to some extent among themselves; that among them many chemical compounds are represented, each with its own properties and capacities for change, and it will be seen that what appears simple and uniform may, and indeed must, be endowed with almost infinite potentiality for change. Still, when all is



The common house-fly, one of the most persistent carriers of disease germs

of body and mind of a man or woman.

Before leaving this interesting subject, let us consider how subtle such a resemblance may be. It is certain that music, as it affects us moderns, is a comparatively recent art. We are safe in saying that a thousand years ago nothing like a modern sonata was dreamt of; the inhabitants of the East do not appreciate harmony; at

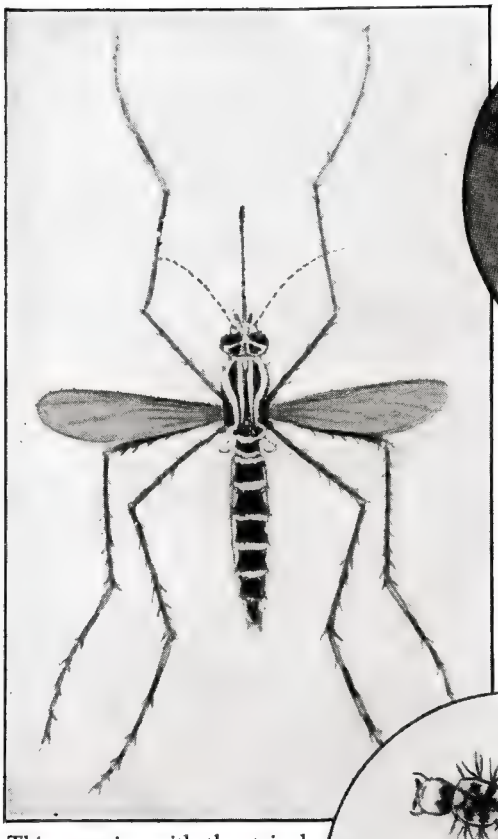
all events, harmony is not part of their native music. Now, it is not infrequent for a child to be born "a musical genius;" at the age of three or four, some exceptional children appreciate complicated music, and even perform complicated and difficult pieces. This must have been inherited; but the faculty of appreciating complex music cannot date back more than say a thousand years; it would appear, then, that the germ is influenced by its surroundings, as well as by its ancestors. But I have here touched the fringe of a dispute on which opinion is much divided.

Like physical characteristics, memory is also capable of transmission; the son often inherits a good memory from his father. But it has been said, for example, in that interesting book, "The Soul of a People," in which the life of the inhabitants of Burmah is described, that cases are known where a child, born of parents living in a village, not their own, to which they had migrated, was able to recognize people, and to "remember" events which had taken place in the native village of his parents, of which he could have had no direct knowledge. Is it possible that a memory for particular events is sometimes inherited?

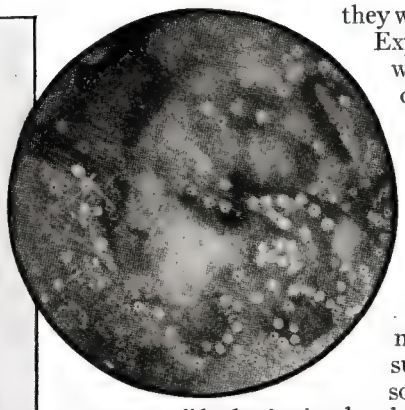
That memory of coördination gained by the parents can be inherited by the offspring admits of no doubt. In his book on "Animal Intelligence," Professor Lloyd Morgan describes observations which he made on swallows. Their nest was under the eaves; and for long, the parents fed and attended to their young brood. The day arrived for them to leave the nest; and without any practise, each fledgling dropped out of the nest, flew backwards and forwards, and without the least hesitation, entered the nest, just like an old bird. The wonderful power of control of muscles, of guiding motion, and of correlation of brain and eye must have lain in the germ of these birds, until the time for their use arrived. Examples of the sort might be given by the thousand; although the one mentioned is perhaps particularly striking.

The question of the origin of life has for long been a fascinating subject for thinking men. Is it necessary that life should always be derived from life; that every living being should have had a parent; is it not possible that lifeless matter should under suitable conditions acquire life? It is not very easy to define life; it is not the power of motion; particles of sufficient minuteness, as already mentioned, exhibit "Brownian motion," and are certainly not living. It is not the power of growth; crystals increase in size, and they are not alive. It is not consciousness; plants have none; and it is difficult to believe that the lower organisms are conscious. With limitations, the best definition is—an organism is alive which can reproduce another organism like itself, also endowed with similar powers. But there are some inorganic materials which closely imitate reproduction. In a work published some years ago, Mr. Butler Burke described experiments in which small quantities of a salt of radium were added to a solution of white-of-egg; small round objects like cells appeared; and these, like yeast-cells, began to grow small excrescences on one side; the excrescence developed into what was apparently another round cell; and the "child" separated from the "parent," and repeated the process. The writer suggested an explanation at the time which appeared to meet the case; it was that the radium coagulated the albumen, just as an egg hardens when it is boiled; this formed a small round object about the particle of radium-salt. Niton, the gas from radium, is formed from the radium, together with hydrogen and oxygen gases from the water. The niton also possesses the property of coagulating albumen; and it forms a little bubble on one side of the original "cell," which increases in size until it has grown like its "parent;" when sufficiently large, it breaks off. No doubt some such explanation is correct; the supposed cells were not alive.

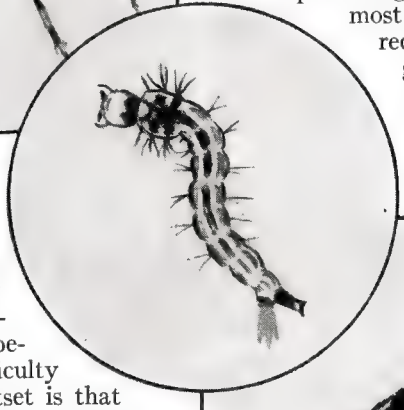
A much more serious campaign in favor of "biogenesis," as the artificial creation of living from non-living matter has been termed, has been carried on since the '60's by Dr. Bastian; the latest account of his experiments has been given in a book entitled "The Origin of Life," published in 1911. His contention is that certain inorganic materials, dissolved in water, and heated to such a temperature as to preclude the survival of any seeds or spores, if exposed to diffused light for some three months have transmuted themselves into living organisms, molds, or torulæ. But these, when removed from the solution, are not yet exactly alive; they require to be fed with suitable nourishment. They are transplanted with all precautions into



This mosquito, with the striped body, is the carrier of yellow fever. Its larva (in centre). When standing on a wall the hind legs of a malarial mosquito hang free



The bacteria of blood-poisoning, the study of which has greatly aided the progress of applied surgery



nutrient solutions, and they multiply and can be recognized as alive by any competent microscopist. The difficulty which meets one at the outset is that the organisms which are thus produced are comparatively complicated; they are by no means simple cells. One would imagine that the primordial cell would be of exceedingly simple structure. Professor Bastian's earlier papers were challenged by Professor Tyndall. Tyndall showed that it is easy to exclude spores from a solution from which organisms could derive nourishment, and in which they could grow, by filtering all air through cotton wool, or by passing it through a sufficiently long tube in which they could settle, or by leaving the air to stand in a box coated on its sides with sticky materials; so that when the spores touched the sides of the box they would adhere. Experiments in which one or other of these precautions were adopted to exclude spores, according to Tyndall, gave only negative results. Professor Bastian, however, is still unconvinced; and although most investigators remain unconverted to *his* conclusions he maintains his ground. If it may be permitted to an outsider to risk an opinion, it is that the question is not one which can ever be settled. For on first grounds, it would appear not unlikely that Nature is always producing life; but it is also almost certain that no one could recognize primordial organisms, on account of their extreme minuteness and simplicity of form. If such organisms are being formed,

and if they exist, no doubt they would in the course of ages develop into one of a recognizable form; but proof would appear to be almost impossible.

The modern science of bacteriology began with the investigation of precisely the ferments which yield wine, beer, and vinegar. Among the thousands of workers in this science, two stand out as pioneers: Pasteur and Lister. The former showed the part played by microbes in producing disease, and indicated the lines of action to be adopted in overcoming their power; the latter applied this knowledge to surgery and taught the world that operations of the most serious kind can be carried out with absolute freedom from risk of inflammation, with all its attendant evils.

In 1854, processes of fermentation were not regarded as vital phenomena; it was taught by Liebig that the change of sugar into alcohol in presence of yeast was due to the decomposition of dead yeast granules; not to the activity of the living cells. The first fermentation studied by Pasteur was that which takes place in milk when it turns sour; he observed the deposition of a greyish substance, which increased during the process. On examining it under a microscope it was seen to be wholly different in appearance from yeast; it consisted of very minute corpuscles, and these, added to a solution of sugar, produced the same acid which is formed when milk sours, namely lactic acid.

The first practical lesson which Pasteur gave was to the vinegar-makers of Orleans. He taught them that if a small quantity of the "mother of vinegar," the *Mycoderma aceti*, was sown on the surface of a vat containing a mixture of wine and vinegar, and if the temperatures were kept at 75° Fahrenheit, vinegar could be made in ten days, instead of the customary couple of months. Yet Pasteur was not the first to discover the process, nor to see the living ferment, nor to connect the process with the life of the organism; it was in placing the manufacture on the firm basis of reasoned experiment that he made his mark.

The greatest discoveries are often, as it were, thrust on the discoverers; the beginning of Pasteur's researches on disease, his investigation of the cause of silk-worm disease, was undertaken by him, after much protest as to his total ignorance of the subject, and after repeated urging by Dumas, then the high-priest of chemistry in France. For five years he investigated the diseases of silk-worms, and devised means for their prevention. He then turned his attention to anthrax, or "wool-sorters' disease," a malady often fatal to cattle which sometimes attacks man. This he traced to small rodlets or "bacteria" (the words have the same signification), which are visible in the blood of diseased animals. A species of cholera which attacks chickens was the next subject of his researches; and this led him to his most momentous discovery—how to render chickens immune against attack. Here again, his success was the result of an accident; but it requires a man of genius to perceive to what use an accident may be turned. He had been inoculating healthy chickens with cultures of the microbe separated from the blood of infected birds. These cultures were allowed to stand over his holidays; and when he returned, he tried again the effect of inoculating healthy fowls with old cultures; they suffered no bad effects whatever. On vaccinating these fowls with fresh cultures from diseased birds, he found, to his great surprise, that they were immune. It was next necessary to find the condition which rendered the virus incapable of itself communicating the disease, and of protecting against infection; the secret lay in exposing the culture to the prolonged action of air, at a suitable temperature. It was Pasteur who pointed out the way which has resulted in the discovery of many remedies of the kind, among which are inoculation for anthrax, for hydrophobia, and for typhoid.

What has been said in the last pages refers to the destruction of harmful microbes; another important branch of the subject deals with the harnessing of microorganisms to do useful work. Allusion has already been made to brewing, to wine-making, and to the manufacture of vinegar; but these are not all. The curing of tobacco, the preparation of tea, the manufacture of butter and of cheese; all these are the work of microbes, and are being carefully studied. New bacteria are being discovered, or old bacteria are being given unaccustomed food, from which they evolve useful products. The conversion of starch, a cheap commodity in the form of maize or potatoes, into two chemical substances named acetone and butyl alcohol, is likely to have far-reaching results; for the latter can easily

be transformed into india rubber, and the former is largely used in the manufacture of certain kinds of high explosives.

The effects of enlisting the services of microbes useful to mankind, and of exterminating those hurtful, has been enormously to reduce the death-rate. But the campaign is by no means over; although malaria has been traced to microbes borne by mosquitoes; although yellow-fever has been traced to a similar origin; although sleeping-sickness has been proved to be due to the passage of a fatal microbe into man, when he is bitten by the tsetse-fly; and although plague is now known to be due to the bite of a flea which infects rats, and which is itself infected by a special microbe; yet constant work is being done to discover how to keep down these plagues, and if possible to kill them out, as well as to find a means of rendering the inhabitants of dangerous countries immune. But much has been accomplished in the direction of destroying the hosts of these dangerous parasites; and the destruction of mosquitoes in Brazil and in Central America has made it possible for a large population to live, where death from malaria or from yellow-fever was formerly almost a certainty.

Of all branches of human study, that of germs is one of the most fascinating; it deals with our origin, with our life, and with our welfare; and it opens up a knowledge of the history of a set of beings marvelous in their way, which have a most potent influence on our happiness. To this study one branch of science has dedicated itself.

Aseptic surgery, the safeguards of which are based on our knowledge of germ cultures. (Above) the disease-spreading house-fly, and (at side) varying aspects of the bacilli of typhoid fever

Inoculating a baby with the new serum for the prevention of spinal meningitis. Medical science regards the discovery and application of this serum as one of its greatest latter-day triumphs

DRAWN BY JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS.

The blond man nodded. "Look here, Morgan: don't waste time. You've not been to the bank since you came here, and your money ain't in your room. Now strip, an' quick about it, or we'll cut the things off you."

"Always willin' to oblige," sneered Morgan, "an' I don't want to go home naked. So here goes!" He jerked off his coat and flung it down. One of the strangers spread it out and kneeled beside it, with quick fingers feeling through the cloth.

Did They Marry?

By Perceval Gibbon

Illustrated by John Alonzo Williams

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Many years ago the late Frank R. Stockton wrote a great short story. He called it "The Lady or The Tiger." He set the whole country guessing whether the lady-love of the hero came forward to greet and marry him or whether a vicious tiger appeared and devoured him. Mr. Gibbon here presents an equally perplexing story—without the tiger—only a man and a girl. But we leave it entirely to the determination of the reader whether or not the man married the girl. He certainly loved her; we suspect she loved him. His sacrifice was a rather thrilling one, as you shall see. But after all did he marry the girl? What do you think? Read the story.*

THE sun was high over Salisbury and burning toward noon when Morgan—Taffy Morgan of the Rivers—pushed open the door of the bank and stepped from the still glare of the street to the tempered light within. At the far end of the office the spruce young manager leaned his white shirt-sleeves on the mahogany counter and conversed across it with a couple of dapper youths, of the kind known in Rhodesia as Young Men with Capital, who lounged decoratively before him. His schooled and flat-toned voice, uplifted in narrative, reached Morgan while he was yet in the doorway.

"He took it out of his pocket-book," the manager was relating, "and crackled it in his fingers and shoved it across to me. 'There,' he said, 'I reckon you can't pack money up neater than that.' Of course, I couldn't refuse to take it."

"I didn't know there were such things," drawled one of his audience. "Got it now?"

The manager nodded. "Never seen one?" he asked. "I'll get it and show it to you." He removed his elbows from the counter and caught sight of Morgan as he turned.

"Hullo, Morgan!" he said. "You in town? Shan't keep you a minute."

"All right," returned Morgan awkwardly, conscious that the blond and tailored youths—one of them wore a monocle—were looking round at him.

He was a man of about thirty years of age, as lean and as abrupt in the angles as a thorn-tree of the veldt. His thin face below the drooping brim of his hat was lined like a chart and scorched by the sun to the hue of rusty iron. A certain intentness was its main character, that brooding and absent quality which is the mark of a man habituated to solitude, who carries his solitude about with him. The place which he had made his own was a month's trek away, in the low country across the Portuguese border, where the little nameless rivers splay themselves into swamps, and the mists lie on the ground all night like deep water, with the tops of the palms afloat upon it. Here, sifting the sand for river gold, Morgan had worked and kept alive through five years of sun and fever, coming only twice in the year to Salisbury to buy gear and bank his earnings; the impress of it was upon his face and in his mind. In the bank's decorous and formal interior, he stood like a type of the undisciplined wild which dominates and presses upon the little towns of Rhodesia, so that not even bank managers, fortified behind railings, are safe from its insurgence.

The manager came bustling back to the counter. Morgan saw that he carried an oblong piece of white paper which he smoothed out before him with the edge of his hand. The two young men turned to inspect it.

"There you are. Not much to look at, is it?" said the manager. "Want to see it, Morgan?" he called across the shoulders of the others.

"See what?" asked Morgan, moving forward. For answer, the manager slid the white paper down to him. He picked it up and examined it.

"One thousand pounds," he read, in broad black figures. It explained nothing. "Yes?" he said. "What is it?"

Behind him, the neat youths smiled. Morgan's blue shirt was open at the throat and his arms, red and hairy, were bare to the elbow. It was altogether proper that such a person should be mystified in the presence of august figures. The manager's smile was indulgent.

"It's a Bank of England note for a thousand pounds," he explained; "good all the world over. Twenty thousand marks in Germany; twenty-five thousand francs in France; five thousand dollars in America; and a thousand golden sovereigns across the counter at the Bank of England. See?"

"Yes," said Morgan, doubtfully. He was still not quite clear why it was wonderful and worthy of being exhibited. He had no experience of that state of mind in which mere money is an actuality more real than the things it will purchase. "What about it?"

"Eh?" The manager's smile lost something of its easy superiority. If the thing was not impressive at sight, it was rather difficult to explain. He looked at Morgan thoughtfully. "You see," he said, "notes of that value are not common, because—well, it's a lot of money! What you've got in your hand now is practically a thousand sovereigns in gold."

Morgan nodded, still looking at the note.

"Twenty thousand marks in Germany," repeated the manager, with relish; "twenty-five thousand francs in France; five thousand dollars in America. And you could pack it into a match-box."

He held out his hand to receive it back into custody, but Morgan made no motion to restore it to him. He read its lettering once more.

"Yes," he said, then: "You're right; it's a handy way to carry money. I reckon I'll take it."

"Take it!"

The manager and the youths stared at Morgan. Perhaps, for a thrilling instant, they failed to understand and shared a vision of Morgan in flight, the door slamming behind him, the great note crumpled in his hand. But the manager, at any rate, had the knowledge of Morgan's balance with the bank to restore him.

"Yes; I'll take it," answered Morgan, shortly.

"But what on earth for?" cried the manager. "You can't change it, man; it's too big. It's no use to you. Much better leave it here and just draw what you need."

Morgan shook his head. "No," he said. "I'm goin' to draw the lot." He looked at the manager's face with a touch of shyness. "I want all I've got," he announced, "because—I'm going home."

"Even in that case," began the manager, and paused. "Keep it if you like, of course," he conceded. "Look out you don't get robbed at Beira, though. So you've had enough of your rivers at last, Morgan?"

"Yes," answered Morgan, slowly. "I've had five years of them. It's time to clear out."

Months ago, in the sweating valley where his huts stood in a ring between the palms, he had made up his mind that it was time to go. He had thought it out on many evenings over his pipe, watching the while the mist rise from the streams and flow sluggishly between the hillsides, striking the night air with its chill, and spreading over the bush its ghostly and tenuous pall. It made of the knoll upon which his huts were built an island, desert and remote; the red light of his fire groped in its vagueness; the human core in him groped likewise and as vainly. So he had cleared out, wondering a little at the wrench it required to root himself free of it all and leave it behind for ever; and not even to himself did he acknowledge clearly how, in the dry openness of the trek across the veldt and in the dust and staleness of Salisbury, there hung in his senses the memory of the palms, the slow-running water, and the murmurous solitude of the bush.

"It's time to clear out," he repeated now, frowning a little as he dwelt upon it.

"Lucky beggar," said the manager cheerfully. "Well, I'll just see how your balance stands exactly, and then you can write a cheque for the amount."

It was not his business, since Morgan was willing to relieve him of the unwieldy note, to press upon him the advantages of taking a draft upon London or elsewhere for his money. It would have had to be sent away, in any case. He bustled off to look up the account.

The youth with the monocle coughed, hesitated and addressed Morgan.

"You know," he said, in a voice surprisingly like the manager's, "every thief in the country'll be after that note."

DRAWN BY JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS

The manager's smile was indulgent. "It's a Bank of England note for a thousand pounds," he explained; "good all the world over. Twenty thousand marks in Germany; twenty-five thousand francs in France; five thousand dollars in America; and a thousand golden sovereigns across the counter at the Bank of England. See?" "Yes," said Morgan, doubtfully. "What about it?"

"No end," agreed his companion.

Morgan snorted. It was not so much that he disliked well-dressed innocents with monocles and flat, aristocratic voices as that they awed him by their calm sufficiency, and he chafed under the feeling.

"Who'll tell them about it?" he demanded.

The monocled one wagged his head wisely. "Sure to get about," he said. "Thing like that always does."

"No end," said the other, again.

"Well," said Morgan, "I'm not going to talk about it. So if it does get about, I'll know who started it."

The manager added his warning when the business of Morgan's account had been completed, and farewells were in order.

"You must look after yourself," he said. "Beira's a queer hole, you know. If you have to wait some days for the boat, and a gang of men tries to get friendly with you and make you drink—"

Morgan slipped the tongue of his belt into its hole and wriggled it to its place. Under it, his money—the big note and a little wad of smaller ones—were in a canvas bag against his skin.

"Feller tried that on me in Mozambique once;" he said. "That's why I came down here."

"Oh?" said the manager. "What happened, then?"

Morgan smiled faintly. When his quiet eyes woke, as now, and his face quickened to life, he looked no more of a dreamer than other men.

"After two or three drinks," he replied, "I got quarrelsome. I always do if I drink. So I shot him."

The manager watched him thoughtfully as he pulled the door open and passed through it. He shook his head.

"Queer lives those fellows lead," he observed to the youths. "They make money at it, too. What'll you bet he doesn't get robbed on the way down and come back here to start again?"

The monocled one was wise and solemn. "No bet," he replied. "Not good enough. It's a sure thing."

And again his companion chimed in with his formula of agreement. "No end," he said, with conviction.

It was in an ill-ease of the mind like homesickness that Morgan went down to Beira, to find that he must wait there some days for the arrival of the homeward-bound steamer. He came to the town in the middle of an afternoon, when the streets, ankle-deep in blazing white sand, were blurred with a quivering heat-haze, and the oppressive sun leaned over the roofs like a bully. It did nothing to mend the mood in which he found himself; its strangeness, its feverish vehemence of flavor and aspect, could not divert him from memories of the palm trees and his mild melancholy of regret.

The Hotel Portugual, whither he suffered a couple of clamorous touts to convey his baggage, was gloomy without being cool. The big German bar-tender who served him with a flat and lukewarm drink had a vast hairless face like an overgrown and degenerate baby. There were a couple of other men in the bar, and he winked at them as Morgan tendered a small Rhodesian note in payment.

"Vat is dis?" he demanded, taking it up. "Ach, it is all right. I vas afraid it vas de big vun."

The others laughed perfunctorily, recognizing a joke that was due to be made. Morgan, still-faced and unsmiling, said nothing, and they did not try to talk to him. But he saw from their faces that he was an object of some interest, that the monocled youth in Salisbury had been right in saying that a sum of such displacement in men's imaginations could not be kept quiet. Already it was talked about; men knew of it who would not stop at murder for much smaller sums; many, possibly, had already decided in fancy how they would spend it. In Africa, the land of slow travel, where the standard of speed across its empty horizons is the pace of an ox-wagon, news goes winged, and a story spreads like the plague. He roused himself to glance at his companions and take their measure. The bar-tender, large and plethoric, with the smirk of a buffoon, had eyes like pale blue stones, empty and hard. A man to distrust and—if it came to plain dealing—to make short work of and so be done with him. The others were sallow feeble creatures of the place, sun-dried, sand-scoured nonentities. He met the German's pale eye fixed upon him while he made his scrutiny, and his own engaged it at once with such a quickening of challenge that the fat man turned away and began hastily to wipe glasses. Morgan's mouth curved faintly; he was equal to the situation so far.

He encountered no other possible adversary till the hour of dinner. The hotel was a gaunt wooden structure built about a little cobbled courtyard in which the small tables were set out for meals; a staircase as steep as a ladder led to galleries above it, from which the rooms opened. As Morgan came down the steps and took a chair at an unoccupied table, there was an audible stir of interest and turning of heads to look at him. "That's the feller," he heard, here and there about the place. As he sat down, he let his eyes wander warily, but the courtyard was a chequer of lights and shadows, and he could see nothing to take note of. He turned his attention to what the Hotel Portugal set before him and called dinner.

The man who came presently and took the chair at the other side of the table approached so quietly that it was not until he drew the chair out that Morgan noticed him. He looked up sharply. The other, seating himself, nodded carelessly, as a man greets a chance companion.

"It's hot," he said, laying his hat on the floor beside him.

He was a man of rather more than Morgan's age, fair, stoutish, white-clad, and neatly groomed. His face, with its short, yellow moustache and blunt features, was pleasant and commonplace, and he had the presence of a man who knows his world and is at home in it. He might have been a comfortable, prosperous business man or even a rather sophisticated ship-captain. Morgan, with all his faculties alert, searched him for a clue while he gave orders to the barefoot waiter, and found none.

"Waitin' for the boat?" asked the stranger, when his orders had been received. He had that fashion of hearty directness which is so difficult to rebuff.

"Yes," answered Morgan shortly, still watching him.

"There's a chance that she may be here to-morrow night," said the other. "I was enquiring at the office this afternoon, and they thought she might."

"You going by her?" asked Morgan, and flushed with annoyance as soon as he had spoken. He knew—as it is elementary, the veriest A B C of the game—that in such a case as the present, one should always let the other man do the talking. Talk is the effort in which he wastes his forces; to ask a question is to relieve him of strain.

"Yes," said the other, and smiled.

Till then, Morgan had still been doubtful; as a type of harmlessness, the man seemed complete. It was the smile that enlightened him. For the moment that it lasted, the whole face was changed. Its pleasantness and ordinariness vanished; it lit with malice and a sinister glee. He had a glimpse under the orderly clipped moustache of teeth

A girl had come down the stairs, and was passing between the tables to her place, with small fastidious features set against the stare of the men at the tables: Morgan turned to his companion. "Who is she?" he demanded

gapped and discolored. The change endured for but an instant; it was like a snap-shot picture of the actual man; and then he was seemly again, stout, and cheery, leaning back in his chair to beckon with a finger for the hovering waiter. Morgan, bending above his plate, smiled in his turn. The game had begun he felt, and he had spotted the first move.

The stranger returned to the charge with zest.

"The worst of this place is," he declared, "that there's nothing to do in the evenings. Unless you want to hang about a bar, y'know, which is a fool's game, a feller can only go to bed."

"Yes," agreed Morgan. Now that he was sure about his man, he could watch him go to work with amused interest.

"I'd get up a game of some kind, if fellers would join in," said the other. "Something mild, y'know; just a few of us in my room. That 'ud be better than nothing."

"Pity you can't do it, then," replied Morgan. He had expected something subtler than this. Five or six men and himself in a strange room! If they were going to take him for a fool of that calibre, the game would be easy to win.

"Would *you* care," the other was beginning, when he realized that Morgan was not listening. A girl had come down the stairs, and was passing between the tables to her place. Where the lights were poor, she showed as a figure erect and trim, clad in dark clothes with a small well-poised head. There is in solitude, such a solitude as that which Morgan had known among his palms, a spur to imagination; it was her mere presence, with its suggestion of a tender femininity, in such an environment, that stirred him to watch her with all his eyes, while across the table the bland and mannerly thief, ignored and forgotten, showed his ruined teeth in another short ugly smile. She came, at her even gait, to a point where the fitful lamps showed her clearly, a brief effect of strong brows and steady eyes dark in a pale face, with small fastidious features set against the stares of the men at the tables. Morgan turned to his companion. "Who is she?" he demanded.

The other shook his head. "She's a typist in some office here," he answered. "I don't know her name." He took another look at Morgan, as though he were considering him in a new light. "You like the look of her, eh?"

Morgan frowned. "What's that got to do with you?"

"Nothing; nothing!" The blond man shrugged carelessly. "A remark, that's all! Now about this evening—suppose I managed to find a few chaps of the right kind, you'd join in, wouldn't you?"

"No," said Morgan, eating steadily.

"Oh, we shouldn't keep it up late," urged the other. "I like to get to bed in decent time myself. An hour, now, just to pass the time. What d'you say?"

"I say no, same as I said before," replied Morgan.

"Oh, well!" The blond man resigned him with an equable gesture. "As you like. Only I thought—"

The girl, at her table, glanced for an instant in their direction, with a quick turn of the head as though she had overheard something. Morgan rose.

"Going to bed?" asked the blond man pleasantly.

Morgan shook his head, smiling, retreating as he did so, and passed from the courtyard without giving the other any excuse to accompany him. He was not dissatisfied with his own behavior so far.

He found himself a place in which to smoke undisturbed on the hotel's back veranda, behind the kitchen quarters, where a solitary deck chair furnished him with a seat, and there was darkness and silence. The veranda faced a small street, and whenever he heard the shuffle of footsteps in the loose sand, Morgan screened the glow of his cigar with a hand and sat still till they were by. In his own way, he was for the while all but happy; the tobacco that colors dreams, the dreams that flavor tobacco, were both his, and quiet and darkness and the mood of peace.

He had veiled the light of his cigar from passers-by some half-dozen times when he sat up sharply, prepared to hide it once more at the sound of footsteps coming along the boarded passage which led from the hotel. He had barely time to mark that they were light and short; when the newcomer emerged to view and stood in the entry, vaguely seen in the gloom. It was the girl he had noticed at dinner; Morgan had seen too few white women in his last five years to be mistaken in her, even in that meagre light that showed her face as a pale

blur against the night. She seemed to be looking for something or someone. Morgan, not moved by any conscious impulse, put his cigar to his lips, and drew at it; it glowed like a beacon.

"Oh!" He had startled her. She hesitated, seemed to glance back along the passage by which she had come and moved uncertainly toward him. There was a curtained window which she had to pass, through which a faint lamplight filtered. She paused within its dull illumination.

"Are you—" she began. "Is your name Morgan?"

"Yes," said Morgan, staring up at her. There was little to be seen but her attitude as she stood, with one hand resting on the railing of the veranda and her small head high.

"I—I think I ought to warn you," she said, sinking her voice. "I happened, at dinner just now, to hear some men talking about you. It was only a word or two, but it was suspicious."

Morgan had risen and was standing beside his chair.

"Thank you," he said. "Thank you very much."

"There were three men," pursued the girl; "they were watching you and your companion all the time, and talking among themselves. I heard your name several times, but I paid no attention till one of them said: 'If it isn't in his room it must be on him.' Another answered: 'Well, it's not in his room anyhow.' Then the third one told them to speak more quietly, and I heard no more. I thought you ought to know."

"It's very kind of you," said Morgan.

"But if they've been in your room, hadn't you better see that everything's all right?" suggested the girl.

"It's sure to be," said Morgan. "They don't want my clothes and things. If they haven't found what they're after, they'll not touch anything else."

"Oh!" She seemed to be looking at him, trying to see him more clearly. "Then you *are* the man with the thousand-pound note? The story is true?"

"Yes," answered Morgan. "It's true enough."

She was smiling; he could see the glint of her teeth.

"I don't know why I took it," he went on. "The bank manager up at Salisbury showed it to me, and I suppose I liked the look of it. Anyhow, it wasn't because I wanted to be talked about."

"You have been," said the girl; "a lot."

"I know," said Morgan. "There'll be plenty of chaps after it. But they won't get it."

"You'll have to be careful," she warned him. "If they were to catch you by yourself, they'd be sure to search you."

"That's why I don't carry it about me," said Morgan, simply. "So the sooner they search me and make sure of that the better."

"I think you're wise," said the girl. "Of course I can't ask you where you *do* hide it, but it's a fascinating puzzle."

Morgan threw his cigar into the street. "Why?" he demanded. "Why can't you ask me where I hide it? Are you afraid I'll think you're one of them—one of the thieves who are hunting it? Is that why you won't ask?"

"No," answered the girl, hesitatingly; "not exactly that. But——"

"But what, then?" pressed Morgan. "See here, miss—I don't know your name. I've been out o' the world this last five years, like a hermit or a man in jail, and I've forgotten a lot about how things are worked in towns. I can't size you up, so's to say for sure—'This or that or the other thing proves she's honest an' not a crook.' But I can feel it, all the same—feel it sure enough to swear to it. Why," he said, "right now, with you standin' there so's I can hardly see you, I know there's one thing the same about both of us—we're honest, we're straight, we're two people o' the kind that don't swindle an' steal."

He paused. The girl's breath had quickened. She seemed on the point of saying something but withheld it.

"So you see," went on Morgan, "if you want to know, you've only got to ask an' you'll be told."

She moved, and her hand that rested on the rail fell to her side. "I don't think you should tell," she said. "You see, if later on it were to be stolen——"

Morgan laughed aloud. "Then I'd suspect you of being in it, you mean?"

She moved a single quick step toward him. "I know you wouldn't," she said. "Oh—we don't even know each other; it isn't fair to make me seem mean and—and paltry like this. It has nothing to do with me where you've hidden your ridiculous note."

"Not a thing," agreed Morgan. "And you're right: it's ridiculous, that note is. I've been feeling that about it in a sort of dumb way, and now you've said it. Ridiculous—yes! When the bank-manager showed it to me there was a couple of other fellows there, and they was struck solemn at the sight of it. That's partly why I took it—not to be like them, serious and respectful to the bloomin' thing. If there was any way of changing it, I'd get it down and make it work right away."

"Get it down?" the girl echoed his words. "Then it *is* in your room, after all?"

"Of course it is," answered Morgan cheerfully. "Lyin' on the top of my little leather trunk, where anybody can see it."

"But," began the girl—"oh, I really didn't mean to ask—but suppose they've been there?"

"They've been there by now, sure enough," said Morgan; "but I'll bet they haven't found it. It's stuck face down on the trunk, and on the back of it is written with a paint-brush, big an' black:—'D. Morgan, passenger from Beira to London. Not wanted on voyage.' The other bits of baggage are labelled the same way, on pieces o' white paper about the same size."

"Oh!" said the girl: "what an idea! But aren't you nervous? Suppose they should look closely at the labels!"

"That's where the risk comes in," answered Morgan. "There's got to be a risk somewhere."

The girl shook her head. "A thousand pounds," she said, slowly. "A thousand pounds. In England one could live for five years on that, quite nicely; or ten years, if one wanted to. It's too much to play with like that."

"Why, *you're* not goin' to be respectful to the old thing, surely?" cried Morgan.

"No," she said. "Not that; but it's a lot of money." She shook her head again. "You can buy such wonderful things with a thousand pounds. Security, opportunity, a space of leisure and quietness—all those and more. I wonder what you'll spend it on."

"I wonder," echoed Morgan. "Those things you speak of, I had them all where I've come from, and you're right—they're the real money's worth."

"Ah, well!" The words were like a sigh. "Good night, Mr. Morgan. I can't help wishing you hadn't told me; you mustn't mind that. But I hope you'll manage to take care of it."

"It's got to take care of itself," said Morgan. "It's big enough. Good-night, miss—an' thank you for tellin' me about those robbers."

He watched her go; she was wonderfully erect—as straight and clean in the lines as a palm; then sank back into his chair for another cigar.

In his room half an hour later, with the door locked and the keyhole blinded, he cast a careful eye over his luggage, and grinned to himself. It was all as nearly as possible as he had left it, but there were signs. For instance, a dab of cigar-ash which he had dropped on the trunk was spilt off, and the handle of his portmanteau which he had turned up was now turned down. But save for these traps, the searcher, whoever he had been, had done his work wonderfully—the more wonderfully because he could not really have hoped to find what he sought; no one leaves treasure in an unlocked room; the search was just a measure of precaution which had to be taken. He must have had his hand actually on the thousand-pound note; or possibly, which was even funnier, he had been careful to avoid touching it for fear of leaving finger-marks.

"Their next move'll be to search me," mused Morgan, as he placed his revolver under his pillow. "I'll have to give 'em a chance to-morrow evening, unless the boat comes in early."

But, as it so often happens at Beira, the boat still delayed her coming. The little town lay stagnant through another day of monotonous heat; the wide bay drowsed like a lake of oil; the creek that flanks the town on its landward side sent up its reek of mud and mangroves. From the sea-wall Morgan stared out toward the heads, watching for the boat. There had descended upon him again that mood of uneasy melancholy, that indecision which made the prospect of embarking, of departure definite and irremediable, one of torment. He felt a touch of panic lest, across the low heads of the bay, he should see a slender topmast sliding in, and a trail of smoke drawn across the sky. And all day long he saw no sign of the girl.

Evening, when it came, found him strolling toward the long wooden bridge that crosses the creek. The sun had just gone

DRAWN BY JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS

He had the bank note in his hands; she bent over him to inspect it, that key to the doors of desire, which would open no door for him. "It ought to be handsomer than that," said the girl. "Banks haven't any imagination." "They've got more than you," said Morgan. "They make 'em look mean because they are mean. They ain't afraid of 'em; they'll take 'em from anybody without blinkin'"

down, ducking below the horizon with tropic swiftness, and the night seemed to be hovering like a moth before it settled. There was a stir of air from seaward; it was the moment which made amends for the day. The long bridge stretched empty before him; he walked forth upon it, deep in his thoughts.

"Hullo, old chap!"

An arm slid through his and held to it; his companion at dinner the evening before looked down upon him with his ugly ruthless smile. He had come up from behind, walking silently in his canvas shoes, and with him were two other men, who stood off as though waiting to be introduced. All of them were white-clad; they looked neat and superior by contrast with Morgan's rough serge.

"Goin' for a stroll?" demanded the blond man. "Nice time o' day for it, isn't it? These are two friends of mine."

Morgan remembered that the girl had overheard *three* men talking. He glanced back along the bridge, and saw, at the end of it, another white form which stood as though on watch.

"Are they?" he said, surveying the two friends.

"Yes." The blond man, still holding his arm, made to walk on with him.

"But ain't your *other* friend comin' too?" asked Morgan, with a motion toward the watcher at the bridge-end.

The three men glanced at each other. "No," said the blond man. "No; there's a reason why he shouldn't come. I'll tell you about it as we go along, shall I?"

"If you like," said Morgan, and walked.

He was unarmed, because he knew that no one is more in danger of being shot than the man who carries a revolver. The two friends of the blond man fell in at his side.

"You see," said the blond man, affably, when they were close to the deserted kiosk which stood old near the middle of the bridge, "you see, there was no need to bring that other feller along. Because—"

He halted abruptly, and Morgan and the others halted with him. He cast a swift look back and forth.

"Because," he resumed, "for what we're goin' to do, three's enough. D'you know what I mean?"

Morgan laughed shortly. "'Course I do," he answered. "I knew you were a dam' thief as soon as I saw you last night. That's why I carry no money about on me."

The blond man nodded. "We'll have to see about that," he said. "Look here, Morgan; don't waste time. You've not been to the bank since you came here, and your money ain't in your room. Now strip, an' quick about it, or we'll cut the things off you."

"Always willin' to oblige," sneered Morgan, "an' I don't want to go home naked. So here goes!"

He jerked off his coat and flung it down. One of the strangers spread it out and kneeled beside it, with quick fingers feeling through the cloth. Morgan pulled off his shirt and slapped it into the face of the blond man. A few seconds later he leaned mother-naked against the railing, watching with sneering interest the curious expert industry of the three kneeling figures.

"Go on," he urged them. "You've not half searched yet. There's lots o' places you've never thought of. Suppose I'd stuck it to the sole of my foot—eh?" The blond man looked up, and Morgan showed him one foot after the other. "Pooh! I thought o' plenty better dodges than that before I happened on the right one."

They paid him no attention; they worked like trained servants, lost in their tasks; his insults did not even draw a growl.

One of the searchers sighed and looked across at the blond man.

"It ain't here," he said.

The blond man shook his head and rose laboriously to his feet. Morgan, leaning against the railing, cleared his right arm for action. If he could smash through them, he would still have a running chance. But the blond man was affable still.

"You can dress again, now," he said, with no disturbance upon the plump good-humor of his face. "I wouldn't have put you to this trouble, but it's best to make sure. I didn't really think you'd carry it in your pocket, you know."

"Nor keep it in my trunk, neither," sneered Morgan.

"No," said the other. "But I can't afford to let chances go by."

Morgan, drawing on his trousers, looked at him curiously. The man was a mere thief, of course; but he spoke as though his risks and opportunities were evident to everybody. He had the demeanor of one who respects himself, who has mastered a

difficult and delicate business and plies it scrupulously. His solid and seemly presence, in his snowy white clothes, was difficult to despise even in the knowledge of what he was. To the imagination of "Taffy" Morgan, there flashed a vision of a man who respected property at large as little as he himself reverenced a thousand-pound note. He smiled, pulling at his belt.

The blond man stood before him, eying him thoughtfully.

"Look here, Morgan," he said suddenly. "I'll make you an offer."

"Let's hear your offer," said Morgan.

The other held up a finger; he was at once warning and persuasive; his manner forced the whole affair to seem commonplace and reasonable.

"You're not a fool," he said, as though he appealed to Morgan's better sense. "You know you can't really get away with that money. Searchin' your room and your clothes is only a beginning; the real play hasn't started yet. I'm goin' to have that money, Morgan; you'd better make up your mind to that. But if you'll save trouble by handin' it over, I'll give you a hundred pounds out of it."

"Will you though?" cried Morgan. "You'll—you'll *give* me a hundred pounds out of it?"

"Don't laugh," said the blond man. "A hundred's a hundred. I see you don't understand yet. You're still thinking you can get away from us. You fancy that once you're aboard of the boat you're all right. Isn't that it? My boy—" he came a step nearer, and his serious face darkened—"that boat isn't safe for you. You be wise in time."

The other two men stood aside, listening in silence, their eyes flitting keenly from face to face. Morgan stooped and picked up his coat.

"Now I'll make you an offer," he retorted. "It's a good one, too. You pay attention to it."

"What is it?" asked the blond man.

"It's this," said Morgan. "You an' your friends stop tryin' to rob me and keep right out o' my sight. See? Don't so much as let me see you on the street or on the deck o' the boat. You do that an' I'll bet you live. This Coast is a pretty warm spot, I know; but what you forget is that where robbery is a safe game, it's even safer to shoot a robber. An' the next time I set eyes on any of you, I'll blow your heads off. That's my offer."

The blond man shook his head slowly. "Well," he said, "it's a pity—it's a great pity. You could have had quite a pleasant holiday with a hundred pounds. However—"

He shrugged; not for a moment had he shown anything but a business-like earnestness. It was his matter-of-fact fashion that impressed Morgan. He looked after the three retreating white backs with half a frown.

"That feller's a terror," he said to himself.

The Hotel Portugual dined at its fixed hour; it made no allowance in its system for those of its guests who arrived when once the half-caste *chef* had put the key of the kitchen in his pocket and gone home. Morgan found the courtyard lit by only a single lamp and the tables cleared. A figure crossing before him toward the stairs paused at his coming.

"This won't do for me," rumbled Morgan angrily. "I'm not goin' to be done out o' my grub."

He spoke aloud, so that the other might hear him, and stopped abruptly when he saw that it was the girl.

"Were you late?" she asked. "They won't give you any dinner now, you know. When I'm late, I buy something in the town and eat it in my room. I'll give you some of it, if you like."

They had come nearer to each other, and he saw that she had a loose paper parcel under her arm.

"Haven't you had any dinner either?" he demanded.

"No," she answered. She laid the parcel on the table nearest her and was undoing the string. "We've a big mail to get ready, and I was kept at the office. But it's all right. Here's some sardines and bread, and I've some chocolate up-stairs."

Morgan's natural course of action would have been to go in search of the manager of the hotel and see what violence would do with him. But there was something of prompt comradeship in the girl's offer that withheld him; he found himself very willing to take the food she offered him.

"It's very good of you," he said. "But wouldn't it—er—couldn't we have it somewhere together? One of these tables, now—why not?" He saw that she hesitated and

pressed on quickly. "I met those thieves this evening. That's why I was late. I want to tell you about it."

"Oh, did you?" She looked up with quick interest. "I'd love to hear. But I'd rather we didn't eat here. The hotel people don't like it. You see, this is the only decent place in the town that's at all cheap, and—well, I don't want to annoy them."

She seemed to be thinking and considering him the while in the gloom. He had the wit to say no more, but waited for her to decide.

"It won't hurt anybody," she said at length, as though thinking aloud. "I always eat in my room when I'm late," she went on. "It's three doors from yours, toward the front. If you come there in ten minutes I'll be ready for you."

It was a quarter of an hour later that he came, with his hair furiously brushed and his hands scrubbed.

She nodded to him with a smile, tending a spirit-lamp that burned on her dressing-table, under a little tin kettle. She was still wearing her hat.

"I'm going to make tea," she explained, with reference to the spirit-lamp. "Just let the door stand against the latch, won't you? That wicker chair is for you."

The room was like any other of the Hotel Portugual's twenty bed-rooms. The little narrow bed, covered over with a gaudy chintz, stood at one side: a deal wash-stand and dressing table, warped by heat, satisfied the hotel's standard of equipment. And yet, in some subtle, indefinable way, the room was hers; the bare exiguous cell that it was had the flavor of her personality. Out of a hotel bed-room she had contrived to make a lady's chamber. It was under the oppression of this sense that Morgan sat himself obediently down in the wicker arm-chair and gazed helplessly at his hostess.

"Will you open the sardines?" She, at all events, was not troubled by the situation. "They're at your elbow—on the wash-stand." He reached for the tin convulsively. "And now you can tell me about what happened to you this evening."

"Oh, that!"

He recovered his presence of mind under the need of relating the encounter with the thieves. He found himself trying to convey to her his impression of the blond man, his demeanor of sober purpose, and his general effect of a man practising with acceptance an acknowledged trade.

"What an awful man!" said the girl. She was looking down at him gravely. "And he actually offered you a hundred pounds of your own money!"

Morgan nodded. "It was queer—that part," he agreed. "But they won't get the thing. I'll tear it up first."

"Tear it up—a thousand pounds!" The little tin kettle made a noise like a spiteful giggle, and she turned to it quickly.

"Rather'n let them get it," said Morgan. "I don't know what use it's goin' to be to me, after all. If I'd just left the money in the bank an' gone on workin' where I was, it might ha' come in handy some time. But takin' it home like this—well, I can't see what I'm goin' to do with it."

"Take some sardines," bade the girl. "Here's bread." She seated herself on a chair by the dressing table and began to eat briskly, talking the while.

"I simply don't understand you," she said. "A thousand pounds—it isn't only money; it's life. Somewhere in this world there's the thing you want to do. You can go and do it, whatever it is. The thousand pounds will take you to it. If I had a thousand pounds——"

"Yes?" said Morgan. "What would you do?"

"I'd go home," said the girl. "It's only in civilized countries that civilized people are wanted. So I'd go. And there —" her face glowed warmly as the vision lit within her—"oh! what I want is real work, the work that you put your nerves and your brain and all your hope into, that pays you for all you can give, the work which is life in itself. I want to work myself tired; I can only get headaches here. I want to carry a weight instead of being tethered to one. Oh, if I had that money—"

She broke off and lowered her eyes. Morgan chewed on a crust steadily.

"Ah! yet," he said, in an even voice, "if I offered to give it to you, you'd be angry."

"I shouldn't," said the girl. She sighed and then smiled. "I couldn't take it, of course. I wish I could. I should just say, 'No, thank you, kind sir,' and cry with avarice all night."

"Would you?" said Morgan. "But if you was to take it, you'd be off on the boat to-morrow or next day and me—d'you know what I'd be doin'? I'd be headin' back for my own place where I earned that money, where I've been for the last five years. It's

not a healthy spot an' it's very quiet. White men don't come there more'n about twice a year. There's fever an' crocodiles an' mosquiters, an' snakes is very plentiful. An' I'd be goin' back there with my kit to start over again, as full o' joy an' gladness as a man that goes home after years o' wanderin'. Other fellows die there; they can't stand the night-mists; or they go mad with the loneliness. But I was made for it; it's my place."

The girl had risen to make the tea. "You're offering it to me, aren't you?" she asked, with her back to him. "You mustn't. It's not kind."

"All right," he responded. "I scraped it off my trunk and brought it along in case —but all right."

"You've got it here? Oh, do let me look."

He had it in his hands; she bent over him to inspect it, that key to the doors of desire, which would open no door for him. The egg-gum with which he had stuck it to the trunk, so that he might easily detach it, made its face shiny; to him it seemed complacent and malevolent like the blond thief who was on its trail.

"It ought to be handsomer than that," said the girl. "Banks haven't any imagination."

"They've got more than you," said Morgan. "They make 'em look mean because they are mean. They ain't afraid of 'em; they'll take 'em from anybody without blinkin'. You're scared of the thing."

She nodded. "Yes," she said, "I am, rather. If it were mine, I'd put it in an envelope and register it and mail it home. I'd never dare to carry it."

"It's worse than that," said Morgan. "You daren't even accept it."

"I couldn't."

She stood upright again and moved away. Morgan rose to his feet.

"Ah," he cried, "there's a limit to the best o' you. What'll you lose by takin' it an' goin' after that hustlin' sort o' life you spoke about? Will you lose so much that ten o' these notes, or a thousand of 'em, would buy the rest? Is that what you're worryin' over?"

She had faced round toward him and met his eyes steadily.

"What you do mean?" she demanded.

"I mean this," he answered, holding out the note to her. "Just this. If you're wise, an' if there's anything you want that this'll buy for you, take it and let's be done with it. Because I've had enough of it, and if you don't take it, I'm goin' to burn it right here in your candle. It's like bein' guardian to a heathen idol to own the thing. An' the job's not good enough."

"You'll burn it?" she repeated. "You mean it? If I don't take it, you'll burn it? A thousand pounds?"

Her eyes were searching to measure the reality of his intention; he returned her gaze steadily.

"I will," he answered.

He made sure she was going to yield and was glad. The thousand-pound note, which he had acquired in a whim, would go from him in a becoming gesture of generosity. Drama in manners is the short cut to effectiveness; he was sure the matter was going to end strikingly.

The girl sighed. "I can't!" she said suddenly. "I can't! I can't!"

"Then," began Morgan and stopped. With a swift, smooth movement which seemed to burlesque courtesy, she took a candle-stick from her dressing-table and held it out to him. Her small face challenged him.

"This was what you were going to ask for, I think," she said.

Morgan smiled. He understood the angry mockery of her expression. She did not believe that he meant it.

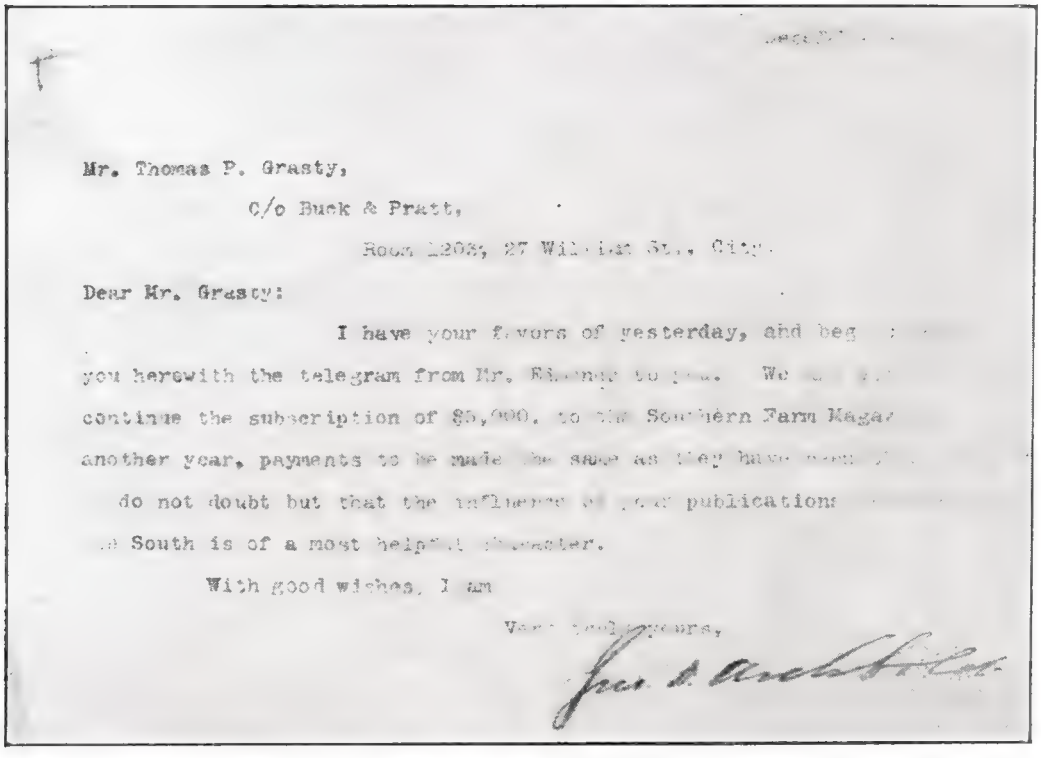
"Thank you," he said and took the lighted candle from her.

She gave a gasp as he approached the note to the flame, and he stopped to let her speak. But she caught herself and was silent. He put the corner of the shiny paper to the candle. It curled, darkened, and caught alight. A blackened coast widened across its surface; a small wave of fire broke upon it. He held it by a corner till it scorched his thumb and then dropped it to burn to black ash on the floor. Twenty five thousand francs in France, five thousand dollars in America, a thousand sovereigns in England charred out like a cigarette paper.

"Well, that's done," said Morgan. He looked with a smile at the girl's face. After all, it had been dramatic: the absurd thing had finished on a high note.

The girl smiled back at him. "Yes," she said. "And now, here's your tea ready for you."

Standard Oil and its



Mr. Thomas P. Grasty,

C/o Buck & Pratt,

Room 1203, 27 Wil[illegible] St., City.

Dear Mr. Grasty:

I have your favors of yesterday, and beg [illegible] you herewith the telegram from Mr. E[illegible] to [illegible]. We [illegible] continue the subscription of $5,000. to the Southern Farm Maga[illegible] another year, payments to be made the same as they have been [illegible] do not doubt but that the influence of your publication [illegible] South is of a most helpful character.

With good wishes, I am

Very truly yours,

Jno. D. Archbold

Joy for the heart of the subscription agent; think of it: $5000 for another year of the *Southern Farm Magazine*, from the constant reader and letter-writer Archbold. Did it confer upon the editorial utterances of the magazine a Standard Oil hue?

WERE it not for the newspaper press and periodicals of the HEARST'S MAGAZINE sort, interests like Mr. Archbold and Standard Oil long ago would have stolen everything to the public back fence. As matters stand, their villain pillage has hardly stopped short of it. Also, it wasn't the law, but the printing press which halted them. The press is the policeman of popular right.

President Wilson, observing—and also fearing—the pernicious Criminal Privilege activities of certain subsidized newspapers, in the war over tariff schedules now being fought out in the Senate, was driven only the other day to issue his White House warning to mankind. Said Mr. Wilson:

Washington has seldom seen so numerous, so industrious, or so insidious a lobby. The newspapers are being filled with paid advertisements calculated to mislead the judgment of public men not only, but also the public opinion of the country itself. There is every evidence that money without limit is being spent to sustain this lobby, and to create an appearance of a pressure of public opinion antagonistic to some of the chief items of the Tariff bill.

If this be not enough, consider what has been accomplished by the publication of the Archbold letters. Mr. Hearst began reading them, and his newspapers and magazines began printing them, in October, 1908. In less than five years, by their sheer effect, such Archbold-Standard Oil "statesmen," as Mr. Foraker, Mr. Bailey, Mr. Lorimer, Mr. McLaurin, Mr. Grosvenor, and Mr. Sibley have been driven from their high political places. They no longer cumber and dis-

Hirelings of the Press

grace the House and Senate earth. They no longer figure in affairs of importance.

What papers and magazines yielded to Mr. Archbold's enrollment, and accepted his bounty, repaid that little intriguing Standard Oiler in more fashions than one. Be sure that Standard Oil has received a full return for what thousands Mr. Archbold paid such publications as the *Pittsburgh Times*, the *Southern Farm Magazine*, the *Manufacturers' Record*, and *Gunton's Magazine*.

While not appointed to hunt papers, but only congressmen, even Setter-dog Sibley became impressed by the Standard Oil propriety of getting a greasy hold on the press.

Says Setter-dog Sibley:

Joseph C. Sibley, Chairman.
Committee on Manufactures.
House of Representatives, U. S.
Washington, March 7th, 1905.
My dear Mr. A.

The illness of Mrs. Sibley has prevented my coming to N. Y. Senator B. was to have gone over with me. I think he will go anyway as he has business there. I had a conversation with an important "official" yesterday and he told me there was but one thing to do and that was to start a "back fire." Like myself, he is much alarmed and as an official of the reigning family his hand and tongue are tied.

He thinks the work should be done in the education of public sentiment between now and the meeting of Congress in Oct. It has I think been decided to convene Cong in Ex Session at that Time though The Speaker will try and have it go over until Nov. if he can't do better. I will know in a day or two how he succeeds; Long (Senator) and Curtis (Rep) are the strong men in the Kansas delegation. I have explained matters to them and I think their influence will count some when they go home. Campbell is a clever boy, has no strong points on place yet developed, he seeks notoriety, but is harmless in himself. This agitation in the language of another "started from the top," and will run its course, it is not a deep seated and profound conviction of wrong.

The one thing is to get delay until temperate action can be secured, we will recover from Lawsonitis if we get pure air for a while.

I think the pendulum will swing to the other side after a while but I don't want the d——d to pay before it gets back. An efficient Literary Bureau is needed, not for a day, or a crisis, but a permanent and healthy control of Associated Press and kindred avenues. It will cost money but will be the cheapest in the end and can be made self-supporting. The next four years is more than any previous epoch to determine the future of this Country. No man values public opinion or fears it so much as Roosevelt. No man seeks popularity as much as he. Mild reproof or criticisms of his policies would nearly paralyze him. To-day he hears only the chorus of a rabble, and he thinks it is public sentiment. I don't know whether the Industrial Corporations and the Transportation Co's have enough at stake to justify a union of forces for concerted action. It seems to me necessary. I am in position where I see both sides of the game and still think our friends play politics once in four years while the other side play it all the time.

Sincerely yours,
Sibley.

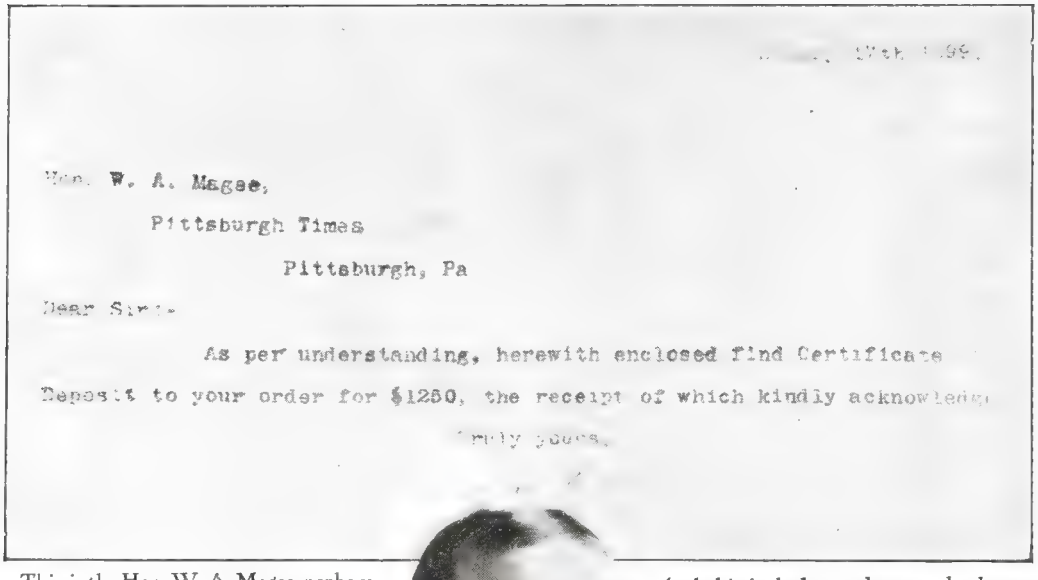
(See pages 30, 31 for fac-similes of two pages of this letter.)

As you read recall the warning of President Wilson—other Sibleys of the House and Senate are writing other letters to "my dear Mr. A." of 26 Broadway, telling of the comings in and goings out of other "Senator B's" and relating their "conversation with an important official," and urging the Criminal Privilege propriety of "a back-fire."

Five years ago, at the startling time when Mr. Hearst began reading and printing the Archbold letters, the people's cry of indignation was everywhere raised. The cry was echoed by such honest ones among the editors—all unbought and unbribed of Mr. Archbold and Standard Oil—as Colonel Watterson. From stump, from pulpit, from press, from people, came condemnation

of the slimy Mr. Archbold for his Standard Oil crimes. And yet, with all that good, honest condemnatory example before them, what single syllable of denunciation was heard to emanate from a Duke or a Morgan or a Vanderbilt or a Schwab or a Stillman or a Carnegie or a Havemeyer?

Steel, sugar, tobacco, coal, every trust on the black-flag list, had been and was buying Senators and House men, judges, and governors, as industriously as were Mr. Archbold and Standard Oil. The only difference between them and Mr. Archbold was that no one had come forward thus far with their letters. They had not been found out. Wherefore, equal in selfish interest as equal in their works, our thousand and one expositors of Special Privilege—the Vanderbilts, the Morgans, the Carnegies, the Stillmans, the Dukes, the Schwabs, and the Havemeyers—maintained



Hon. W. A. Magee,

Pittsburgh Times

Pittsburgh, Pa

Dear Sir:-

As per understanding, herewith enclosed find Certificate

Deposit to your order for $1250, the receipt of which kindly acknowledge

Truly yours,

This is the Hon. W. A. Magee, nephew of the man who owned the *Pittsburgh Times*, who got the familiar and useful certificate of deposit that Archbold sent

And this is the letter about twelve hundred and fifty dollars to Mr. Magee connected with politics and the *Times*, who understood what Archbold meant

ard Oil years ago set flowing a growing, broadening, deepening stream of gold into the channels of the monthly, weekly, and daily press. Some publications it bought outright; others it only bribed.

There was a personage of the Tribe of Highbrows whose title was Professor, and whose name was Gunton. He posed as an authority on political economy, which exalted Criminal Privilege, and counseled the poor to creep back into their cages. The better to preach these doctrines, in New York at 41 Union Square, Mr. Gunton evolved and printed *Gunton's Magazine*. Both Editor Gunton and *Gunton's Magazine* pleased Mr. Archbold.

As witness the following:

Sept. 28, 1899.

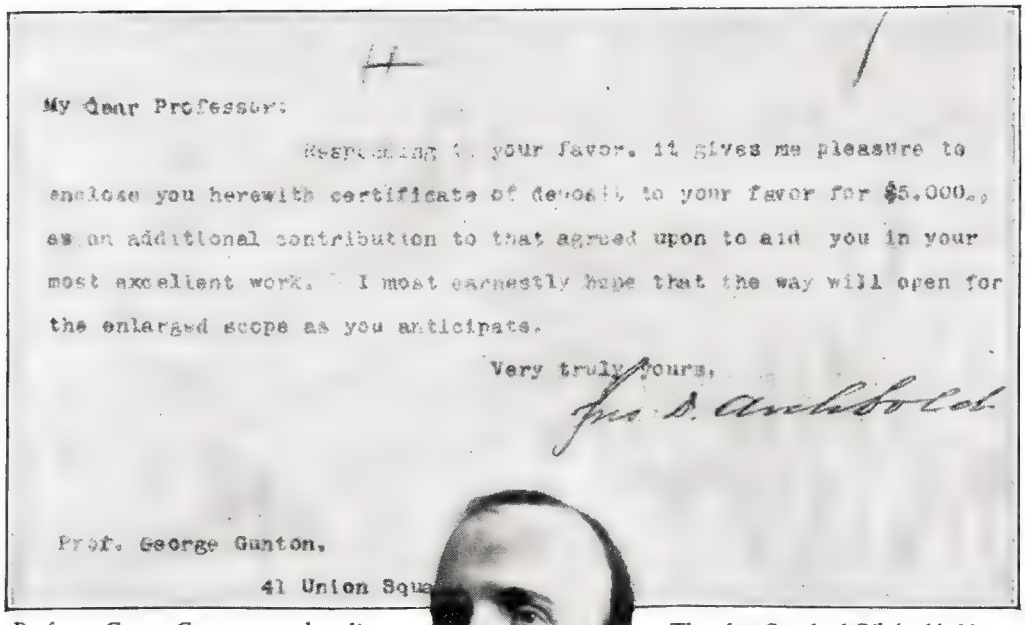
My dear Professor:

I have your very kind favor of yester-

a masterly, not to say a polite silence, while Mr. Hearst uncovered the Archbold corruptions.

While making his investments in other than oil fields, Mr. Rockefeller and his co-workers in the vineyard of Criminal Privilege, in no wise rejected the ink-and-paper field. Stand-

day with various enclosures, for all of which I beg you to accept many thanks. I am greatly interested and much amused over the incident which you relate regarding Governor Roosevelt. Think he is doing splendidly. The recent speech of Senator



My dear Professor:

Responding to your favor, it gives me pleasure to enclose you herewith certificate of deposit to your favor for $5.000., as an additional contribution to that agreed upon to aid you in your most excellent work. I most earnestly hope that the way will open for the enlarged scope as you anticipate.

Very truly yours,

Jno. D. Archbold

Prof. George Gunton,

41 Union Squ

Professor George Gunton was the editor of *Gunton's Magazine*, a publication written to the glory and support of the particular economic ideas beloved of Criminal Privilege

Therefore Standard Oil Archbold was well pleased with the Professor-Editor and contributed another five thousand to his good work of misleading the people

Foraker in Ohio is also very good. I have no doubt you noticed it.

Very truly yours,
Jno. D. Archbold.

Prof. George Gunton,
41 Union Square, City.

And this letter a month later:

[Oct ? ? ?]

My dear Professor:

Responding to your favor, it gives me pleasure to enclose you herewith certificate of deposit to your favor for $5,000., as an additional contribution to that agreed upon to aid you in your most excellent work. I most earnestly hope that the way will open for the large scope as you anticipate.

Very truly yours,
Jno. D. Archbold.

Prof. George Gunton,
41 Union Square, City.

(See top of this page for fac-simile.)

Evidently the "dear Professor" had been writing his "dear Mr. A." of some literary flight he meditated, and the latter little gentleman was only too eager to finance it—with Standard Oil money, of course. How familiarly that "certificate of deposit in your favor" breaks upon the eye! Five thousand dollars!

Later Miss Tarbell, eminent as a magazine writer, took occasion to show that the appreciative Mr. Archbold, for fifteen years, had been paying into the personal palms of Mr. Gunton an annual $15,000; and—all in the name of Standard Oil—had backed his magazine and rostrum efforts to the tune of $250,000 more.

After an annual $15,000 for fifteen years to Mr. Gunton, the following to Mr. Magee will sound flat, feeble, and cheap.

January 17th, 1899.

Hon. W. A. Magee,
Pittsburgh Times,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sir:-

As per understanding, herewith enclosed find Certificate of Deposit to your order for $1250, the receipt of which kindly acknowledge.

Truly yours,
Jno. D. Archbold.

(See page 26 for fac-simile.)

Twelve hundred and fifty dollars!

It was all it was worth, however.

And yet, there's this to be thought of. Mr. Magee, here addressed as connected with the *Pittsburgh Times*, belonged to the great House of Magee, the head of which ruled over Keystone politics at his particular Pittsburgh end of the alley. The *Times* might mean but little, taken merely as the *Times*. But what if, in this Archbold-Standard Oil connection, the name included that Magee boss-ship? How important the latter would be to Governor Stone, and Congressman Dalzell, and others of the Standard Oil herd who lived in the smoke-thrown Pittsburgh shadow? Possibly Mr. Archbold wrote other letters to Mr. Magee, and enclosed other and more satisfying certificates of deposit.

Down in Baltimore there's a magazine called the *Manufacturers' Record*. Connected with its management, twelve years ago, was Mr. Edmonds. Apparently, Mr. Edmonds and Mr. Archbold had met—and agreed—in a business way; for early in 1901 one finds Mr. Archbold writing this:

26 Broadway.
February 13th, 1901.

Mr. R. H. Edmonds,
Baltimore, Md.

Dear Mr. Edmonds:

I have your several very interesting favors. I return you Senator McLaurin's letter with the clippings.

The whole affair at Washington has been most interesting.

Have been sorry indeed to hear of the Senator's illness. Mr. Griscom undertook to have a talk with him on Monday through a mutual friend. Your own work in all this matter has been most admirable.

Very truly yours,
Jno. D. Archbold.

The sick statesman alluded to was Senator Gorman. The "talk," which Mr. Griscom was to have had with him, would have borne upon the Shipping Bill, a measure concerning which Mr. Archbold never ceased to get excited. There's nothing in this magazine's possession to indicate just what was that "whole affair at Washington" which Mr. Archbold found "most interesting." But since a certain man was in the White House, and a certain boss was in the Republican saddle, it's a safe wager that "the whole affair" concerned Special Privilege in a favorable, rivet-fastening way.

Mr. Edmonds' work "has been most admirable"; later he is, no doubt, to receive good news as related to Mr. Grasty and the *Southern Farm Magazine*. For says Mr. Archbold:

26 Broadway.
December 18th, 1901.

Mr. Thomas P. Grasty,
C/o Buck & Pratt,
Room 1203, 27 William St., City.

Dear Mr. Grasty:

I have your favors of yesterday, and beg to return you herewith the telegram from Mr. Edmonds to you. We are willing to continue the subscription of $5,000 to the Southern Farm Magazine for another year, payments to be made the same way they have been made this year. We do not doubt but that the influence of your publication throughout the South is of a most helpful character.

With good wishes, I am,
Very truly yours,
Jno. D. Archbold.

(See page 24 for fac-simile.)

For how many *Southern Farm Magazines* should that 5000-dollar subscription pay? Also, would it confer upon its editorial utterances a Standard Oil hue?

Mr. Archbold not alone takes annual care of the *Southern Farm Magazine* to the extent of a comfortable and comforting $5000, but he recalls that Mr. Edmonds has a hook-up with the *Manufacturers' Record*. To remember is to act with Mr. Archbold, and he indites the following:

26 Broadway.
Oct. 10th, 1902.

Mr. R. H. Edmonds,
Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir:

Responding to your favor of the 9th, it gives me pleasure to enclose you herewith certificate of deposit to your favor for $3,000, covering a year's subscription to the Manufacturers' Record.

Truly yours,
Jno. D. Archbold.

Does any gentleman know if Mr. Archbold has kept up or discontinued his Standard Oil "subscription" to the *Manufacturers' Record*

and the *Southern Farm Magazine?* What are those earnest papers just now saying of oil and wool and sugar and income tax?

The plot thickens; Mr. Grasty comes to New York, establishes himself at the Waldorf-Astoria and addresses Mr. Archbold. Also, the greatest little letter writer of any age makes next day's haste to answer. Says he:

26 Broadway.
December 11th, 1902.

Mr. Thomas P. Grasty,
Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, City.

My dear Mr. Grasty:

I have your favor of yesterday. It may be the first of the week before I can bring the matter up you so ably present, but I shall hope for favorable consideration of it at the hands of my friends here. There is no doubt whatever of the excellent work being done by your publications, and by yourself and Mr. Edmonds on all the lines, and I feel that it would be almost an act of presumption to make any suggestions with reference to your course. If anything at any time occurs to us, however, we will not hesitate to speak of it, in response to your kind suggestion. The Lindsay matter was certainly most admirably handled.

Very truly yours,
Jno. D. Archbold.

How exasperating to have but the fraction or merest fragment of so entertaining a correspondence! And the world might have had it all, had those with the facts in their keeping acted upon specific instructions to bring to the fore what all men should see and know.

Mr. Grasty abandons the Waldorf-Astoria for the Hotel York, and composes a long and earnest letter to Mr. A.:

Hotel York, Dec. 4, 1903.

Dear Mr. Archbold:

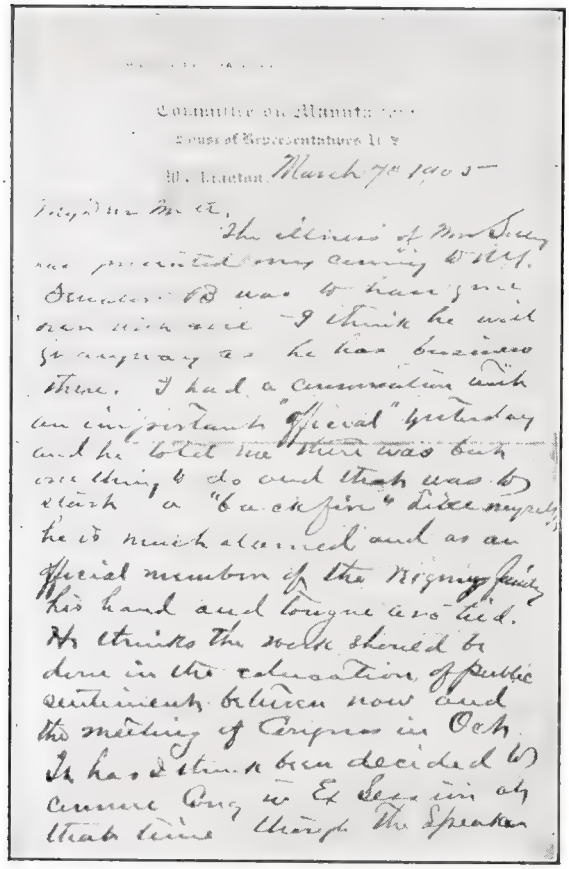
In the article, "Teachers Vs. Doers," in the Manufacturers' Record this week, there is a world of good common sense. Although Mr. Morgan is commended as the leader in rescuing transportation properties and thereby meeting the needs of the country . . . nevertheless I want to say to you that I believe that it would be a good thing if Mr. Morgan could be peacefully and quietly supplanted as the most conspicuous representative of financial power. . . . You can scarcely realize how much harm has been done by his "undoing," or by what people consider the exposure of his methods. But whatever we may call it, the effect of the discredit which has befallen him, has been to make the public believe—or at least to take seriously—sensational stories, concocted for demagogic effect, which prior to these disclosures were considered as unfounded and unworthy of credence. . . . I honestly believe that the interests of such immeasurable magnitude as Mr. Morgan is supposed to dominate, ought to be under the control of wiser men—men with sense enough to see and avoid such palpable pitfalls as surrounded the ship-building deal. A substitution of controlling power—a change of generals—seems to me the only way to escape the consequences of (and to head off) public distrust of our great organizations and to stop the supply of fresh ammunition to the "trust busters."

Now, among the latter I put Theodore Roosevelt and W. R. Hearst in the same category—and Hearst today has an organization of immense efficiency made up of first class, high-priced brains—backed not by a barrel but by a hogshead, and is liable to be the Democratic nominee for the presidency. That Roosevelt will be the Republican nominee is a foregone conclusion. Now in times of depression the slogan, "Anything for a change," goes a long way. If a chance be even possible—and in my opinion it is probable—people who stand for the maintenance of American institutions and for the "greatest good to the greatest number," ought to be arranging to prevent the possibility of such a disaster as Hearst's election to the presidency. Mr. Gorman is the only man that can beat him, if I read correctly the signs of the times.

Yours truly, Thomas P. Grasty.

Mr. Grasty's views hold one's interest like a novel by Walter Scott. Also "palpable pitfall" is good. You see it was on the sharp heels of the ship-trust explosion, and the exposure of that memorable "watering" of some $16,000,000 of actual assets to nearly $40,000,000 in stocks and bonds. The cautious Mr. Archbold never answered this letter.

The Grasty feeler as to Mr. Gorman is as



Committee on Rivers and Harbors
House of Representatives U. S.
Washington, March 7th 1905

My Dear Mr. C.,

The illness of Mr. Sibley has prevented my seeing Mr. Depew. I was to have seen him this a.m. I think he will go anyway as he has business there. I had a conversation with an important official yesterday and he told me there was but one thing to do and that was to start a "back fire." Like myself he is much alarmed and as an official member of the Administration his hand and tongue are tied. He thinks the work should be done in the education of public sentiment between now and the meeting of Congress in Dec. It has almost been decided to remove Orr as Ex Sergeant at Arms. Thanks. The Speaker

Start a "back-fire" writes Setter-dog Sibley. Mr A. may not have thought of it, but with Standard Oil money he ought to be able to buy up every editor to pervert popular opinion, thinks the representative of the people

transparent as glass. It's drawing in toward a presidential nomination, and Mr. Gorman—who's been a never-failing candidate since the first Cleveland inauguration in 1885—is Mr. Grasty's choice.

Mr. Grasty's next letter is, also, too long to print in full:

Telephone, 6243-38th.
Hotel York. Thursday, Jan. 7, 1904.

Dear Mr. Archbold:

As you see I am back in New York. There are several matters for which I think one may "thank god and take courage" at the beginning of this year of grace. One is that the business men of this Country have apparently decided not to be "bull-dozed" by labor. Another matter for congratulation is that the U. S. Steel Corporation—an institution of incalculable significance & potential for evil or for good,—seem to be about to come under the control of men who do not make "mis-cues." Another is that the fear lest the Democrats may get together & nominate a strong, safe man, is likely to have a good effect on the President in bringing him to think more seriously & soberly & sanely than when he imagined he was going to have a "walk-over—" or rather a triumphal procession to a second term. . . . In this week's Record you will probably see a statement of the case from a very sensible editor down in Virginia. Whether you agree with it or not, I can but feel that it is not desirable from the standpoint of the interests you are identified with for any course or any policy calculated to stir up strife & embroil us in what might menace our commerce, to go uncriticized and unrebuked. "Hot-heads" are bad enough in private life: "hot-heads" at the helm of the ship of state must be put through a cooling process.

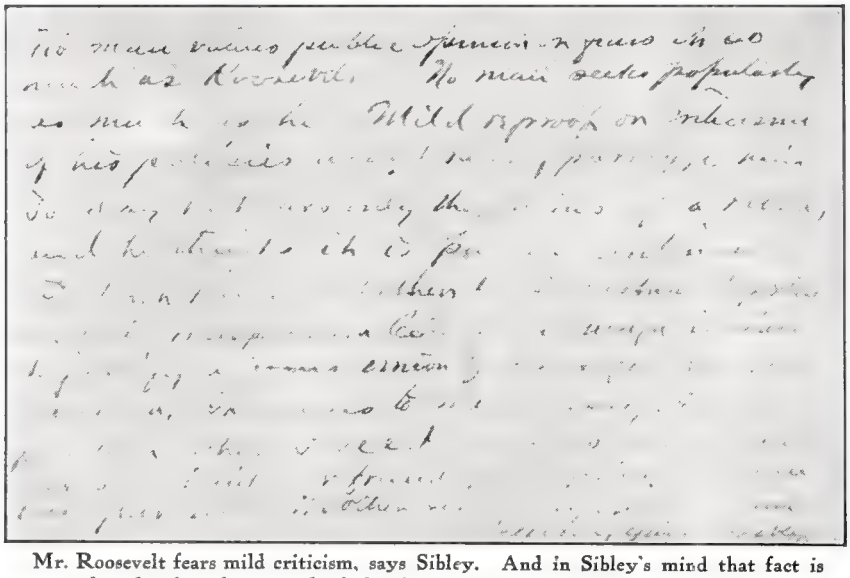
A final word about *Gorman*. It would be worth millions beyond computation to the business interests merely to have him nominated by the Democrats. He is the one possible candidate with whom an understanding can be reached. On this aspect of the case I want to tell you a few things that I can not quite say on paper. Yours truly,

Thomas P. Grasty.

One can see with the eye of fancy the dry grin on Mr. Archbold's face at this lofty lecturing by Mr. Grasty. Not but what Mr. Archbold will "thank God" as deeply as ever could Mr. Grasty, "that the business men of this country have apparently decided not to be bulldozed by labor."

Mr. Grasty's disclosures touching Mr. Gorman are interesting, especially those which Mr. Grasty "cannot quite say on paper." The confident Mr. Grasty, however, was barking at a knot. There was never the ghost of the shade of the shadow of a Gorman chance in 1904.

Six days elapse, and Mr. Grasty again writes Mr. Archbold:



Mr. Roosevelt fears mild criticism, says Sibley. And in Sibley's mind that fact is surely related to the control of the Associated Press by Standard Oil and any other big interests able to see both sides of the Washington game

Hotel York.

January 13th, 1904.

Dear Mr. Archbold:

I referred two months ago (in one of my letters to you) to W. R. Hearst's activities, and to the progress he was making. . . .

I send you herewith a clipping from today's N. Y. Times, showing a scheme that had never been suspected, i. e., to get the convention for the one city in which the Godless element is supreme.

I have heard that Mr. Morgan has said he'd rather have Hearst than Roosevelt. I want Mr. Gorman to feel that my friends are his friends. He has just asked me to come to see him. He is in some perplexity over a situation in Baltimore which 'tis thought I may be in a position to give some suggestions about. I do not mind saying to you that my relations with him are closely confidential by reason of a peculiar situation which I can't explain in a letter.

Whether he is nominated for the Presidency or not, he will as long as he lives, be the most powerful friend that any of us could have at Washington. His marvelous gift of heading off foolish moves, his ability to keep from being done what ought not to be done, make him a more useful friend than the fellow that "does things." As I was about to say, he ought to be the Democratic nominee, but if not, he will as long as he lives be a senator and a leader. He was never known to go back on a friend.

Yours truly,
Thomas P. Grasty.

You will note that in all of these letters, Mr. Grasty never once speaks of Mr. Archbold's "reply." That isn't a Grasty impoliteness; Mr. Archbold has sent no reply. In vain does the fowler spread his net in the sight of any bird. Mr. Archbold knew that Mr. Gorman inspired, if he didn't quite dictate these letters, and was looking over Mr. Grasty's shoulder as they were taken down. To have written Mr. Grasty would have been to write Mr. Gorman, and Mr. Archbold wasn't ready to submit his own and Standard Oil's presidential preferences to the Maryland Machiavelli. Mr. Archbold is not without qualities which adorn the turkey gobbler, and the tail of his vanity is a broad and spreading tail. It will take a very much surer hand than Mr. Grasty's, however, to throw the cunning salt on it.

When the people's face puts on a frown, Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Carnegie, and Mr. Archbold do not, to be sure, slash the tail off a dog. For, in pious circles, even more than any simple robbery, it might shake one's position. Avoiding, therefore, that dog curtailment, they institute a hookworm inquiry, or build a library, or give a million to a college, or arrange to pay perpetually the gas bill of St. Paul's. And in this they are wise. Any of these, as tempting aside the popular tongue, would serve much better than the vulgar de-tailment of some dog.

The Woman Thou Gavest Me

Being the True Story of Mary O'Neill told by Herself and Written from Her Memoranda

by Hall Caine

Author of "The Christian", "The Prodigal Son" Etc.

Illustrated by Frank Craig

SYNOPSIS: Daniel O'Neill, a powerful, self-made man, forces his only daughter, Mary, into a loveless marriage with the impecunious and profligate Lord Raa, so that his ambition to have his descendants the rightful heirs of the one earldom in Ellan may be realized. Mary, a convent-raised young woman, shocked to find her husband a man of sordid, sensual passions, refuses utterly to have anything to do with him until such time as he can prove himself worthy of her love. During the honeymoon abroad Alma Lier, a divorcée who had been expelled from the convent Mary attended in Rome, attaches herself to the party, and makes the "honeymoon trip" a long series of slights and insults for Lady Raa.

At last Lady Raa becomes certain of the infidelity of her husband and of his misconduct with Alma Lier. On her return to London Mary encounters her old play-fellow, Martin Conrad, who has returned from his triumphant expedition to the Antarctic. Drawn into ever-closer relations with the only man for whose friendship she had ever cared, Mary finally awakes to the fact that she is hopelessly in love with Martin. Terrified by this knowledge, and finding herself more and more in love with Martin, she determines to run away from the cause of her distress, and go home.

Mary's home-coming to Castle Raa is a sad affair. Her husband fills the tumble-down old mansion with his fast friends from London, including Alma Lier, who assumes control of the household. Ultimately the illness of her father offers Mary excuse for escape from the intolerable environment. But before visiting her old home Mary appeals in turn to her Bishop and to her father's lawyer, only to be told that neither Church nor State can offer any relief from her false position. She returns next day to Castle Raa to find that Martin is arriving for a farewell visit, and that by Alma Lier's deceitful scheming the whole house-party has gone off for a few days' cruise.

During her three days alone with her lover Mary fights a grim battle with temptation, only to find on the last night that her faith in renunciation and the laws of the Church is a fragile thing compared with her overwhelming love for this pure-hearted man. With Martin's passionate words, "You are my real wife. I am your real husband" ringing in her brain she forgets everything else, and with strong steps walks across the corridor to Martin's bedroom. This is the action which Martin has advised as being the only course open to them which is sure to bring the one result they are determined to attain—Mary's divorce from Lord Raa.

Mary determines, after the departure of Martin Conrad, to hide herself in London. She is driven by fear of Lord Raa's discovery of her unfaithfulness to him; she is equally afraid of the venomous tongue of Alma Lier. She is no sooner settled in a cheap, little boarding house in London than a great hue and cry is raised by her father. Of all persons, it is Mildred, that one truest friend of her convent days, who ferrets her out; but for Mary's sake she breaks a vow and refuses to give her up. Then comes the report of the loss of Martin's ship in the Antarctic. Desperate with grief and fearful for the unborn child which she hopes shall reconcile her to her empty life and typify her great love for Martin, she flees from Mildred to a still more obscure corner of London.

"Our Lady"

MY new quarters were in the poorer district which stands at the back of Bayswater. The street was a cul-de-sac (of some ten small houses on either side) which was blocked up at the farther end by the high wall of a factory for the "humanization" of milk, and opened out of a busy thoroughfare of inferior shops like a gulley way off a noisy coast. My home in this street was in number one.

My room, which was of fair size, was on the first floor and had two windows to the street, with yellow holland blinds and white muslin curtains.

The furniture consisted of a large bed, a horse-hair sofa, three cane-bottomed chairs, a chest of drawers (which stood between the windows), and a mirror over the mantelpiece, which had pink paper, cut into fanciful patterns, over the gilt frame, to keep off the flies.

The floor was covered with linoleum, but there were two strips of carpet, one before the fire and the other by the bed; the walls were papered by a bright red paper representing peonies in bloom; and there were three pictures—a portrait of a Welsh preacher, an engraving entitled "Feed my Sheep" (showing Jesus carrying a lamb), and a memorial card of some member of the family of the house, in the form of a tomb with a weeping angel on either side.

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I paid five shillings a week for my room, and, as this included the use of kettle, cooking utensils, and crockery, I found to my great delight at the end of the first week that providing for myself (tea, bread and butter, and eggs being my principal food) I had only spent ten shillings altogether, which, according to my present needs, left me enough for my time of waiting and several weeks beyond it.

Every morning I went out with a little hand-bag to buy my provisions in the front street, and every afternoon I took a walk in the better part of Bayswater and even into the park (Hyde Park), which was not far off, but never near to Piccadilly, or so far east as Bloomsbury, lest I should meet Sister Mildred or be recognized by the old boarders.

Finding it necessary to account for myself, just as at the boarding-house, I had adhered to my former name, but said I was the widow of a commander lately lost at sea, which was as near to the truth as I dare venture.

I had also made no disguise of the fact that I was expecting a child, a circumstance which secured me much sympathy from the womanly women who were now my neighbors.

They were all worthy women, generally the wives of men working in the milk factory; and therefore the life of our street was very regular.

At five in the morning you heard the halting step of the old "knocker up" who went up and down the street tapping at the bedroom windows with a long pole like a fishing-rod. A little before six you heard the clashing of many front doors and the echoing footsteps of the men going to their work. At half-past seven you heard the whoop of the milkman and the rattling of his cans. At half-past eight you heard the little feet of the children, like the pattering of rain, going off to the Board School round the corner. And a little after four in the afternoon you heard the wild cries of the entire juvenile community let loose from lessons, the boys running iron hoops and the girls skipping rope.

Mary O'Neill—the now famous heroine of "The Woman Thou Gavest Me"

After that, our street hummed like a beehive, with the women, washed and combed, standing knitting at their open doors or exchanging confidences across the areas until darkness fell, and each of the mothers called her children into bed, as an old hen in the farm-yard clucks up her chickens.

These good creatures were very kind to me. Having satisfied themselves from observation of my habits that I was "respectable," they called me "our lady," and I could not help hearing that I "was a nice young thing," though it was a little against me that I did not go to church or chapel, and had confessed to being a Catholic—for several of our families (including that of my landlady) were members of the Welsh Zion Chapel not far away.

Such was the life of the little human cage to which I had confined myself, but I had an inner life that was all my own and very sweet to me.

During the long hours of every day in which I was alone I occupied myself in the making of clothes for my baby—buying linen and flannel and worsted, and borrowing patterns from my Welsh landlady.

This stimulated my tenderness towards the child that was to come, for the heart of a young mother is almost infantile, and I hardly know whether to laugh or cry when I think of the childish things I did and thought and said to myself in those first days when I was alone in my room in that back street in Bayswater.

Thus long before the baby was born I had christened her. At first I wished to call her Mary, not because I cared for that name myself, but because Martin had said it was the most beautiful in the world. In the end, however, I called her Isabel Mary (because Isabel was my mother's name, and she had been a far better woman than I was), and as I finished my baby's garments one by one I used to put them away in their drawer, saying to myself, "That's Isabel

Mary's binder," or "Isabel Mary's christening-robe" as the case might be.

I dare say it was all very foolish. There are tears in my eyes when I think of it now, but there were none then, for though there were moments when, thinking of Martin, I felt as if life were for ever blank and bare, I was almost happy in my poor surroundings, and if it were a cage I had fixed myself in there was always a bird singing inside of it—the bird that sang in my own bosom.

"When Isabel Mary comes everything will be all right," I used to think.

This went on for many weeks, and I think it might have gone on until my time was full, but for something which, occurring under my eyes, made me tremble with the fear that the life I was living and the hope I was cherishing were really very wrong and selfish.

Of my landlady, Mrs. Williams, I saw very little. She was a rather hard but no doubt heavily-laden woman, who had "to do" for a swarm of children, besides two young men lodgers who lived in the kitchen and slept in the room behind mine. Her husband was a quiet man (a carter at the dairy) whom I never saw at all except on the staircase at ten o'clock at night, when, after winding the tall clock on the landing, he went up-stairs to bed in his stocking feet.

But the outstanding member of the family for me was a shock-headed girl of fourteen called Emmerjane, which was a running version of Emma Jane.

I understood that Emmerjane was the illegitimate daughter of Mrs. Williams's dead sister, and that she had been born in Carnarvon, which still shimmered in her memory in purple and gold.

Emmerjane was the drudge of the family, and I first saw her in the street at dusk, mothering a brood of her little cousins.

Afterward she became my drudge also—washing my floor, bringing up my coals, and cleaning my grate for sixpence a week, and giving me a great deal of information about my neighbors for nothing.

Thus she told me, speaking broad cockney with a Welsh accent, that the people opposite were named Wagstaffe and that the creaking noise I heard was that of a mangle, which Mrs. Wagstaffe had to keep because her husband was a drunkard.

But the greatest interest of this weird little woman, who had a premature knowledge of things a child ought not to know, was in a house half-way down the street on the other side, where steam was always coming from the open door to the front kitchen.

The people who lived there were named Jones. Mrs. Jones "washed" and had a bed-ridden old mother (with two shillings from the parish) and a daughter named Maggie.

Maggie Jones, who was eighteen, and very pretty, used to work in the dairy, but the foreman had "tiken advantage of her," and she had just had a baby.

This foreman was named Owen Owens, and he lived at the last number on our side, where two unmarried sisters "kept house" for him and sat in the "singing seat" at Zion.

Maggie thought it was the sisters' fault that Owen Owens did not marry her, so she conceived a great scheme for "besting" them, and this was the tragedy which, through Emmerjane's quick little eyes and her Cockney-Welsh tongue, came to me in instalments day by day.

When her baby was a month old Maggie dressed it up "fine" and took it to the photographer's for its "card di visit." The photographs were a long time coming, but when they came they were "heavenly lovely" and Maggie "cried to look at them."

Then she put one in an envelope and addressed it to Owen Owens, and though it had only to cross the street, she went out after dark to a pillar-box a long way off lest anybody should see her posting it.

Next day she said, "He'll have it now, for he always comes home to dinner. He'll take it up to his bedroom, look you, and stand it on the washstand, and if either of those sisters touch it he'll give them what's what."

After that she waited anxiously for an acknowledgment, and every time the postman passed down our street her pretty pale face would be at the door, saying, "Anything for me to-day?" or "Are you *sure* there's nothing for me, postman?"

At length a letter came, and Maggie Jones trembled so much that she dare not open it, but at last she tripped up to her room to be "all of herself," and then . . . then there was a "wild screech," and when Emmerjane ran up-stairs Maggie was stretched out on the floor in a dead faint, clutching in her

tight hand the photograph which Owen Owens had returned with the words, written in his heavy scrawl across the face, "Maggie Jones's bastard."

It would be impossible to say how this incident affected me. I felt as if a moral earthquake had opened under my feet.

What had I been doing? In looking forward to the child that was to come to me I had been thinking only of my own comfort —my own consolation.

But what about the child itself?

If my identity ever became known—and it might at any moment, by the casual recognition of a person in the street—how should the position of my child differ from that of this poor girl?

A being born out of the pale of the law, as my husband would say it must be, an outcast, a thing of shame, without a father to recognize it, and with its mother's sin to lash its back for ever!

When I thought of that, much as I had longed for the child that was to be a living link between Martin and me I asked myself if I had any right to wish for it.

I felt I had no right, and that considering my helpless position the only true motherly love was to pray that my baby might be still-born.

But that was too hard. It was too terrible. It was like a second bereavement. I could not and would not do it.

"Never, never, never!" I told myself.

My World Is My Room

THINKING matters out in the light of Maggie Jones's story, I concluded that poverty was at the root of nearly everything. If I could stave off poverty no real harm could come to my child.

I determined to do so. But there was only one way open to me at present—and that was to retrench my expenses.

I did retrench them. Persuading myself that I had no real need of this and that; I reduced my weekly outlay.

This gave me immense pleasure, and even when I saw, after a while, that I was growing thin and pale, I felt no self-pity of any sort, remembering that I had nobody to look well for now and only the sweet and glorious duty before me of providing for my child.

I convinced myself, too, that my altered appearance was natural to my condition, and that all I needed was fresh air and exercise, therefore I determined to walk every day in the Park.

I did so once only.

It was one of those lovely mornings in early spring, when the air and the sky of London, after the long fog and grime of winter, seem to be washed by showers of sunshine.

I had entered by one of the broad avenues and was resting (for I was rather tired) on a seat, under a chestnut tree whose glistening sheaths were swelling and breaking into flower, when I saw a number of ladies and gentlemen on horseback coming in my direction.

I recognized one of them instantly. It was Mr. Vivian, and a beautiful girl was riding beside him. My heart stood still, for I thought he would see me. But he was too much occupied with his companion to do so.

After that I took my walks in the poorer streets behind Bayswater, but there I was forced back on my old problem, for I seemed to be always seeing the sufferings of children.

Thank God, children, as a whole, are happy. They seem to live in their hearts alone, and I really and truly believe that if all the doors of the rich houses of the West End of London were thrown open to the poor children of the East End they would stay in their slums and alleys.

But some of them suffer there for all that, especially the unfortunate ones who enter the world without any legal right to be here, and I seemed to be coming upon that kind everywhere.

One evening I saw a tiny boy of five sheltering from the rain under a dripping and draughty railway arch, and crying as if his little heart would break. I tried to comfort him and could not, but when a rather shamefaced young woman came along, as if returning from her work, he burst out on her and cried, "Oh, mammy, she's been a-beating of me awful."

"Never mind, Johnny," said the young woman, kneeling on the wet pavement to dry the child's eyes. "Don't cry, that's a good boy."

It needed no second sight to look into the heart of that tragedy, and the effect of it upon me was to make me curtail my expenditure still further.

Later when I was forced to discontinue

my walks altogether, I sent Emmerjane on my few errands.

Then my room became my world.

I do not think I ever saw a newspaper. And knowing nothing of what was going on, beyond the surge and swell of the life of London as it came to me when I opened my window, I had now, more than ever, the sense of living in a dungeon on a rock in the middle of the sea.

Having no exercise I ate less and less. But I found a certain joy in that, for I was becoming a miser for my child's sake, and the only pain I suffered was when I went to my drawer, as I did every day, and looked at my rapidly diminishing store.

I knew that my Welsh landlady was beginning to call me *close*, meaning mean, but that did not trouble me in the least, because I told myself that every penny I saved out of my own expenses was for my child, to keep her from poverty and all the evils and injustices that followed in its train.

But I made no arrangements for myself until my Welsh landlady came up to my room one day and asked if I had settled with a doctor. When I answered no, she held up her hands and cried, "Good gracious! Just as I thought. Thee'st got to lose no time, though."

Happily there was a doctor in our street nearly every day, and if I wished it she would call him up to me. I agreed and the doctor came next morning.

He was a tall, elderly man with cold eyes, compressed lips, and a sour expression, and neither his manner nor his speech gave any hint of a consciousness (which I am sure every true doctor must have) that in coming to a woman in my condition he was entering one of the sacred chambers of human life.

He asked me a few abrupt questions, told me when he would come again, and then spoke about his fee.

"My fee is a guinea, and I usually get it in advance," he said, whereupon I went to my drawer, and took out a sovereign and shilling, not without a certain pang at seeing so much go in a moment after I had been saving so long.

The doctor had dropped the money into his waistcoat pocket with oh such a casual air, and was turning to go, when my Welsh landlady said, "Her's not doing herself justice in the matter of food, doctor."

"Why, what do you eat?" asked the doctor, and as well as I could out of my dry and parched throat, I told him.

"Tut! tut! This will never do," he said. "It's your duty to your child to have better food than that. Something light and nourishing every day, such as poultry, fish, chicken-broth, beef-tea, and farinaceous foods generally."

I gasped. What was the doctor thinking about?

"Remember," he said, with his finger up, "the health of the child is intimately dependent on the health of the mother. When the mother is in a morbid state it affects the composition of the blood, and does great harm to the health of the offspring, both immediately and in after life. Don't forget now. Good-day!"

That was a terrible shock to me. In my great ignorance and great love I had been depriving myself for the sake of my child, and now I learned that I had all the time been doing it a grave and perhaps life-long injury!

Trying to make amends I sent out for some of the expensive foods the doctor had ordered me, but when they were cooked I found to my dismay that I had lost the power of digesting them.

My pain at this discovery was not lessened next day when my Welsh landlady brought up a nurse whom I had asked her to engage for me. She was what the doctors call a croaker, began on a long series of stories of ladies who, having "let themselves down" had died, either at childbirth or soon afterward.

"It's *after* a lady feels it if she has to nurse her baby," said the nurse, "and I couldn't be responsible neither for you nor the child if you don't do yourself justice."

This was a still more terrible possibility —the possibility that I might die and leave my child behind me. The thought haunted me all that day and the following night, but the climax came next morning, when Emmerjane, while blacking my grate, gave me the last news of Maggie Jones.

Maggie's mother had been "a-naggin' of her to get work," asking if she had not enough mouths to feed "without her bringin' another."

Maggie had at first been afraid to look for employment, thinking everybody knew of her trouble. But after her mother had "put the young minister from 'Zion' on to her to tell her to be 'obejent' she had gone

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

"I felt as light as air itself. A woman carrying a child was like a queen—everybody made way for her, and it seemed to me as if the wealth of the world were in my arms"

out every day, whether the weather was good or bad or 'mejum.' "

This had gone on for three months (during which Maggie used to stay out late because she was afraid to meet her mother's face) until one wet night, less than a week ago, she had come home drenched to the skin, taken to her bed, "sickened for somethink," and died.

Three days after Emmerjane told me this story a great solemnity fell on our street.

It was Saturday, when the children do not go to school, but, playing no games, they gathered in whispering groups round the house with the drawn blinds, while their mothers stood bareheaded at the doors with their arms under their aprons and their hidden hands over their mouths.

I tried not to know what was going on, but looking out at the last moment I saw Maggie Jones's mother, dressed in black, coming down her steps, with her eyes very red and her hard face (which was seamed with labor) all wet and broken up.

The "young minister" followed (a beardless boy who could have known nothing of the tragedy of a woman's life), and stepping into the midst of the group of the congregation from "Zion," who had gathered there with their warm Welsh hearts full of pity for the dead girl, he gave out a Welsh hymn, and they sang it in the London street, just as they had been used to do at the cottage doors in the midst of their native mountains.

I could look no longer, so I turned back into my room.

During the rest of that day I could think of nothing but Maggie's child, and what was to become of it, and next morning when Emmerjane came up she told me that the "young minister" was "a-gettin' it into the 'ouse."

I think that was the last straw of my burden, for my mind came back with a swift rebound from Maggie Jones's child to my own.

The thought of leaving my baby behind now terrified and appalled me. It brought me no comfort to think that though I was poor my father was rich, for I knew that if he ever came to know of my child's existence he would hate it and cast it off, as the central cause of the downfall of his plans.

Yet Martin's child alone, and at the mercy of the world! It could not and must not be!

I thought of how Martin had been taken from me, as fate (perhaps for some good purpose still unrevealed) had led me to believe.

I thought of how I had comforted myself with the hope of the child that was coming to be a link between us.

I thought of how this had taken the sting out of death and victory out of the grave.

And after that I told myself that, however sweet and beautiful, *all this had been selfishness, and I must put it away.*

Then I thought of the child itself, who—conceived in sin as my Church would say, disinherited by the law, outlawed by society, inheriting my physical weaknesses, having lost one of its parents and being liable to lose the other—was now in danger of being left to the mercies of the world, banned from its birth, penniless and without protector, to become a drudge and an outcast or even a thief, a gambler, or a harlot.

This was what I thought and felt.

And when at last I knew that I had come to the end of my appointed time I knelt down in my sad room, and if ever I prayed a fervent prayer, if ever my soul went up to God in passionate supplications it was that the child I had longed for and looked forward to as a living link with my lost one *might be born dead.*

The Great Miracle

IT was Saturday, the twenty-first of June. The summer had been a cold one thus far; the night was chill and heavy, rain was beating against the window-pane.

There was a warm fire in my room for the first time for several months; the single gas jet on the window side of the mantelpiece had been turned low, and the nurse, in list slippers, was taking my little flannel and linen garments out of the chest of drawers and laying them on the flat steel fender.

I think I must have had intervals of insensibility, for the moments of consciousness came and went with me, like the diving and rising of a sea-bird in the midst of swelling waves.

At one such moment I became aware that the doctor and my Welsh landlady, as well as my nurse, were in the room, and that they were waiting for the crisis and fearing for my life.

I heard them talking in low voices which made a drumming noise in my ears, like

that which the sea makes when it is rolling into a cave.

"She's let herself down so low, pore thing, that I don't know in the world what's to happen to her."

"As God is my witness, look you, I never saw anybody live on so little."

"I'm not afraid of the mother. I'm more afraid of the child, if you ask me."

Then the drumming noise would die out, and I would only hear something within myself saying:

"Oh, God, oh, God, that my child may be born dead."

At another moment I heard, above the rattle of the rain, the creaking of the mangle in the cellar-kitchen on the other side of the street.

At still another moment I heard the sound of quarrelling in the house opposite. A woman was screaming, children were shrieking, and a man was swearing in a thick, hoarse voice.

I knew what had happened—it was midnight, the "public-houses had turned out," and Mr. Wagstaffe had come home drunk.

The night passed heavily. I heard myself (as I had done before) calling on Martin in a voice of wild entreaty: "Martin! Martin!"

Then remembering that he was gone I began again to pray. I heard myself praying to the Blessed Virgin: "Oh, Mother of my God, let my child . . ."

But a voice which seemed to come from far away interrupted me.

"Hush, bâch, hush! It will make it harder for thee."

At length peace came. It seemed to me that I was running out of a tempestuous sea, with its limitless loneliness and cruel depth, into a quiet harbor.

There was a heavenly calm, in which I could hear the doctor and the nurse and my Welsh landlady talking together in cheerful whispers.

I knew that everything was over, and with the memory of the storm I had passed through still in my heart and brain, I said, "Is it dead?"

"Dead?" cried the nurse in a voice several octaves higher than usual. "Dear heart no, but alive and well. A beautiful little daughter!"

"Yes, your baby is all right, ma'am," said the doctor, and then my Welsh landlady cried, "Why did'st think it would be dead, bâch? As I am a Christian woman thee'st got the beautifullest baby that ever breathed."

I could bear no more.

The dark thoughts of the days before were over me still, and with a groan I turned to the wall.

Then everything was wiped out as by an angel's wing, and I fell into a deep sleep.

When I awoke my dark thoughts were vanishing away like a bad dream in the morning. The rain had ceased, the gas had been put out, and I could see by the glow on the peonies of the wall-paper that the sun was shining with a soft red light through the holland blinds of my windows.

I heard the sparrows chirping on the sills outside; I heard the milk-man rattling his cans; I heard the bells of a neighboring church ringing for early communion.

I closed my eyes and held my breath and listened to the sounds in my own room. I heard the kettle singing over the fire; I heard somebody humming softly, and beating a foot on the floor in time to the tune; and then I heard a low voice (it was Emmerjane's) saying from somewhere near my bed: "I dunno but what she's awake. Her breathing ain't a-goin' now."

Then I turned and saw the nurse sitting before the fire with something on her lap. I knew what it was. It was my child, and it was asleep. In spite of my dark thoughts my heart began to yearn for it.

And then came the great miracle.

My child awoke and began to cry. It was a faint cry, oh, so thin and weak, but it went thundering and thundering through me.

There was a moment of awful struggle, and then a mighty torrent of love swept over me.

It was Motherhood.

My child! Mine! Flesh of my flesh!

All my desire for my baby's death to save it from the pains of life, was gone, and my heart, starved so long, throbbed with tenderness.

I raised myself in bed, in spite of my nurse's protest, and cried to her to give me my baby.

"Give her to me. Give her to me."

"By-and-by, by-and-by," said the nurse.

"Now, now! I can wait no longer."

"But you must take some food first. Emmerjane, give her that glass of milk and water."

I drank the milk just to satisfy them, and then held out my arms for my child.

"Give her to me—quick, quick!"

"Here she is then, the jewel!"

Oh the joy of that moment when I first took my baby in my arms, and looked into her face, and saw my own features and the sea-blue eyes of Martin!

Oh the rapture of my first eager kiss!

I suppose I must have been rough with my little cherub in the fervor of my love, for she began to cry again.

"There! there!" said the nurse. "Be good now, or I must take baby away."

But heaven had taught me another lesson, and instantly, instinctively, I put my baby to my breast. Instantly and instinctively, too, my baby turned to it with its little mouth open and its little fingers feeling for the place.

And then in that happiness that is beyond all earthly bliss—the happiness of a mother when she first clasps her baby to her breast—I began to cry.

I had not cried for months—not since that night in Ellan which I did not wish to remember any more—but now my tears gushed out and ran down my face like rain.

I cried on Martin once more—I could not help it. And looking down at the closed eyes of my child my soul gushed out in gratitude to God, Who had sent me this for all I had suffered.

"Hush, bâch, hush! You will do yourself a mischief, and it will be bad for the milk," said the nurse.

After that I tried to control myself. But I found a fierce and feverish delight in suckling my child. It seemed as if every drop my baby drew gave me a spiritual as well as a physical joy—cooling my blood and my brain and wiping out all my troubles.

Oh mystery of mysteries! Oh miracle of miracles!

My baby was at my breast and my sufferings were at an end.

Tenderest Discoveries

THAT was a long, long day of happiness. It was both very long and very short, for it passed like a dream.

What wonderful happenings were crowded into it!

First the nurse, from the dizzy heights of her greater experience and superior knowledge, indulged my infantile anxieties by allowing me to look on while baby was being bathed, and rewarded me for "being good" by many praises of my baby's beauty.

"I've nursed a-many in my time," she said, "but I don't mind saying as I've never had a bonnier babby on my knee. Look at her legs now, so white and plump and dimpled. Have you *ever* seen anything so putty?"

I confessed that I never had, and when nurse showed me how to fix the binder, and put on the barrow-coat without disturbing baby while asleep, I thought her a wonderful woman.

Emmerjane, who had with difficulty been kept out of the room last night and was now rushing breathlessly up- and down-stairs, wished to hold baby for a moment and at length, out of the magnificence of my generosity, I allowed her to do so, only warning her, as she loved her life, to hold tight and not let baby fall.

"How'd you mean?" said the premature little mother. "*Me* let her fall? Not much!"

It rather hurt me when baby cried, and I dare say my own foolish lip would drop at such moments, but when I saw that there were no tears in her eyes, and she was only calling for her food, I pleaded with nurse to let me give her the breast again.

The sun shone all day long, and though the holland window blinds were kept down to subdue the light, for my sake and perhaps for baby's, I thought my room looked perfectly beautiful. It might be poor and shabby, but flights of angels could not have made it more heavenly than it was in my eyes then.

In the afternoon nurse told me I must take some sleep myself, but I would not sleep until baby slept, so she had to give me my cherub again, and I sat up and rocked her and for a while I sang—as softly as I could—a little lullaby.

It was a lullaby I had learned at Nemi from the Italian women in embroidered outside stays, who so love their children, and though I knew quite well that it had been written for the Mother of all Mothers, who, after she had been turned away from every door, had been enforced to take refuge in a stable in Bethlehem, I was in such an ecstasy of spiritual happiness that I thought it no irreverence to change it a little and to sing it in my London lodging to my human child.

"Sleep, little baby, I love thee, I love thee,
Sleep, little Queen, I am bending above thee."

I dare say my voice was sweet that day—a mother's voice is always sweet—for when

Emmerjane, who had been out of the room, came back to it with a look of awed solemnity, she said, "Well, I never did! I thought as 'ow there was a' angel a-come into this room."

"So there is, and here she is," I said, beaming down on my sleeping child.

But the long, short, blissful day came to an end at last, and when night fell and I dropped asleep, there were two names of my dear ones on my lips, and if one of them was the name of him who (as I thought) was in heaven, the other was the name of her who was now lying in my arms.

I may have been poor, but I felt like a queen with all the riches of life in my little room.

I may have sinned against the world and the Church, but I felt as if God had justified me by His own triumphant law.

The whole feminine soul in me seemed to swell and throb, and with my baby at my breast I wanted no more of earth or heaven.

I was still bleeding from the bruises of Fate, but I felt healed of all my wounds, loaded with benefits, crowned with rewards.

I was entirely happy. I had nothing in the world except my baby, and my baby had nothing in the world except me. I was still in the dungeon that had seemed so dreadful to me before—the great dungeon of crowded London to one who is poor and friendless.

But no matter! I was no longer alone, for there was one more inmate in my prison-house—my child.

Memorandum by Martin Conrad

I hate to butt in where I may not be wanted, but if the remainder of my dear one's story is to be understood I must say what was happening in the meantime to me.

As soon as we had set up on old Erebus the wooden lattice towers, which contained our long-distance electric telegraph apparatus, I tried to send her that first message from the Antarctic which was to say we had not been shipwrecked.

It was a thrilling moment. Exactly at the stroke of midnight on January 21, while the midnight sun was shining with its dull sullen glow, the whole of our company having gathered round, the wireless man prepared to despatch my message.

As we were not sure of our machinery I had drawn up the words to suit any place into which they might fall if they missed their intended destination.

"South Pole Expedition safe. All well. Send greetings to dear ones at home."

For some forty seconds the sparks crackled out their snappy signals into the crisp night air, and then the ether settled, calm returned, and we waited in breathless silence for the answer that was to come as from another planet.

It came. After a few minutes we heard from our magnetic detector the faint sound of the S signals, and then we broke into a great cheer. It was not much, but it was enough, and while our scientific staff were congratulating themselves that electric-wave telegraphy was not inhibited, by long distance, on the earth's curvature over an arc of a great circle, I was thinking of my dear one—that one way or another my message would reach her, and she would be relieved.

Then in splendid health and spirits—dogs, horses, and men all A1—we started on our journey, making a bee-line for the Pole.

Owing to the heavy weights we had to transport our progress was slow, but the going was good, we kept a steady pace, and though (being midsummer) the middle of the day was hot, and we had to travel a good deal by night under the white antarctic moon, we reached Mount Darwen (which I had fixed on for the second of our electric power stations) in less than three months.

By this time winter was approaching, the days were beginning to be dark and cold, and the altitude (8000 ft.) was telling on some of us.

Nevertheless our second installation got finished about the third week in May, and again we gathered round (not quite such a hearty company as before) while the wireless man spoke to the operator we had left on Erebus.

Again the electrical radiations went crackling into space, and again we gave a cheer when the answer came back—all well and instruments in perfect order.

Then we began on the last stage of our journey, and we knew it would be a hard one. Three hundred geographical miles in front; temperature down to minus .40; the sun three weeks gone, and nothing before us but shortening days, cold winds, and snow.

But the worst fact was that our spirits were low, and do what I would to keep a good heart and cheer up the splendid fellows who had come with me, I could not help feeling the effect of that deepening, sunless gloom.

Nevertheless I broke camp on May 23, and started straight as a die for the South.

It was a stiff fight over the upper glacier in latitude 85, with its razor-shaped ice, full of snow-covered crevasses, and three days out two of our best men fell into one of them.

I saw the accident from a dozen yards away, and running up I lay on my stomach and shouted down, but it was a black bottomless gulf and not a sound or a sign came back to me.

This cast a still deeper gloom on our company, who could not be cheered up, though I kept telling them we should be on the great plateau soon, please God, and then we should have a clear road to the Pole.

We were not much better on top though, for the surface was much broken up, and in that brewing place of the winds there seemed to be nothing but surging seas of cumulus cloud and rolling waves of snow.

The Polar march was telling on us badly. We were doing no more than seven miles at a stretch. So to help my shipmates to keep up their spirits (and perhaps to give a bit of a "heise" to my own) I had to sing all day long—though my darling was right that I had no more voice than a corn-crake.

Sometimes I sang "Ramsey Town," because it did not want much music, but generally "Sally's the Gel for Me," because it had a rattling chorus. The men all joined in (scientific experts included), and if the angels took any heed of us, I think it must have been a sight for them to look down on our little company of puny men singing away as we trudged through that snowy wilderness which makes a man feel so small.

But man can only do his best, and, as Father Dan (God bless his old heart!) used to say, the angels can do no more. We were making middling hard work of it in the 88 parallel, with a temperature as low as 50 degrees of frost, when a shrieking, blinding blizzard came sweeping down on us from the south.

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

I asked the old driver how long it would take me to get to Ilford. He looked should say by the looks of you—and you

I thought it might blow itself out, but it didn't, so we struck camp in a broad half-circle, building igloos (snow huts) with their backs (like rain-beaten cattle) to the storm.

There we lay seven days—and it is not worth while now to say how much some of our men suffered from frozen fingers, and more from falling spirits.

Sometimes I heard them saying (in voices that were intended to be loud enough for me to hear) it would have been better to have built winter quarters on the north of Darwen and settle there until the return of summer. And at other times I heard them counting the distance to the Pole—a hundred geographical miles, making twenty days' march at this season, with the heavy weights we had to carry, and the dwindling of our dogs and ponies, for we had killed a lot of them for food.

But I would not give in, for I felt that go to back without finishing my job would break my heart; and one day when old Treacle said, "No use, guv'nor, let's give it up," I flew at him like a hunted tiger.

All the same I was then a bit down myself, for there were days when death was very near, and one night it really broke me up to hear a big strapping chap saying to the man who shared his two-man shack, "I shouldn't care a whiff if it wasn't for the wife and the kiddies."

God knows I had my own anchor at home, and sometimes it had a devil of a tug at me. I fought myself hard, though, and at last in my desire to go on and my yearning to go back to my dear one, I made an awful proposal, such as a man does not much like to think of after a crisis is over.

"Shipmates," I said, "I am going forward, and those who want to go with me can go. But those who don't want to go can stay here, and so that no one may have it on his conscience that he has kept his comrades back, whether by weakness or by will, I have told the doctor to serve out a dose of something to every man, that he may end it whenever he wants to."

To my surprise that awful proposal was joyfully received; and never so long as I live shall I forget the sight of O'Sullivan going round the broad circle of my shipmates in the blue gloom of that noonday twilight and handing something to every one of them, while nobody spoke, and death seemed to look us in the face

at me again and said, "'Bout 'our and a 'alf I carryin' the biby"

And now I come to the incident for which I have told this story.

I could not get a wink of sleep that night for thinking of the brave fellows I had doomed to death by their own hands (for that was what it came to), because their souls were starving, and they were thinking of home.

My soul was starving too, and whether it was the altitude (now 11,000 ft.) that was getting into my head, and giving me that draught in the brain which only travelers in frozen regions know, or the Power higher than nature which speaks to a man in great solitudes when life is low, I cannot say, but as God is my witness, I was hearing again the voices of my dear ones who were so far away.

Sometimes they were the voices of my old people in Ellan, but more frequently, and most importunately, it was Mary's voice, calling me by my name, and crying to me for help as if she were in the shadow of some threatening danger.

"Martin! Martin! Martin!"

When this idea took clear possession of me—it was about three a. m. and the hurricane was yowling like a wounded dog—the answering thought came quick. I must go back. No matter at what a cost or sacrifice—I must go back.

It was in vain that I reflected that the trouble which threatened my darling (whatever it was) might be all over before I reached her side—I must go back.

And even when I reminded myself that I was within twenty days' march of that last point of my journey which was to be the crown and completion of it all, I also remembered that my dear one was calling me, and I had no choice but to obey.

Next morning, in the first light of the late antarctic dawn, I crept out of my snow hut to look south with powerful glasses in order to make sure that there was no reason why I should change my mind.

There was none. Though the snow had ceased the blizzard was blowing a hundred miles an hour in cutting gusts, so with a bleeding heart (and yet a hot one) I told Treacle to call up our shipmates, and when they stood round me in the shelter of my hut I said, "Shipmates, I have been thinking things over during the night, and I see things differently now. Nature is stronger than man, and the nature that is inside of us sometimes hits us harder than that which is without. I think it is that way with us now, and I believe there isn't a man of you who wouldn't go forward with me if he had nobody to think of except himself. . . . Well, perhaps *I* have somebody to think of, too, so we'll stick together, shipmates, and whatever regrets there may be, or disappointments, or heart-breakings, we'll . . . we'll go back home."

I think it says something for the mettle my men were made of that there was never a cheer after I said that, for they could see what it cost me to say it. But I tell you, there was a shout when I added, "We've drawn a blank this time, boys, but we'll draw a winner yet, and I ask you to swear that you'll come back with me next year, please God, to finish the work we've begun."

Then we gripped hands in that desolate place, and took our solemn oath, and God knows we meant to keep it.

It did not take long to strike camp, I can tell you. The men were bustling about like boys, and we had nothing to think of now but the packing of the food and the saddling of the dogs and horses, for we were leaving everything else behind us.

At the last moment before we turned northward I planted the Union Jack on the highest hummock of the snow, and when we were a hundred yards off I looked behind and saw it blowing stiffly in the wind.

That was eight a. m. on the twenty-second of June, and anybody may make what he likes of what I say, but as nearly as I can calculate the difference of time between London and where we were in the 88th latitude it was the very hour of my dear one's peril.

M. C.

Happiest of Women

TWO weeks passed, and if I suffered from getting up too soon I was never conscious of it.

Once or twice perhaps, in the early days I felt a certain dizziness and had to hold on for a moment to the iron rail of my bed-

stead, but I was too much occupied with the tender joys of motherhood to think much about myself.

Bathing, dressing, undressing, and feeding my baby were a perpetual delight to me in my loneliness.

What a joy it all was!

There must be something almost animal, even voluptuous, in mother's love, for there was nothing I liked so much as having baby naked on my knee and devouring its sweet body all over with kisses—putting its little fat hands and even its little fat feet into my mouth.

There must be something almost infantile, too, for sometimes after I had talked to my darling with a flood of joyous chatter I would even find myself scolding her a little, and threatening what I would do if she did not "behave."

Oh, mysterious laws of motherhood! Only God can fathom the depths of them and have complete understanding.

It was just as if sixteen years of my life had rolled back and I was again a child in my mother's room playing with my dolls under the table. Only there was something so wonderful now in the sweet eyes that looked up at me, that at certain moments I would fall into a long reverie and my heart would be full of adoration.

What lengths I went to!

It was the height of the London season when baby came and sometimes at night, looking through my window, I saw the tail-end of the long queue of carriages and electric broughams which stretched to the end of the street I lived in from the great houses fronting the Park where balls and receptions were being held until the early hours of morning.

But I never envied the society ladies they were waiting for.

On the contrary I pitied them, remembering they were childless women for the most part and thinking their pleasures were hollow as death compared with mine.

I pitied the rich mothers, too—the mothers who banished their babies to their nurseries to be cared for by the servants, and thought how much more blessed was the condition of poor mothers like myself who kept all that sweetness to themselves.

How happy I was! No woman coming into a fortune was ever so happy. I sang all day long. Sometimes it was the sacred music of the convent, in which each note, with its own glory of sound, wraps one's heart round as with a rainbow, but more frequently it was "Ramsey Town" or "Sally's the Gel for Me," which were only noisy nonsense, but dear to me by such delicious memories.

My neighbors would come to their doors to listen, and when I had stopped I would hear them say, "Our lady is a 'appy 'eart, isn't she?"

I suppose it was because I was so happy that my looks returned to me, though I did not know it was so until one morning, after standing a moment at the window, I heard somebody say, "Our lady seems to be prettier than ever now her baby has come."

I should not have been a woman if I could have resisted that, so I ran to the glass to see if it was true, and it was.

The ugly lines that used to be in my cheeks had gone, my hair had regained its blue-black lustre, and my eyes had suddenly become bright like a darkened room when the shutters are opened, and the sunshine streams into it.

But the coming of baby did better for me than that. It brought me back to God, before Whom I now felt so humble and so glad, because He had transformed the world for me.

Every Catholic will know why I could not ask for the benediction of the Church after childbirth; but He will also know why I was in a fever of anxiety to have my baby baptized at the earliest possible moment. It was not that I feared her death (I never thought of that in those days), but because I lived in dread of the dangers which had darkened my thoughts before she was born.

So when baby was nearly a fortnight old I wrote to the Rector of a neighboring Catholic Church asking when I might bring her to be baptized, and he sent me a printed reply, giving the day and hour, and enclosing a card to be filled up with her name and all other particulars.

What a day of joy and rapture was that of my baby's baptism! I was up with the sun on the morning appointed to take her to church and spent hours and hours in dressing her.

How lovely she looked when I had finished! I thought she was the sweetest thing in the world, sweeter than a rosebud under its sparkling web of dew when the rising sun is glistening on it.

After I had put on all the pretty clothes

I had prepared for her before she was born —the christening robe and the pelisse and the knitted bonnet with its pink ribbons and the light woollen veil—I lifted her up to the glass to look at herself, being such a child myself and so wildly, foolishly happy.

And then the journey to church!

I have heard that unmarried mothers, going out for the first time after their confinement, feel ashamed and confused, as if every passer-by must know their shameful secret. I was a kind of unmarried mother myself, God help me, but I had no such feeling. Indeed I felt proud and gay, and when I sailed out with my baby in my arms I thought all the people in our street were looking at me, and I am sure I wanted to say "Good morning" to everybody I met on my way.

The church was not in a joyous quarter. It stood on the edge of a poor and very populous district, and had a blazing public-house immediately opposite. When I got to it I found a number of other mothers (all working women) with their babies and the godfathers and godmothers they had provided for them, waiting at the door.

At this sight I felt very stupid, for I had been thinking so much about other things (some of them vain enough perhaps) that I had forgotten the necessity for sponsors, and I do not know what I should have done at that last moment if the sacristan had not come to my relief. He found me two old people who, for a fee of a shilling each, were willing to stand godmother and godfather to my darling.

Then the priest came out of the church in his white surplice and stole, and we all gathered in the porch for the preliminary part of the sacrament.

What an experience it was! Never since my marriage had I been in a state of such spiritual exaltation.

The sacristan, showing me some preference, had put me in the middle of the row, immediately in front of the priest, so what happened to the other children I do not know, having had eyes and ears for nothing but the baptism of my own baby.

There were some mistakes, but they did not trouble me, although one was a little important.

When the priest said, "What name give you this child?" I handed the Rector's card to the sacristan and whispered "Isabel Mary" to the godmother, but the next thing I heard was:

"Mary Isabel, what dost thou ask of the Church of God?"

But what did it matter? Nothing mattered except one thing—that my darling should be saved by the power of the Holy Sacrament from the dark terrors which threatened her.

Oh, it is a fearful and awful thing, the baptism of a child, if you really and truly believe in it. And I did—from the bottom of my heart and soul I believed in it and trusted it.

In my sacred joy I must have cried nearly all the time, for I had taken baby's bonnet off, I remember, and holding it to my mouth I found after a while that I was wetting it with my tears.

When the exorcisms were over the priest laid the end of his stole over baby's shoulder and led her into the church, and we all followed them to the baptistry, where I knelt immediately in front of the font, with the old godmother before me, the other mothers on either side, and a group of whispering children behind.

The church was empty, save for two charwomen who were sweeping the floor of the nave somewhere up by the dark and silent altar, and when the sacristan closed the outer door there was a solemn hush, which was broken by only the priest's voice and the godparents' muttered responses.

"Mary Isabel, dost thou renounce Satan?"

"I do renounce him."

"And all his works?"

"I do renounce them."

"And all his pomps?"

"I do renounce them."

The actual baptism was like a prayer to me. I am sure my whole soul went out to it. And though I may have been a sinful woman, unworthy to be churched, I know, and God knows, that no chaste and holy nun ever prayed with a purer heart than I did then, kneeling there with my baby's bonnet to my mouth.

"Mary Isabel, I baptize thee in the name of the Father ✠ and of the Son ✠ and of the Holy Ghost ✠."

Except that baby cried a little when the water was poured on her head (as she had cried when the salt was put on her tongue) I knew no more after that until I saw the candle in the godfather's hand (which signi-

fied that my child had been made a Child of Light) and heard the priest say:

"Go in peace and the Lord be with thee."

Then I awoke as from a trance. There was a shuffling of feet. The priest was going off. The solemn rite was at an end.

I rose from my knees, put a little money in the plate which the sacristan held out to me, gave a shilling to each of the two old sponsors, took my baby back into my arms, and sat down in a pew to put on her bonnet and veil.

The spiritual exaltation which had sustained me lasted until I reached the street where the other mothers and their friends were laughing and joking, in voices that had to be pitched high over the rattle of the traffic, about going to the house opposite to "wet the baby's head."

But I think something of the celestial light of the sacrament must have been on my face still when I reached home, for I remember that as I knocked at the door, and waited for the rope from the kitchen to open it, I heard one of my neighbors say: "Our lady has taken a new lease of life, hasn't she?"

I thought I had—a great new lease of physical and spiritual life.

But how little I knew what Fate had in store for me!

The Truth Is Registered

I WAS taking off baby's outdoor things when my Welsh landlady came up to ask how I got on, and after I had told her she said, "And now thee'st got to get the jewel registered."

"Registered?"

"Within three weeks. It's the law, look you."

That was the first thing that frightened me. I had filled up truthfully enough the card which the Rector had sent me, because I knew that the register of my Church must be as sacred as its confessional.

But a public declaration of my baby's birth and parentage seemed to be quite another matter—charged with all the dangers to me, to Martin, and above all to my child, which had overshadowed my life before she was born.

More than once I felt tempted to lie, to make a false declaration, to say that Martin had been my husband and Isabel was my legitimate child.

But at length I resolved to speak the truth, the plain truth telling myself that God's law was above man's law, and I had no right to be ashamed.

In this mood I set off for the Registry Office. It was a long way from where I lived, and carrying baby in my arms I was tired when I got there.

I found it to be a kind of private house, with an open vestibule and a black-and-white enamelled plate on the door-post, saying "Registry of Births and Deaths."

In the front parlor (which reminded me of Mr. Curphy's office in Holmtown) there was a counter by the door and a large table covered with papers in the space within.

Two men sat at this table, an old one and a young one, and I remember that I thought the old one must have been reading aloud from a newspaper which he held open in his hand, for as I entered the young one was saying, "Extraordinary! Perfectly extraordinary! And everybody thought they were lost, too!"

In the space between the door and the counter two women were waiting. Both were poor and obviously agitated. One had a baby in her arms, and when it whimpered for its food she unbuttoned her dress and fed it openly. The other woman, whose eyes were red as if she had been crying, wore a colored straw hat over which in a pitiful effort to assume black, she had stretched a pennyworth of cheap crêpe.

In his own good time the young man got up to attend to them. He was a very ordinary young clerk in a check suit, looking frankly bored by the dull routine of his daily labor, and palpably unconscious of the fact that every day and hour of his life he was standing on the verge of stormiest places of the human soul.

Opening one of two registers which lay on the counter (the Register of Births) he turned first to the woman with the child. Her baby, a boy, was illegitimate, and in her nervousness she stumbled and stammered, and he corrected her sharply.

Then opening the other register (the Register of Deaths) he attended to the woman in the crêpe. She had lost her little girl, two years old, and produced a doctor's certificate. While she gave her particulars she held a soiled handkerchief to her mouth as if to suppress a sob, but the young clerk's composure remained undisturbed.

I do not know if it was the agitation of the

two poor women that made me nervous, but when they were gone and my turn had come, I was hot and trembling.

The young clerk, however, who was now looking at me for the first time, had suddenly become respectful. With a bow and a smile he asked me if I wished to register my child, and when I answered yes, he asked me to be good enough to step up to the counter.

"And what is your baby's name, please?" he asked.

I told him. He dipped his pen in his metal ink-pot, shook some drops back, made various imaginary flourishes over his his book and wrote: "Mary Isabel."

"And now," he said, with another smile, "the full name, profession, and place of residence of the father."

I hesitated for a moment, and then, making a call on my resolution, I said: "Martin Conrad, seaman, deceased."

The young clerk looked up quickly.

"Did you say Martin Conrad, ma'am?" he asked, and as well as I could for a click in my throat I answered, "Yes."

He paused as if thinking; then with the same flourish as before he wrote that name also, and after he had done so, he twisted his face about to the old man, who was sitting behind him, and said, in a voice that was not meant to reach me, "Extraordinary coincidence, isn't it?"

"Extraordinary!" said the old man, who had lowered his newspaper and was looking across at me over the rims of his spectacles.

"And now," said the young clerk, "your own name and your maiden name if you please."

"Mary O'Neill."

The young clerk looked up at me again. I was holding baby on my left arm, and I could see that his eye caught my wedding ring.

"Mary Conrad, maiden name O'Neill, I presume?" he said.

I hesitated once more. My old temptation was surging back upon me. But making a great pull on my determination to tell the truth (or what I believed to be the truth) I answered, "No, Mary O'Neill simply."

"Ah!" said the young clerk, and I thought his manner changed instantly.

There was silence for some minutes while the young clerk filled up his form and made the copy I was to carry away.

I heard the scratching of the young clerk's pen, the crinkling of the old man's newspaper, the hollow ticking of a round clock on the wall, the dull hum of the traffic in the streets, and the thud-thud-thudding in my own bosom.

Then the entry was read out to me, and I was asked to sign it.

"Sign here, please," said the young clerk in quite a different tone, pointing to a vacant line at the bottom of the book, and I signed with a trembling hand and a feeling of only partial consciousness.

I hardly know what happened after that until I was standing in the open vestibule, settling baby on my arm afresh for my return journey, and telling myself that I had laid a stigma upon my child which would remain with her as long as she lived.

It was a long, long way back, I remember, and when I reached home (having looked neither to the right nor left, nor at anything or anybody, though I felt as if everybody had been looking at me) I had a sense of dimness of sight and of aching in the eyeballs.

I did not sing very much that day, and I thought baby was rather restless.

Towards nightfall I had a startling experience.

I was preparing Isabel for bed, when I saw a red flush, like a rash, down the left side of her face.

At first I thought it would pass away, but when it did not do so I called my Welsh landlady up-stairs to look at it.

"Do you see something like a stain on baby's face?" I asked and then waited breathlessly for her answer.

"No. . . . Yes. . . . Well," she said, "now that thee'st saying so . . . perhaps it's a birthmark."

"A birthmark?"

"Did'st strike thy face against anything when baby was coming?"

I made some kind of reply, I hardly know what, but the truth, or what I thought to be the truth, flashed on me in a moment.

Remembering my last night at Castle Raa, and the violent scene which had occurred there, I told myself that the flush on baby's face was the mark of my husband's hand which, making no impression upon me, had been passed on to my child, and would remain with her to the end of her life, as the brand of her mother's shame and the sign of what had been called her bastardy.

Thank God I have never seen the mark from that day to this! And why I saw it then (so clear and unmistakable), in that hour of spiritual uncertainty, only God alone can say—and I faintly conjecture from the memory of what I did afterwards at the most awful moment (as I think) that ever entered into a woman's life.

But how I suffered at the sight of it! How time after time that night I leaned over my sleeping child to see if the mark had passed away! How again and again I knelt by her side to pray that if sin of mine had to be punished the punishment might fall on me and not on my innocent babe!

At last I remembered baby's baptism and told myself that if it meant anything it meant that the sin in which my child had been born, the sin of those who had gone before her (if sin it was,) had been cast out of her soul with the evil spirits which had inspired them.

"*This sign of the Holy Cross ✠ which we make upon her forehead do thou, accursed devil, never dare to violate.*"

God's law had washed my darling white! What could man's law—his proud but puny morality—do to injure her? It could do nothing!

That comforted me. When I looked at baby again the flush had gone, and I went to bed quite happy.

Another Sacrifice

I THINK it must have been the morning of the next day following when the nurse who had attended me in my confinement came to see how I was going along.

I told her of the dimness of my sight and the aching of my eyeballs, whereupon she held up her hands and cried: "There now! What did I tell you? Didn't I say it is *after* a lady feels it?"

The moral of her prediction was that being in a delicate state of health, and having "let myself low" before baby was born, it was my duty to wean her immediately.

I could not do it.

Although my nurse's advice was supported by my Welsh landlady (with various prognostications of consumption and rickets, I could not at first deny myself the fierce, wild, heavenly joy of nursing my baby.

But a severer monitor soon came to say that I must. I found that my money was now reduced to little more than two pounds, and that I was confronted by the necessity (which I had so long put off) of looking for employment.

I could not look for employment until I had found a nurse for my child, and I could not find a nurse until my baby could do without me, so when Isabel was three weeks old I began to wean her.

At first I contented myself with the hours of night, keeping a feeding-bottle in bed, with the cow's milk warmed to the heat of my own body. But when baby cried for the breast during the day I could not find it in my heart to deny her.

That made the time of weaning somewhat longer than it should have been, but I compromised with my conscience by reducing still further my meagre expenses.

Must I tell how I did so? Thinking of what follows I fear I must.

Although it was the month of July there was a snap of cold weather such as sometimes comes in the middle of our English summer. In spite of this I gave up having a fire in my room, and for the cooking of my food I bought a small alcohol stove which cost me a shilling.

This tempted me to conduct which has since had consequences, and I am half ashamed and half afraid to speak of it. My baby linen being little I had to wash it frequently, and having no fire I . . . dried it on my own body.

Oh, I see now it was reckless foolishness, almost wilful madness, but I thought nothing of it then. I was poor, and perhaps I was proud, and I could not afford a fire. And then a mother's love is as deep as the sea, and there was nothing in the wide world which I would not have done to keep my darling a little longer beside me.

When baby was weaned at last I had next to think of a nurse and that was a still more painful ordeal. To give my child to another woman, who was to be the same as another mother to her, was almost more than I could bear to think about.

I *had* to think of it. But I could only do so by telling myself that when I put baby out to nurse I might arrange to see her every morning and evening and as often as my employment permitted.

This idea partly reconciled me to my sacrifice, and I was in the act of drawing up a newspaper advertisement in these terms when my landlady came to say that

my nurse knew of somebody who would suit me exactly.

Nurse called the same evening and told me a long story about her friend.

She was a Mrs. Oliver, and she lived at Ilford, which was at the other end of London and quite on the edge of the country. The poor woman, who was not very happily married, had lost a child of her own lately, and was now very lonely, being devoted to children.

This pleased me extremely, especially (God forgive me!) the fact that Mrs. Oliver was a bereaved mother and lived on the the edge of the country.

Already in my mind's eye I saw her sitting on sunny days under a tree (perhaps in an orchard) with Isabel in her arms, rocking her gently and singing to her softly, and almost forgetting that she was not her own baby whom she had lost . . . though that was a two-edged sword which cut me both ways, being a sort of wild joy with tears lurking behind it.

So I took a note of Mrs. Oliver's address (10 Lennard's Row, Lennard's Green, Ilford) and wrote to her the same night, asking her terms and stating my own conditions.

A reply came the following day. It was a badly-written and misspelt letter, which showed me that Mrs. Oliver must be a working woman (perhaps the wife of a gardener or farm-laborer, I thought), though that did not trouble me in the least, knowing by this time how poor people loved their children.

"The terms is fore shillins a weke," she wrote, "but i am that lonelie sins my own littel one lef me i wood tike your swete darlin for nothin if I cud afford it, and you can cum to see her as offen as you pleas."

In my ignorance and simplicity this captured me completely, so I replied at once saying I would take baby to Ilford the next day following.

I did all this in a rush, but when it came to the last moment I could scarcely part with my letter, and I remembered that I passed three pillar-boxes in the front street before I could bring myself to post it.

I suppose my eyes must have been red when I returned home, for my Welsh landlady (whom I had taken into my confidence about my means) took me to task for crying, telling me that I ought to thank God for what had happened, which was like a message from heaven, look you, and a dispensation of Providence.

I tried to see things in that light, though it was difficult to do so, for the darker my prospects grew the more radiant shone the light of the little angel by whose life I lived, and the harder it seemed to live without her.

"But it isn't like losing my child altogether, is it?" I said.

"'Deed no, and 'twill be better for both of you," said my landlady.

"Although Ilford is a long way off I can go there every day, can't I?"

"'Deed thee can, if thee'st not minding a journey of nine miles or more."

"And if I can get a good situation and earn a little money I may be able to have baby back and hire somebody to nurse her, and so keep her all to myself."

"And why shouldn't thee?" said my Welsh landlady. "Thee reading print like the young minister and writing letters like a copy-book!"

So in the fierce bravery of motherly love I dried my eyes and forced back my sobs, and began to pack up my baby's clothes, and to persuade myself that I was still quite happy.

My purse was very low by this time. After paying my rent and some other expenses I had only one pound and a few shillings left.

The Wealth of the World

AT half past seven next morning I was ready to start on my journey.

I took a hasty glance at myself in the glass before going out, and I thought my eyes were too much like the sky at daybreak —all joyful beams with a veil of mist in front of them.

But I made myself believe that never since baby was born had I been so happy. I was sure I was doing the best for her. I was also sure I was doing the best for myself, for what could be so sweet to a mother as providing for her child?

My Welsh landlady had told me it was nine miles to Ilford, and I had gathered that I could ride all the way in successive omnibuses for less than a shilling. But shillings were scarce with me now, so I determined to walk all the way.

Emmerjane, by her own urgent entreaty, carried baby as far as the corner of the Bayswater Road. There the premature little

woman left me, after nearly smothering baby with kisses.

"Keep straight as a' arrow, and you can't lose your wye," she said.

It was one of those beautiful mornings in early August when the air is fresh and the sun is soft, and the summer, even in London, has not yet had time to grow tired and dusty.

I felt as light as the air itself. I had put baby's feeding-bottle in my pocket and hung her surplus linen in a parcel about my wrist so I had nothing to carry in my arms except baby herself, and at first I did not feel her weight.

There were not many people in the West-End streets at that early hour, though a few were riding in the Park, and when I came to the large houses in Lancaster Gate I saw that though the sun was shining on the windows most of the blinds were down.

I must have been walking slowly, for it was half past eight when I reached the Marble Arch. There I encountered the first cross-tide of traffic, but somebody, seeing baby, took me by the arm and led me safely over.

The great "Mediterranean of Oxford Street" was by this time running at full tide. People were pouring out of the Tube and Underground stations and clambering on to the motorbuses. But in the rush nobody hustled or jostled me. A woman with a child in her arms was like a queen—everybody made way for her.

Once or twice I stopped to look at the shops. Some of the dressmakers' windows were full of beautiful costumes. I did not covet any of them. I remembered the costly ones I had bought in Cairo, and how little happiness they had brought me. And then I felt as if the wealth of the world were in my arms.

Nevertheless the whole feminine soul in me awoke when I came upon a shop for the sale of babies' clothes. Already I foresaw a time when baby, dressed in pretty things like these, would be running about Lennard's Green and plucking up the flowers in Mrs. Oliver's garden.

The great street was very long, and I thought it would never end. But I think I must have been still fresh and happy while we passed through the foreign quarter of Soho, for I remember that when two young Italian waiters, standing at the door of their café, asked each other in their own language which of us (baby or I) was "the bambino," I turned to them and smiled.

Before I came to Chancery Lane, however, baby began to cry for her food, and I was glad to slip down a narrow alley into Lincoln's Inn Fields and sit on a seat in the garden while I gave her the bottle. It was then ten o'clock, the sun was high and the day was becoming hot.

When I resumed my journey I thought the rest must have done me good, but before I reached the Holborn Viaduct fatigue was beginning to gain on me.

I saw that I must be approaching some great hospital, for hospital nurses were now passing me constantly, and one of them, who was going my way, stepped up and asked me to allow her to carry baby. She looked so sweet and motherly that I let her do so, and as we walked along we talked.

She asked me if I was going far, and I said no, only to the other end of London, the edge of the country, to Ilford.

"Ilford!" she cried. "Why, that's miles and miles away. You'll have to ride as far as Aldgate, then change for Bow, and then change again to Stratford Market."

I told her I preferred to walk, being such a good walker, and she gave me a searching look, but said no more on that subject.

Then she asked me how old baby was and whether I was nursing her myself, and I answered that baby was six weeks, and I had been forced to wean her, being supposed to be delicate and besides . . .

"Ah, perhaps you are putting her out to nurse," she said, and I answered, yes, and that was the reason I was going to Ilford.

"I see," she said, with another searching look, and then it flashed upon me that she had formed her own conclusions about what had befallen me.

When we came to a great building in a side street on the left, with ambulance vans passing in and out of a wide gateway, she said she was sorry she could not carry baby any farther, because she was due in the hospital, where the house-doctor would be waiting for her.

"But I hope baby's nurse will be a good one. They're not always that, you know," she said.

I was not quite so happy when the hospital nurse left me. The parcel on my wrist was feeling heavier than before, and my feet were beginning to drag. But I tried to keep a good heart as I faced the crowded thor-

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

"Do you like children?" I asked her. Looking down over her shoulder at baby she replied, "Can't say I'm particularly gone on them. Mother's had nine"

oughfares—Newgate with its cruel old prison, the edge of St. Paul's, and the corner of St. Martin's-le-Grand, and so on into Cheapside.

Cheapside itself was almost impassable. Merchants, brokers, clerks, and city men generally in tall silk hats were hurrying and sometimes running along the pavement, making me think of the river by my father's house, whose myriad little waves seemed to my fancy as a child to be always struggling to find out which could get to Murphy's Mouth the first, and so drown itself in the sea.

People were still very kind to me, though, and if anybody brushed me in passing he raised his hat; and if any one pushed me accidentally he stopped to say he was sorry.

Of course baby was the talisman that protected me from harm, and what I should have done without her when I got to the Mansion House I do not know, for that seemed to be the central heart of all the London traffic, with its motor-buses and taxicabs going in different directions and its tremendous tides of human life flowing every way.

It was then twelve o'clock, and baby was once more crying for her food, so I looked for a place in which I might rest while I gave her the bottle again.

Suddenly I came upon what I wanted. It seemed to be a garden, but it was a graveyard—one of the graveyards of the old London churches, enclosed by high buildings now, and overlooked by office windows.

Such a restful place, so green, so calm, so beautiful! Lying there in the midst of the tumultuous London traffic, it reminded me of one of the little islands in the middle of our Ellan glens, on which the fuchsia and wild rose grow while the river rolls and boils about it.

I had just sat down on a seat that had been built about a gnarled and blackened old oak tree, and was giving baby her food, when I saw that a young girl was sitting beside me.

Presently she looked at baby with her little eyes, which were like a pair of shiny boot buttons and said, "That your child?"

I answered her, and then she asked, "Do you like children?"

I answered her again, and asked her if she did not like them also.

"Can't say I'm particularly gone on them," she said, whereupon I replied that that was probably because she had not yet had much experience.

"Oh, haven't I? Perhaps I haven't," she said, and then with a hard little laugh, "Mother's had nine though."

I asked if she was a shop assistant, and with a toss of her head she told me she was a typist.

"Better job and your evenings off," she said, and then she returned to the subject of children.

One of her chums in the office who used to go out with her every night to the music halls got into trouble a year or two ago. As a consequence she had to marry. And what was the result? Never had her nose out of the wash-tub now!

The story was crude enough, yet it touched me closely.

"But couldn't she have put her baby out to nurse and got another situation somewhere?" I asked.

"Matter o' luck," said the girl. "Some can. Some can't. That's their look out. Firms don't like it. If they find you've got a child they gen'r'lly chuck you."

In spite of myself I was a little down when I started on my journey again. I thought the parcel was cutting my wrist, and I felt my feet growing heavier at every step.

Was Maggie Jones's story the universal one?

If a child were born beyond the legal limits was it a thing to hide away and be ashamed of?

And could it be possible that man's law was stronger than God's law after all?

The Childless Mothers

I HAD walked so slowly and stopped so often that it was two o'clock in the afternoon when I was passing through Aldgate.

I was then faint for want of food, so I looked out for a tea-shop or restaurant.

I passed several such places before I found the modest house I wanted. Then I stepped into it rather nervously and took the seat nearest to the door.

It was an oblong room with red plush seats along the walls behind a line of marble-topped tables. The customers were all men, chiefly clerks and warehousemen, I thought, and the attendants were girls in black frocks and white aprons.

There seemed to be a constant fire of free-and-easy flirtation going on between them.

At one table a man in a cloth cap was saying to the girl who had served him, "What's the damage, dearie?"

"One roast, one veg, two breads—'levenpence, and no liberties, mister."

"Sunday off, Em'ly?" said a youth in a red tie at another table, and being told it was, he said: "Then what do you say to 'oppin' up to 'Endon and 'aving a day in a boat?"

I had to wait some time before anybody came to attend to me, but at length a girl from the other end of the room, who had taken no part in these amatory exchanges, stepped up and asked what I wanted.

I ordered a glass of cold milk and a scone for myself and a pint of hot milk to replenish baby's bottle.

The girl served me immediately, and after rinsing and refilling the feeding-bottle she stood near while the baby used it.

She had quiet eyes and that indefinable expression of yearning tenderness which we sometimes see in the eyes of a dear old maid who has missed her motherhood.

The shop had been clearing rapidly, and as soon as the men were gone, and while the other girls were sitting in corners to read penny novelettes, my waitress leaned over and asked me if I did not wish to go into the private room to attend to baby.

A moment afterwards I followed her into a small apartment at the end of the shop, and there a curious thing occurred.

She closed the door behind us and asked me in an eager whisper to allow her to see to baby.

I tried to excuse myself, but she whispered, "Hush! I have a baby of my own, though they know nothing about it here, so you can safely trust me."

I did so, and it was beautiful to see the joy she had in doing what was wanted, saying all sorts of sweet and gentle things to my baby (though I knew they were meant for her own) as if the starved mother-heart in her were stealing a moment of maternal tenderness.

"There!" she said. "She'll be comfortable now, bless her!"

I asked about her own child, and, coming close and speaking in a whisper, she told me all about it.

It was a girl, and it would be a year old at Christmas. At first she had put it out to nurse in town, where she could see it every evening, but the foster mother had neglected it, and the Inspector had complained, so she had been compelled to take it away. Now it was in a Home in the country, ten miles from Liverpool Street, and it was as bonny as a peach and as happy as the day was long.

"See," she whispered, taking a card from her breast, after a furtive glance towards the door, "I sent two shillings to have her photograph taken, and the Matron has just sent it."

It was the picture of a beautiful baby girl, and I found it easy to praise her.

"I suppose you see her constantly, don't you?" I said.

The girl's face dropped.

"Only on visiting days, once a month, and not always that," she answered.

"But how can you live without seeing her oftener?" I asked.

"Matter o' means," she said sadly. "I pay five shillings a week for her board, and the train is one-and-eight return, so I have to be careful, you see, and if I lost my place what would happen to baby?"

I was very low and tired and down when I resumed my walk. But when I thought for a moment of taking omnibuses for the rest of my journey I remembered the waitress's story and told myself that the little I had belonged to my child, and so I struggled on.

But what a weary march it was during the next two hours! I was in the East End now, and remembering the splendor of the West, I could scarcely believe I was still in London.

Long, mean, monotonous streets, running off to right and left, miles on miles of them without form or feature, or any trace of nature except the blue strips of sky overhead.

Such multitudes of people, often badly dressed and generally with set and anxious faces, hasting to and fro, hustling, elbowing, jostling each other along, as if driven by some invisible power that was swinging an unseen scourge.

No gracious courtesy here! A woman with a child in her arms was no longer a queen. Children were cheap, and sometimes it was as much as I could do to save myself from being pushed off the pavement.

And then the noise! The ceaseless clatter of carts, the clang of electric cars, the piercing shrieks of the Underground Railway coming at intervals out of the bowels of the earth like explosives out of a volcano, and,

above all, the raucous, rasping, high-pitched voices of the people, often foul-mouthed, sometimes profane, too frequently obscene.

A cold, gray, joyless, outcast city, cut off from the rest of London by an invisible barrier more formidable than a wall; a city in which the inhabitants seemed to live cold, gray, joyless lives, even while they joked and laughed; a city under perpetual siege, the siege of Poverty, in the constant throes of civil war, the War of Want, the daily and hourly fight for food.

If there were other parts of the East End (and I am sure there must have been) where people lived simple, natural, human lives, I did not see them that day, for my course was down the principal thoroughfares only.

Those thoroughfares, telescoping each other, one after another, seemed as if they would never come to an end.

How tired I was! Even baby was no longer light, and the parcel on my wrist had become as heavy as lead.

Towards four o'clock I came to a broad parapet which had strips of garden enclosed by railings and iron seats in front of them. Utterly exhausted, my arms aching and my legs limp, I sank into one of these seats, feeling that I could walk no farther.

But after a while I felt better, and then I became aware that another woman was sitting beside me.

When I looked at her first I thought I had never in my life seen anything so repulsive. She was asleep, and having that expressionless look which sleep gives, I found it impossible to know whether she was young or old. She was not merely coarse; she was gross. The womanhood in her seemed to be effaced; and I thought she was utterly brutalized and degraded.

Presently baby, who had also been asleep, awoke and cried, and the woman opened her eyes and looked at the child, while I hushed her to sleep again.

There must be something in a baby's face that has a miraculous effect on every woman (as if these sweet angels, fresh from God, make us all young and all beautiful), and it was even so at that moment.

Never shall I forget the transfiguration in the woman's face when she looked into the face of my baby. The expression of brutality and degradation disappeared, and through the bleared eyes and over the coarsened features there came the light of an almost celestial smile.

After a while the woman spoke to me. She spoke in a husky voice which seemed to be compounded of the effects of rum and the raw night air.

"That your'n?" she said.

I answered her.

"Boy or gel?"

I told her.

"'Ow old?"

I told her that too.

The woman was silent for a moment, and then, with a thickening of the husky voice, she said, "S'pose you'll say I'm a bleedin' liar, but I 'ad a kid as putty as that onct—puttier. It was a boy. The nobbiest little b— as you ever come acrost. Your'n is putty, but it ain't in it with my Billie, not by a long chalk."

I asked her what had become of her child.

"Lawst 'im," she said. "Used to give sixpence a week to the woman what 'ad 'alf the 'ouse with me to look after 'im while I was workin' at the fact'ry. But what did the Bleedin' b— do? Blimey, if she didn't let 'im get run over by the dray from the brewery."

"Killed?" I said, clutching at baby.

The woman nodded without speaking.

I asked her how old her child had been.

"More'n four," she said. "Just old enough to run a arrand. It was crool. Hit me out, I can tell you. That kid was all I had. Apple o' my eye, in a manner of speakin'. When it was gone there wasn't much encouragement, was there? The Fader from the Mission came jawin' as 'ow Jesus 'ad taken 'im to 'Imself. Rot! When they put 'im down in old Bow I didn't care no more for nothin'. Monse and monse I walked about night and day, and the bleedin' coppers was allus on to me. They got their own way at last. I took the pneumonier and was laid up at the London. And when I got out I didn't go back to the fact'ry neither."

"What did you do?" I asked.

The woman laughed—bitterly, terribly.

"Do? Don't you *know?*"

I shook my head. The woman looked hard at me, and then at the child.

"Look here—are you a good gel?" she said.

Hardly knowing what she meant I answered that I hoped so.

"'Ope? Don't you know *that* neither?"

Then I caught her meaning, and answered faintly, "Yes."

She looked searchingly into my eyes and said, "I b'lieve you. Some gels is. S'elp me Gawd I don't know how they done it, though."

I was shuddering and trembling, for I was catching glimpses as if by broken lights from hell, of the life behind—the wrecked hope, the shattered faith, the human being hunted like a beast and at last turned into one.

Just at that moment baby awoke and cried again. The woman looked at her with the same look as before—not so much a smile as a sort of haggard radiance.

Then leaning over me she blew puffs of alcoholic breath into baby's face, and stretching out a coarse fat finger she tickled her under the chin.

Baby ceased to cry and began to smile.

"See that," she cried. "S'elp me, now, I b'lieve I could 'ave been good meself if I'd on'y 'ad somethink like this to keer for."

Then a strange thing happened.

I had risen to go, although my limbs could scarcely support me, and was folding my little angel closely in my arms, when the woman rose too and said, "You wouldn't let me carry your kiddie a bit, would you?"

I tried to excuse myself, saying something, I know not what.

The woman looked at me again, and after a moment she said, "S'pose not. On'y I thought it might make me think as 'ow I was carryin' Billie."

That swept down everything.

The one remaining window of the woman's soul was open, and I dare not close it.

I looked down at my child—so pure, so sweet, so stainless. I looked up at the woman—so foul, so gross, so degraded.

There was a moment of awful struggle and then . . . the woman and I were walking side by side.

And the harlot was carrying my baby down the street.

"Better Nor Two Mile"

AT five o'clock I was once more alone. I was then standing (with baby in my own arms now) under the statue which is at the back of Bow Church.

I thought I could walk no farther, and although every penny I had in my pocket belonged to Isabel (being all that yet stood between her and want) I must borrow a little of it if she was to reach Mrs. Oliver's that night.

I waited for the first tram that was going in my direction, and when it came up I signalled to it, but it did not stop—it was full.

I waited for a second tram, but that was still more crowded.

I reproached myself for having come so far. I told myself how ill-advised I had been in seeking for a nurse for my child at the farthest end of the city.

I reminded myself that I could not hope to visit her every day if my employment was to be in the west, as I had always thought it would be. I asked myself if in all this vast London, with its myriads of homes, there had been no house nearer that could have sheltered my child.

Against all this I had to set something, or I think my very heart would have died there and then. I set the thought of Ilford, on the edge of the country, with its green fields and its flowers. I set the thought of Mrs. Oliver, who would love my child as tenderly as if she were her own little lost one.

And if I, her real mother, could not see her every day or every week or even every month, I should know, like the waitress at the restaurant, that she was bonny and well, and that the loss was mine only.

I dare say it was all very weak and childish, but it is just when we are done and down, and do not know what we are doing, that Providence seems to be directing us, and it was so with me at that moment.

The trams being full I had concluded that fate had set itself against my spending any of Isabel's money, and had made up my mind to make a fierce fight over the last stage of my journey, when I saw that a little ahead of where I was standing the road divided into two branches at an acute angle, one branch going to the right and the other to the left.

Not all Emmerjane's instructions about keeping "as straight as a' arrow" sufficed to show me which of the two roads to take, and I looked about for somebody to tell me.

It was then that I became aware of a shabby old four-wheeled cab which stood in the triangular space in front of the statue, and of the driver (an old man, in a long coachman's coat, much worn and discolored, and a dilapidated tall hat, very shiny in patches) looking at me while he took the nose-bag off of his horse—a bony old thing with its head hanging down.

I stepped up to him and asked my way, and he pointed it out to me—to the right,

over the bridge and through Stratford Market.

I asked how far it was to Ilford.

"Better nor two mile *I* call it," he answered.

After that, being so tired in brain as well as body, I asked a foolish question—how long it would take me to get there?

The old driver looked at me again, and said, " 'Bout 'our and a 'alf I should say by the looks of you—and you carryin' the biby."

I dare say my face dropped sadly as I turned away, feeling very tired, yet determined to struggle through.

But hardly had I walked twenty paces when I heard the cab coming up behind and the old driver crying, " 'Old on, missie."

I stopped, and to my surprise he drew up by my side, got down from his box, opened the door of his cab and said:

"Ger in."

I told him I could not afford to ride.

"Ger in," he said again more loudly, and as if angry with himself for having to say it.

Again I made some demur, and then the old man said, speaking fiercely through his grizzly beard, "Look 'ere, missie. I 'ave a gel o' my own lost somewheres, and I wouldn't be ans'rable to my ole woman if I let you walk with a face like that."

I don't know what I said to him. I only know that my tears gushed out and that at the next moment I was sitting in the cab.

What happened next I do not remember, except that the dull rumble of the wheels told me that we were passing over a bridge, and that I saw through the mist before my eyes a sluggish river, a muddy canal, and patches of marshy fields.

I think my weariness and perhaps my emotion, added to the heavy monotonous trotting of the old horse, must have put me to sleep, for after a while I was conscious of a great deal of noise, and of the old driver twisting about and shouting in a cheerful voice through the open window at the back of his seat, "Stratford Market."

After a while we came to a broad road, full of good houses, and then the old driver cried "Ilford," and asked what part of it I wished to go to.

I reached forward and told him, "10 Lennard's Row, Lennard's Green," and then sat back with a lighter heart.

But after another little while I saw a great many funeral cars passing us, with the hearses empty, as if returning from a cemetery. This made me think of the woman and her story, and I found myself unconsciously clasping my baby closer.

The cortèges became so numerous at last that to shut out painful sights I closed my eyes and tried to think of pleasanter things I thought, above all, of Mrs. Oliver's house, as I had always seen it in my mind's eye—not a pretentious place at all, only a little humble cottage but very sweet and clean, covered with creepers and perhaps with roses.

I was still occupied with these visions when I felt the cab turn sharply to the left. Then opening my eyes I saw that we were running down a kind of alley-way, with a row of very mean little two-story houses on the one side, and on the other, a kind of waste ground strewn with broken bottles, broken iron pans, broken earthenware and other refuse, interspersed with tufts of long scraggy grass, which looked the more wretched because the sinking sun was glistening over it.

Suddenly the cab slowed down and stopped. Then the old man jumped from his box and opening his cab door said, "Here you are, missie. This is your destingnation."

There must have been a moment of semi-consciousness in which I got out of the cab, for when I came to full possession of myself I was standing on a narrow pavement in front of a closed door which bore the number ten.

At first I was stunned. Then my heart was in my mouth, and it was as much as I could do not to burst out crying. Finally I wanted to fly, and I turned back to the cab, but it had gone, and was already passing round the corner.

It was six o'clock. I was very tired. I was nine miles from Bayswater. I could not possibly carry baby back. What *could* I do?

Then, my brain being unable to think, a mystic feeling (born perhaps out of my life in the Convent) came over me—a feeling that all had happened on my long journey, all I had seen and everything that had been said to me, had been intended to prepare me for (and perhaps to save me from) the dangers that were to come.

I think that gave me a certain courage, for with what strength of body and spirit I had left (though my heart was in my mouth still) I stepped across the pavement and knocked at the door.

(*The next instalment will appear in the August issue*)

The Crime of Criminology

By G. K. Chesterton

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*England has no more brilliant writer than Gilbert K. Chesterton. He puts a punch in every phrase; every paragraph is a knock-out for his side, and yet every argument is a clincher, for he loves a paradox. In this article he goes after the people who refuse the word of authority and use the gossip of the science of Criminology for the tyrannous purposes of jailing a man under an indefinite sentence till he be "cured"—which is always a matter of individual opinion.*

ONE of the most curious things we must all have noticed nowadays is that people will not accept a statement if it is made upon authority, but they will accept the same statement if it is made without any authority at all. If you say: "But you know it says in the Bible that palm-trees spread leprosy" (I hasten to add that it doesn't), most modern people will not only doubt it but dismiss it as some old Semitic superstition. But if you say, "Don't you know that palm-trees spread leprosy?" you will meet your most cultivated friends ostentatiously avoiding palm-trees for months afterwards.

If you say, "The Pope tells us that walking on our heels will promote virtue," your hearers will only regard it as another extravagance of a dying asceticism. But if you say, without any authority at all, "Virtue, you know, can be promoted by walking on the heels," you will detect numbers of your fashionable acquaintances making the attempt; those of them, I mean, who are in pursuit of virtue. If you say, "My religion says that albinos are untrustworthy," you will produce no impression; though, obviously, you ought to, because you speak for a congregation. But if you say, "It's been discovered that albinos are untrustworthy," you will produce an enormous impression; and see all sorts of harmless albinos wandering about with a discouraged air in consequence. This is owing to the great tyranny of our time, which is the tyranny of suggestion. There never was an age so critical about authority. But there never was an age so entirely uncritical about anything without authority.

In this credulous atmosphere of ours a great many foolish and evil things have grown up, especially in that central matter of human morality, the relations of the body and the soul. If any educated man will lay down this magazine and reflect on the matter, he will admit, I think, that a great many notions about sex, type, breed, or heredity have at various times passed through his mind, and even through his lips, of which he would be puzzled to find either the first principle or the final demonstration. He has heard, he has thought, perhaps he has said, that drunkenness is mostly hereditary, that half-breeds are always dangerous, that a bulging backhead means animal passions, that some kind of bad writing means some kind of bad health, that this or that inherent characteristic always skips a generation, and so on, and so on.

Now I am not talking of whether these things are true, but why these people say they are true; and I repeat that it would puzzle them to say. They have not been demonstrated to them from the facts, so that they could demonstrate them again. They have not been given them on the authority and word of honor of any great man of science whose pledge they might take in place of proof.

They are not even a popular tradition which is anonymous only because it is old and universal. You might say, for instance, that there is such a popular tradition as that being haunted by a ghost is hereditary. You certainly cannot say that

there is any popular tradition that feeble-mindedness is hereditary. Last of all, these things are not the connected parts of a creed or moral system that a man might accept as a whole, and take the parts, he had not verified, on the credit of the parts he had. They are scraps of rumor on all sorts of subjects; and they often, if anything, contradict each other.

It is upon this sort of floating debris that is being erected to-day the towering fraud and tyranny that is called Criminology. Its political meaning can be quite easily stated, and is perhaps best stated in an historical form. The French Revolution, whatever we may think of some aspects of it, undoubtedly cleared the air. It committed new and crude cruelties; but it utterly swept away older deceased cruelties which had become unsupportable because they were old as well as cruel: or, what comes to much the same thing, were never by any chance cruel to the right people. For some time after the Revolution there was in Europe a fresher, saner, more direct style of government, whether despotic or democratic; things were generally known; public servants were responsible; even autocrats had to be popular. In short, the pure parliamentary institution beloved of the eighteenth century was in its prime. To-day it is in its dotage.

The modern governments have become corrupt exactly as the old French monarchy had become corrupt; and with this very vital and dangerous consequence: modern government, being as corrupt as the old monarchy, wants to be as secret and as strong as the old monarchy. The Bastille and the *lettre de cachet* are as necessary to the protection of the modern politicians as they were to the protection of the most profligate of the old kings or cardinals. Therefore the criminal law must be amended—and strengthened. But as men never bring back old tyranny under the old name (for even statesmen have some sense) the restoration of this powerful engine has been attempted through the doctrines of popular science. This is the great new science of Criminology: its aim is repression; its excuse is investigation; its method is espionage; its weapon is terror; and its foundation is gossip.

To illustrate the looseness of the gossip, I will begin with the key-word of the controversy, the phrase that is constantly bandied about in books and magazines, and repeated in paragraphs and portraits until it becomes a sort of image in the public mind: I mean the phrase "habitual criminal." Now, before we go any further it must be insisted that this phrase is chosen because it is misleading. It is used as if it always meant one thing; but it is used as actually meaning two or three totally different things—whichever things it is convenient for the enemies of freedom to talk about. The phrase "habitual," the idea of "habit," is introduced to give a scientific flavor and suggest something like the habits of ants or beavers. But it can also be used, when convenient, as meaning merely the professional criminal; as if we should say that the writer of this article has a habit of writing, or that his solicitor has a habit of soliciting. Lastly it can be used (and, as I shall show presently, is being used) as meaning the mere repetition of a thing at odd intervals of one's life, as when we speak of a man as too fond of lawsuits, or as unlucky in many of his investments.

In short, the term may be used to mean a habit of crime like the habit of stammering; a thing that the man can't help. The term may be used to mean a habit of crime like the habit of hunting or fishing for food; which the man won't abandon. The term may be used to mean a habit of crime like an intermittent habit of whistling; a thing a man could abandon and is not specially concerned with, but which he finds himself dropping into here and there in the varied concerns of life.

Here we mark the first piece of muddle-headedness in this business. Brown is a man of cramped intelligence and abnormal passions; he may be literally mad, or he may have only heavier temptations to murder babies than you or I have. Jones is a cool-headed and cynical man of the world who has come to the conclusion that he will get more out of life by the continual and dexterous enjoyment of other people's property; and that even one or two terms in prison, if he cannot elude them, will still leave the balance of the fun in his favor. Robinson is a very poor, worn-out, and distracted person whose life is a series of rather wild compromises about rent and creditors and the Lloyd George Insurance; and in this long course of shuffling and stop-gap finance, he finds himself on three totally different occasions, for

Gilbert K. Chesterton

"The modern governments want to be as secret and as strong as the old French monarchy, and therefore the criminal law must be amended by the popular science of Criminology, the aim of which is repression; its method espionage; its weapon terror, and its foundation gossip"

three totally different reasons, just on the wrong side of the letter of the law.

By an Act which was, to the disgrace of the English Parliament and the double disgrace of Liberalism, recently put on the Statute Book, these three independent and almost accidental improprieties of the wretched Robinson will cause him to be classed with the criminal lunatic and the professional thief under this one shapeless and senseless phrase "habitual criminal." In plain words, his punishment will be extended according to the taste and fancy of his jailers, exactly as if he were the captive of Italian brigands. Though the first is a bodily malady; the second is a moral choice; the third is an economic state of things. And they are all drilled alike, dressed alike, fed alike, and flogged alike, because scientific men are incapable of thinking clearly about the word "habit"!

It is the object of the Criminologist, of course, to prove that the two latter types can be made to fall under the definition of the first type. Brown is the medical criminal, mad and cunning, in the pursuit of a fixed idea. Nobody could possibly be less mad than Jones, who calmly calculates his chances in this world, with a healthy agnosticism about the other. Nobody could possibly be less cunning than Robinson, who is simply distracted and defeated all his life by things he does not understand. But those who are promoting the new police inquisitions wish to class them all as physiological criminals; and that for a very simple reason—that medical seclusion, unlike legal seclusion, can be unlimited. If you punish a man you must state what the punishment is. If you once start "curing" a man you can be as long as you like in finding the cure.

So far the despotic Criminologist has it all his own way. But even here the touching confusion of his mind does not desert him. The second great knot or tangle which we find in his train of thought is this: That even when he has got his *lettre de cachet* and locked a British subject up forever, he sometimes says it is because the man can be cured; sometimes because the man can't be cured; sometimes both. When the Indeterminate Sentence was introduced to Parliament in the abominable bill to which I have alluded, I remember that its supporters began by explaining how much more humane it was to cure the faults of criminals than to avenge them, and how certain mysterious "modern methods" (which no one made any attempt to describe) would turn bad men into good men in no time. But when Mr. Hilliare Belloc protested that the worst wrong you could do anybody, good or bad, was to remove him from all appeal to the tribunals of his country and put him helpless in the hands of individuals, the defence of the bill swung completely round. Its supporters told Mr. Belloc he was too tender with ruffians of this sort; that if they came out again it would be to follow their evil natures.

Now this mental muddle is very important, because it shows that what the campaign aims at is not scientific theory but solely police arrest. The Criminologists practically say, "We want this man out of the way. Why? Oh, because a doctor would do him good. Something wrong in that? Oh, very well—because no doctor can do him good, then." The whole of the new criminal experiment is like that. It is a game of chuck-farthing played with the public headsman, on the fundamental legal principle of "Heads I win your head; tails you lose it." If any one thinks this exaggerative, let him consider the case of the Mental Deficiency Bill—which actually provides that a man acquitted of a crime may immediately be examined by police-doctors as a suspect imbecile. The police say, almost in so many words, "We will try to imprison you for pinching watches, or piracy on the high seas, or anything that occurs to us. If you prove yourself innocent of everything, we will then imprison you for not being capable of anything."

There is no science of Criminology. There is only the very ancient art of tyranny—one of the decadent arts which come when statecraft has succeeded statesmanship, when secret power seems easier than open law. They come like a tropic wind out of all that languid barbarism that has never had rights, or written laws, or clear courts of justice; where the master of slaves flicks an idle whip, or the Sultan gives wild sentences half asleep under a palm-tree. These are the fathers of the Indeterminate Sentence. Their violent verdicts are fulfilled and forgotten; they have never written a word upon the rock, "because they despise this word, and trust in oppression and perverseness, and stay therein."

The French Cipher Case

Lord Tamworth received his nephew with unusual consideration. "Could you go to Paris this afternoon?" he asked. "Certainly," Knox answered promptly. "Why?"

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrated by Charles D. Mitchell

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*In this, the fourth complete story of "Algernon Knox, Accidental Detective," Mr. Oppenheim favors his readers with a peep into some of the methods underlying Anglo-French diplomacy, methods which never get into the newspapers and which never make themselves known to the casual observer. With Mr. Oppenheim, however, the entire romantic fabric of international politics is familiar material, and he exerts no more apparent effort in making his points than does the Hon. Algernon Knox in scoring his surprising victories.*

LORD TAMWORTH received his nephew with unusual consideration. He motioned him towards an easy chair and indicated the whereabouts of the cigarettes.

"I trust that my message did not disturb you upon a busy morning?" the Cabinet Minister asked, with faint sarcasm.

"I had a few little matters on hand," Knox replied. "Nothing I couldn't put off very easily, though."

"Could you go to Paris this afternoon?"

"Certainly," Knox answered promptly. "Why?"

Lord Tamworth coughed. "Last Tuesday a Secret Service officer who divides his time between here and Paris, left London by the two-twenty train with a copy of the first part of our new cipher to be delivered personally at the Embassy at Paris. The train arrived at the Gare du Nord punctually, and within half-an-hour,

Neville—the man's name was Neville—called at the Embassy and delivered over his packet to one of the secretaries. Since then not a word has been heard of him, either on this side or that."

"Was he supposed to have remained in Paris or to have returned?"

"He was supposed to have remained for that night in Paris and to have returned here by the ten o'clock train on the following morning to report."

"Sounds interesting," Knox admitted. "Tell me about Neville?"

"He has been with us for fifteen years," Lord Tamworth replied, "and was originally a Queen's Messenger. He was one of the Hampshire people. His sister married Lord Sonnington, you know."

"I knew him quite well by sight," Knox remarked. "Saw him only a few weeks ago at the Ritz. So he was in the Secret Service, was he?"

"He was not a very prominent member," Lord Tamworth replied. "On the other hand, he was, we are all convinced, absolutely and entirely trustworthy."

Knox was dangling his eye-glass backwards and forwards. His expression was almost fatuous, nor did his questions seem to his uncle entirely relevant.

"Was there any special reason for changing the cipher?" he asked.

"We do change it continually," Lord Tamworth answered, after a moment's hesitation. "I won't say that we have had cause to suspect any leakage, but certain facts do seem to have become remarkably well known in France just lately. In a few days we shall have a series of instructions to convey to the Embassy there of great importance. This was really the reason why we changed the cipher. When we make a change, we always send one part at a time. The remaining portion will be ready in a few days."

"Queer thing," Knox remarked, "that he should have disappeared after executing his commission. Did he stay long at the Embassy?"

"For a couple of minutes only. He saw Percival, the second secretary."

"Percival make any remark about his appearance?"

"I understand," Lord Tamworth replied, "that Neville complained of a slight chill—nothing else."

"You know where he used to stay in Paris?"

"Certainly! Hotel de l'Univers—a small, quiet place in the Rue Dachet. Inquiries have been made there, of course. He had wired for a room but did not appear."

"Did he go straight to the station from the Foreign office?" Knox asked, with some apparent irrelevance.

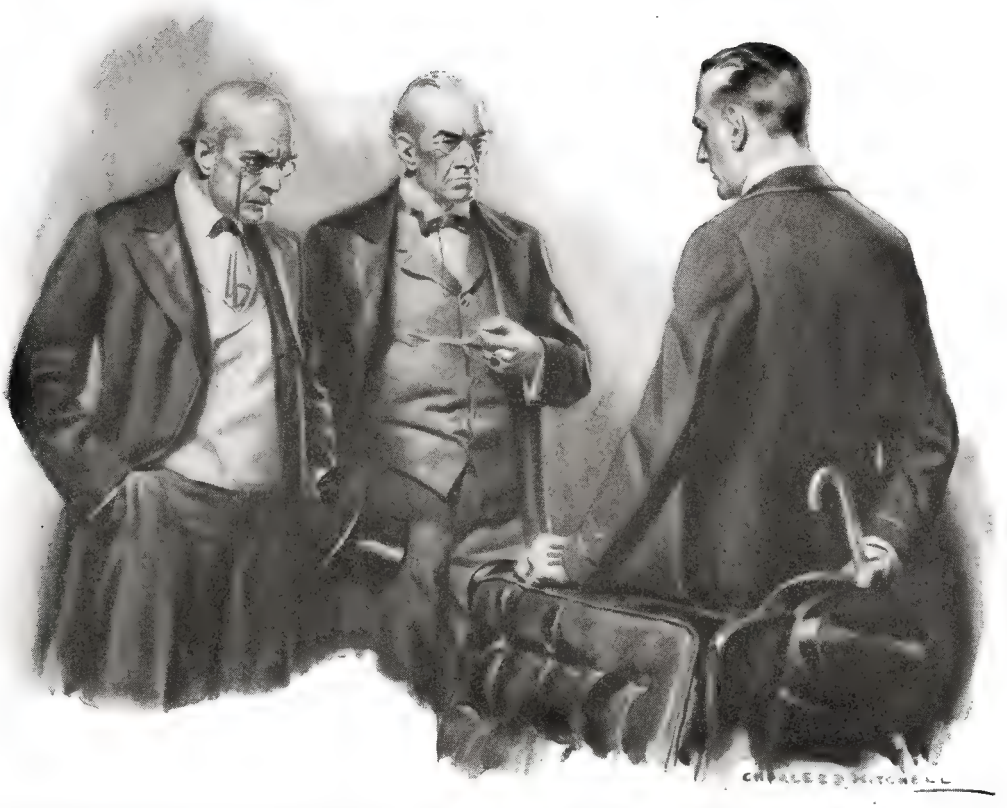
"So far as I can remember," Lord Tamworth told his nephew, "he left Downing Street about one o'clock. His intention was to have some lunch at his club, call at his rooms in Old Burlington Street for his luggage, and catch the two-twenty train. We did not trouble to make inquiries at the club, but there is no doubt that he called at his rooms and took away his luggage. His servant there has heard nothing from him since. The position is that, so far as we know, he left the Embassy in Paris at about twenty past ten last Tuesday evening, and walked off the face of the earth.

"You see exactly how we stand now Algernon. We do not wish to send any well-known person over to make inquiries about Neville. You go to Paris occasionally as a young man of pleasure. Leave this afternoon on one of your accustomed trips. Neville is an acquaintance of yours. Make such inquiries as you can without kicking up too much fuss. If you discover that Neville has met with any misfortune, keep it quiet. One last word of warning. When I say keep anything quiet which you may discover, I mean it. You are not acting now against criminals. You are taking part in a game where the cards are played differently."

"I understand," Knox said thoughtfully. "I'll do my best." . . .

KNOX started on his quest with an effort at reconstruction. With his bag ready packed, he drove in his taxicab to the Foreign office and, leaving there exactly at one o'clock, called at the club to which Neville belonged, where he made some casual inquiry, and was driven from there to the house in Old Burlington Street where Neville lived. He found this to be the last one on the left-hand side. The street ended in a cul-de-sac, and for the middle of London was extraordinarily quiet and retired. He rang the brightly-polished bell, and was admitted after only a moment or two's delay by a smooth-faced, dark-complexioned servant.

"Mr. Neville in?" Knox asked.



The Cabinet Minister regarded Knox for a moment in doubtful silence. "Your uncle tells me that you believe Neville to be held up in London," he remarked. "I suppose you know that they'll go for you, too, if they have any idea that you are in the game"

"Mr. Neville is on the Continent, sir," was the prompt reply. "He went last Tuesday."

The man was apparently unaware that anything unusual had happened. He was neatly and primly dressed, the little hall was spotlessly bright and clean, there were fresh flowers in a bowl upon the small table, and a pile of waiting letters there. Knox stood for several seconds, pensive. The man fell a little back from the door. His manners proclaimed him the perfectly trained French servant. "Monsieur would like, perhaps," he suggested, "to write a note? It shall be given to Mr. Neville immediately on his return."

"Have you any idea when that will be?"

The man shook his head regretfully. "Monsieur Neville," he explained, "is often upon the Continent. He never troubles to let us know when he returns. Everything is always ready. He might walk in at any moment."

"Thank you very much," Knox replied. "I won't trouble to write a note. Sorry to have found him away."

The man bowed and stood with the door open until Knox had retraced his steps to where his taxicab was waiting. He drove from there to Charing-Cross and caught the two-twenty train to Paris, where for twenty-four hours he pursued the obvious course of inquiries. He called at Neville's hotel and spoke of him at the cafés which he was accustomed to frequent. He paid his respects at the Embassy, where he found the ambassador out, but renewed his acquaintance with Percival, the second secretary.

"Queerest thing I ever heard of about Neville," the latter remarked. "I didn't know him very well myself, but he was almost like one of the staff here. 'Old Clockwork' they used to call him."

"If he is ill or anything," Knox remarked, "it's rather lucky that he finished his business here first."

"More than lucky," Percival agreed. "It's a big thing to change our cipher, and this new one has taken an awful time to prepare. How long are you staying in Paris?"

"I'm off at once."

"Better stay to-morrow and have a round of golf at La Boulie. You used to be rather hot stuff."

Knox sighed. "I've been a bit off it lately," he remarked. "By-the-bye, are you really keen?"

"I should think I am," the young man declared heartily. "Thundering good links, La Boulie."

"Tell you what I will do," Knox promised as he buttoned up his coat. "I am interested in some new golf balls, absolutely the best thing on the market. If I send you out a dozen within the next few days, will you promise me to try them at once?"

"Rather!" Percival promised. . . .

KNOX arrived in London on the following morning and made his way at once to Grosvenor Square. His uncle received him with a grim smile.

"No luck, eh, young man?"

"No luck," Knox admitted.

"It was trying you rather high, I dare say," Lord Tamworth remarked. "Still, I don't see why you should give up the thing as hopeless in twenty-four hours."

Knox sighed. "I tried so many places," he murmured. "It didn't seem to me the least use staying there."

"Well, well," Lord Tamworth said, "you must let me know what I owe you for expenses. Smyth will be back from St. Petersburg in a few days. Quite our best man, Smyth. I expect he will get at the secret of Neville's disappearance fast enough."

Knox nodded affably. "Very intelligent fellow, Smyth, I should think, from what I have heard," he remarked. "He'll find Neville all right; that will be a trifle."

"Will it indeed!" Lord Tamworth exclaimed sarcastically. "Then why didn't you do it?"

Knox stared at him blandly. "But I did," he replied. "I knew where Neville was half-an-hour before I left you the day before yesterday."

Lord Tamworth stood perfectly still for a moment. Knox's expression was innocent enough, but there was nothing there to denote that he was not in earnest.

"You discovered Neville?" he gasped. "Where? In Paris?"

Knox shook his head. "I knew where he was before I left London, sir," he replied. "I only went over to Paris as a matter of form, and to make a little inquiry of the butler at the Embassy. Neville is in his own house in Old Burlington Street. He has been there ever since he left you."

"Don't be an idiot!" Lord Tamworth exclaimed. "He delivered the first portion of the cipher at the Embassy on Tuesday night."

Knox shook his head gently. "Some one else delivered it. He didn't!"

Lord Tamworth threw out his hands—a little gesture of despair. "For heaven's sake, speak out, Algernon," he begged.

"The affair is simple enough," Knox replied,—"at least it seems so to me. I am relying to a certain extent, of course, upon presumption. I called at Neville's house, as you know, on my way to the station. The servant who opened the door was a Frenchman of a very superior type. Everything was in the pink of condition. I wasn't kept waiting at the door a second, but there were several things which looked queer to me. There was a pile of letters obtrusively placed upon the hall-table. At least half of them had been opened and roughly folded together again. Then, as I dare say you may remember, the day upon which Neville was supposed to have started for Paris was a particularly cold one, and yet on the hall rack were hanging his traveling coat and his fur coat, one of which I ascertained he was wearing when he left there, and the other one was in the cab with him. I felt perfectly certain that I could have walked straight into the house and found Neville. Naturally I didn't."

"But if there is any truth in this idea of yours, they may be murdering the poor fellow!" Lord Tamworth exclaimed excitedly.

Knox shook his head. "I don't think they would go so far as that. In any case, I am quite sure that Neville would prefer us to play the game. They have got hold of the first portion of the cipher—there was plenty of time, I suppose, to copy it in the train between London and Paris—and everything depends now upon their securing possession of the other portion. When is that to be sent over?"

Lord Tamworth frowned heavily. "That's the mischief of it," he replied.

"It simply must go over to-night. From to-morrow we shall be sending confidential communications of great importance to Paris. It is really because of them that we changed the cipher."

"The portion they already have, I suppose," Knox asked, "is of no use without the sequel?"

"Not the slightest! The first part really consisted of the cipher itself, and the second part is the key."

"Quite interesting!" Knox murmured thoughtfully. "They will be frightfully keen to get hold of the messenger whom you send to-night. By-the-bye, whom did you think of sending?"

Lord Tamworth shook his head. "I am going round to the office presently. We shall discuss the matter then. Several suggestions have been made. I am rather in favor myself of borrowing from Scotland Yard."

"I can suggest something better," Knox said calmly. "Try me."

Lord Tamworth stroked his chin doubtfully. "Very plucky of you, I am sure, Algernon," he remarked, "but you've had no experience in this sort of thing. I know it seems simple enough to carry a few pages of writing across the Channel, but I can assure you that many a man has lost his life in the attempt. Even during the last few years, I can remember half-a-dozen fatal accidents which have never been properly explained, but which we could tell you something about at the Foreign office."

"I don't think," Knox replied, "that I should be running very much risk. If they really do spot me as the messenger, they'll think they have a soft thing, and they're just as likely as not to overreach themselves."

Lord Tamworth paced the room for a few minutes, deep in thought. "This is a matter," he decided, "which I could not arrange on my own responsibility. You had better come down with me to the office. We'll see Sir Henry. No, on second thoughts don't come with me. I'll go down and explain how the matter stands. You can return here in an hour."

"If, by any chance," Knox said, as he prepared to depart, "Sir Henry should give me the job, will you ask if I can have the sheets loose? Nothing like a sealed packet for giving you away."

Lord Tamworth nodded. "I shall expect you back in an hour." . . .

KNOX strolled down Pall Mall, where at an athletic outfitter's he purchased two boxes of golf balls of a particular make and took them round to his rooms. Here he ordered his bags packed and gave certain instructions to his servant. At the expiration of the time agreed upon, he presented himself again at his uncle's house in Grosvenor Square. Lord Tamworth received him at once, but he was evidently worried.

"It's all right," he declared, a little testily. "Come along, and I'll take you round to the Foreign office."

They started off in Lord Tamworth's automobile.

"I am awfully obliged to you, uncle," Knox said, "for letting me have this chance."

Lord Tamworth was not enthusiastic. "To tell you the truth," he confessed, "we couldn't make up our mind what to do. No one's very pleased about the whole affair. Smyth won't be here for three days, two other men, whom we might have sent, are away, and we have private information that all the men we fear most in the French Secret Service are on the look-out. You seem to be really our only chance. All our regulars are marked men!"

Just then they drew up at the Foreign office. "You'd better come in with me," he directed. "Sir Henry would like to speak to you himself."

Knox followed his uncle into the private room of the Cabinet Minister whom they had come to visit. The latter shook hands with Knox, whom he regarded for a moment in thoughtful silence.

"Your uncle tells me that you believe Neville to be held up in London," he remarked.

"I am sure of it, sir," Knox replied. "I know exactly where he is."

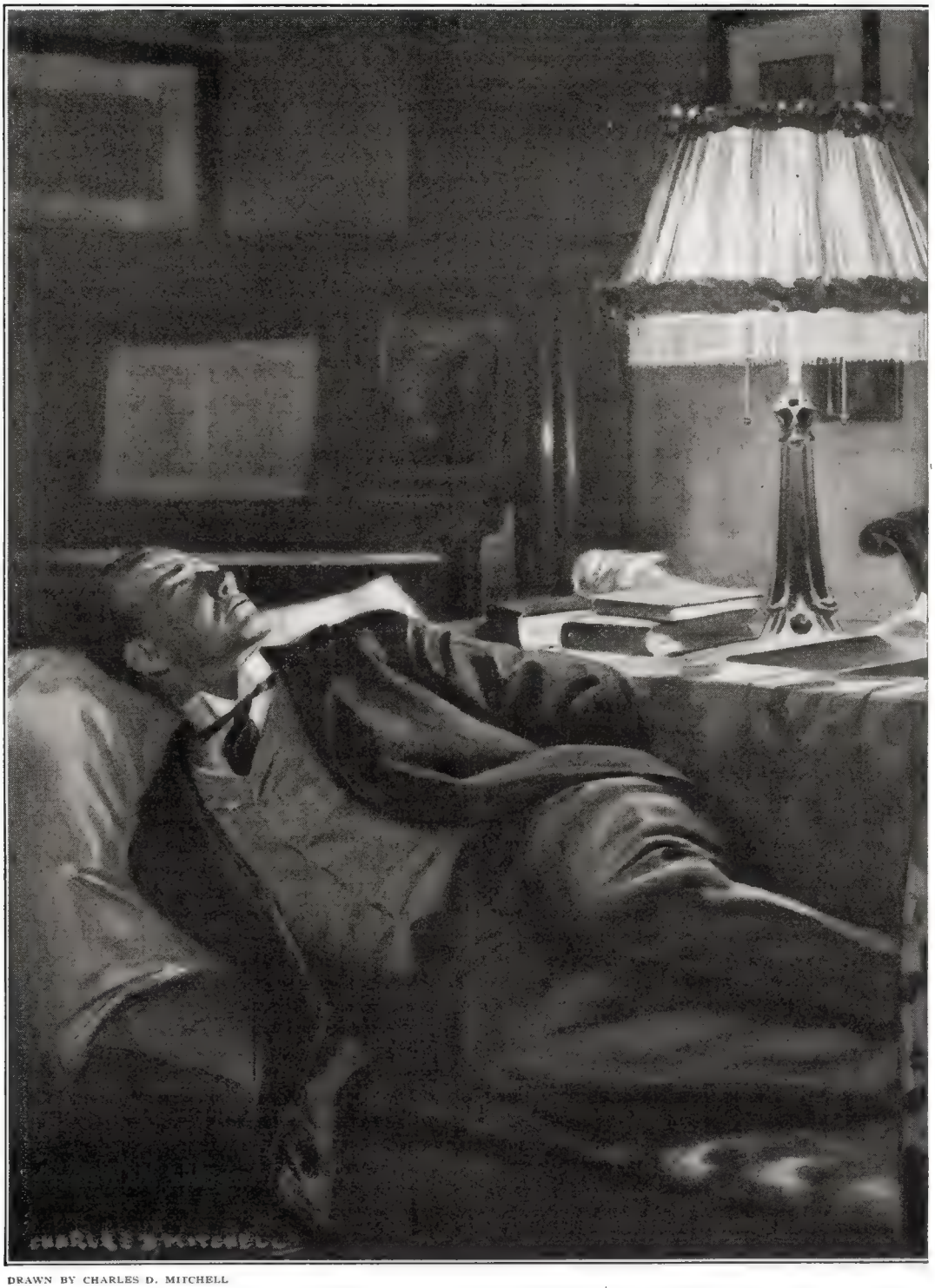
"Kept it to yourself, haven't you?"

"Entirely, sir. Seemed to me the best thing, for the present."

"Quite so," the minister agreed. "I suppose you know that they'll go for you, too, if they have any idea that you're in the game?"

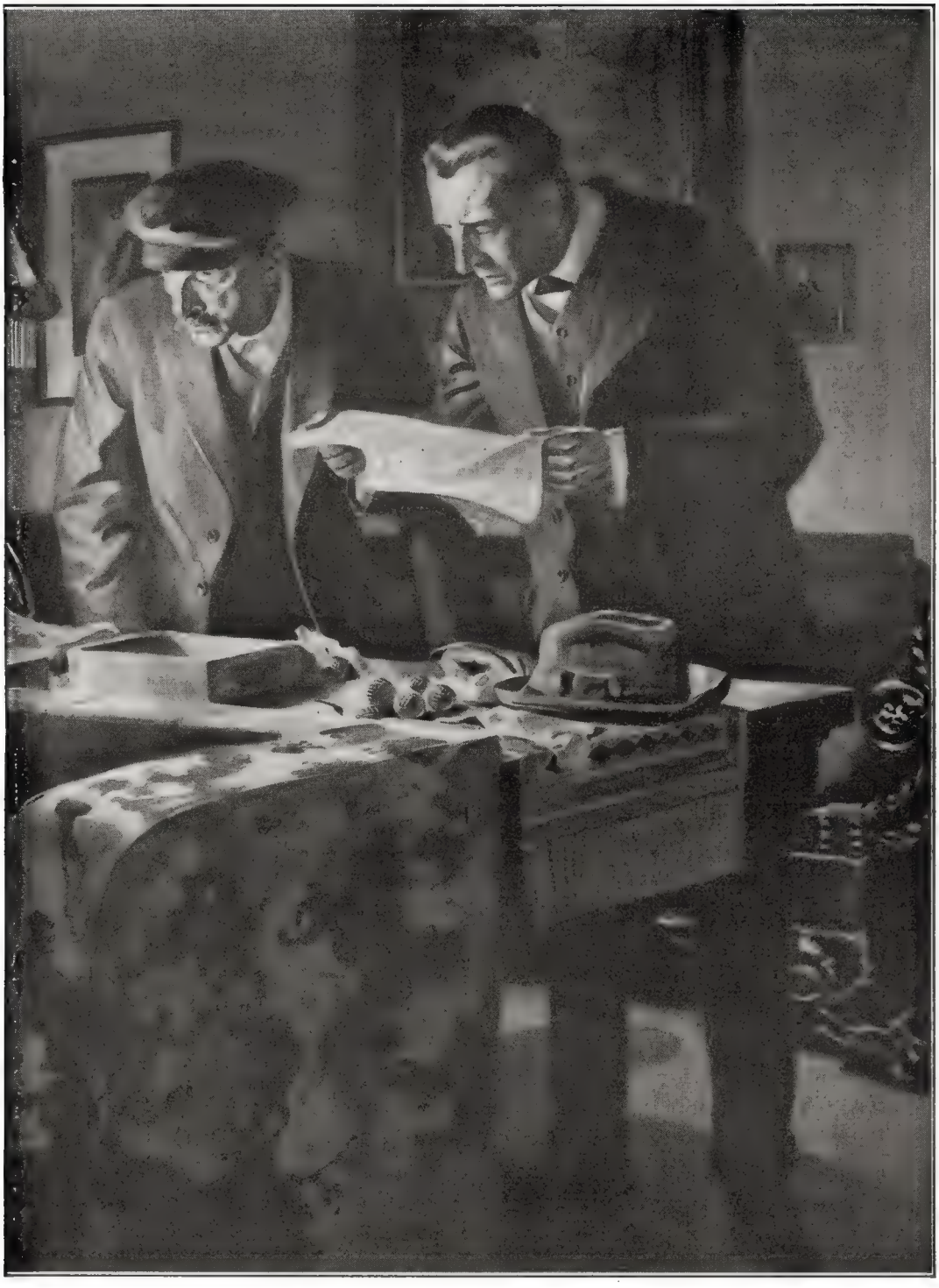
"Shouldn't be surprised, sir," Knox admitted cheerfully.

Sir Henry took a few sheets of loose tissue-paper from his waistcoat pocket. "There you are," he said. "I won't ask you what you are going to do with them. My compliments over the other side—if you get there—and good-night."



DRAWN BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

Knox opened his eyes. He was lying upon a sofa in a pleasantly furnished sitting-room. Two men were cardboard box, and a number of golf balls. One of the men was busy collecting a quantity of thin



bending together over a table in the middle of the room, upon which stood a heavily shaded lamp, an empty sheets, which he placed in his pocketbook. Knox recognized him as Neville's French servant

Knox stood with his uncle upon the doorstep. "Will you take my car to Victoria?" the latter invited.

"Not to Victoria," Knox replied. "If you'll drop me at my rooms, I'll be glad. I'll find my own way from there."

Lord Tamworth did as he was asked. During the short drive, he became more and more despondent. Never had his nephew seemed to him so pink and white and vacuous! Knox lit a cigarette and was whistling a popular musical comedy tune. He seemed quite incapable of grasping the seriousness of the situation..

"Sure you wouldn't like to keep the car?" Lord Tamworth persisted, as they drew up in Peter Street.

"Rather not, thanks," Knox answered. "The sooner these fellows get to work, the better. Au revoir!"

He stepped lightly out and crossed the pavement quickly. Lord Tamworth groaned. It was impossible that his nephew's looks could belie him so utterly. The cipher was already lost!

A FEW minutes after eight o'clock, Knox's servant, with a rather formidable collection of luggage, was driven off in a passing taxicab to Charing-Cross. Directly afterwards, Knox, with no luggage save his overcoat and a square brown paper package, himself strolled out on to the pavement and stepped into a taxicab which drew up immediately in front of him.

"Where to, sir?" the man asked.

"Charing-Cross," Knox directed.

They swung off into the stream of traffic, down St. James's Street, past Marlborough House into St. James's Park, and turned to the left along the broad new thoroughfare. The speed of the cab was at once reduced. The man was driving in the middle of the road, very slowly—almost crawling along, in fact. Suddenly he lifted the speaking tube from its place by his side, and stooped down. Almost immediately Knox was conscious of a sickly and terrible odor pervading the interior of the cab. He leaned quickly over to the window but found it fastened. He tried to plug up the speaking tube with his handkerchief, but it was too late. His head seemed to be bursting. A feeling of deadly nausea had seized upon him. He sprang at the window and thrust his elbow through it. His last conscious thought was a crash of glass. Then it seemed to him that he was in the sea. There were strange noises, a roaring in his ears. . . .

Knox opened his eyes. He was lying upon a sofa in a pleasantly furnished sitting-room. Two men were bending together over a table in the middle of the room, upon which stood a heavily shaded lamp, an empty cardboard box, and a number of golf balls. One of the men was busy collecting a quantity of thin sheets, which he placed in his pocketbook. Knox recognized him as Neville's French servant.

"And now," he heard the latter say "for Paris! I must leave, my friend, at once. I shall just catch the train."

"I shall come with you," the other declared. "The affair is finished here."

His companion looked doubtfully across at Knox.

"He comes to his senses," he muttered. "What are you going to do with him?"

The reply was inaudible. A moment or two later, the two men left the room. Knox heard the front door close, heard the taxicab drive away. Then gradually he relapsed into his state of semi-stupor. The waves seemed once more to be around him.

When next he opened his eyes, although he was still feeling sick, he was certainly stronger. He tried to move and gave a little cry. His hands and feet were tied. He was conscious of an intolerable thirst. He looked around the room. The silence of the house told him that it was no use ringing the bell, if even he could reach it. Suddenly his eyes fell upon the telephone which stood upon a side table. He rolled over on to the floor, saving himself from the fall as much as possible. Then he dragged himself to the table on which the telephone stood. All his attempts to reach the instrument, however, were futile. As a last resource he upset the table. The instrument fell on to the floor but remained undamaged. With great difficulty he managed to get the receiver to his ear.

"1382 Mayfair," he said, surprised at the weakness of his own voice.

Presently there came an answer. It was his uncle's secretary. Then, after a brief silence, Lord Tamworth himself was heard at the other end.

"Who is it?" he demanded.

"Algernon Knox," was the faint reply.

"Come at once to 72 Old Burlington Street. You'll probably have to break in. I am tied up."

Lord Tamworth's language for the moment became a subtle mixture of disgust and profanity. "I did think you'd get as far as the railway station!" he wound up. "Yes, I'll come."

Knox dropped the receiver and lay still. From the sounds in the street, he could tell that the morning now was well advanced. The sunshine came in one long, thin line through the shuttered window. Presently he heard a car stop outside. There was the sound of voices, the trying of latch-keys, and finally the opening of the door and footsteps in the hall. Lord Tamworth, followed by Sir Henry and a couple of strangers, entered the room hurriedly. One of the men, who behaved as though he were used to the task, rapidly cut the cords which bound Knox. The latter staggered weakly to his feet. On the table before them lay his empty note-book, his dispatch box turned inside out. Lord Tamworth looked at them and bit his lip.

"I must confess," he said, "that I had my doubts about you, Algernon, from the first, but I certainly thought you might have got a little nearer to Paris than Old Burlington Street!"

"They didn't give me much of a chance, did they?" Knox remarked feebly. "Hadn't we better look for poor old Neville?"

They hurried up-stairs. Knox tried to follow but gave it up. Presently they came down again. One of their number went to the telephone and rang up a doctor.

"You were right so far as Neville was concerned," Lord Tamworth declared grudgingly. "He is up-stairs in bed, ghastly weak, but all right in other respects, I should say. He has been drugged or something."

"They dosed me," Knox groaned, "with chloroform! Gave it me in a horrid sort of way, too, down the tube of the taxicab."

Lord Tamworth sighed. He began to talk on one side with Sir Henry. Their faces were very grave. "By-the-bye," Knox inquired presently, "is there a telegram for me?"

Lord Tamworth drew one from his pocket and threw it upon the table.

"Sorry I opened it," he explained. "As it was addressed to you at Grosvenor Square, I thought it might have something to do with our present business.

"Hasn't it?" Knox asked simply.

Lord Tamworth frowned. He withdrew the thin sheet from the envelope and read the message aloud with poignant sarcasm: "*Many thanks for golf balls duly received.*"

"It is a pity," he remarked grimly, "that you were not so successful with your mission as you were in sending golf balls to Percival!"

Knox smiled a little weakly. "You don't really suppose, do you," he demanded, "you and Sir Henry, that those fellows have actually got the cipher?"

Sir Henry turned suddenly around. A curious silence seemed to have fallen upon them. They all looked at Knox.

"*Not got the cipher?*" Sir Henry gasped.

"Of course they haven't," Knox replied. "Do you suppose I didn't know that I was going to be nobbled? The twelve pages of the cipher were wrapped around those golf balls. My man took them over last night. That's the telegram I told Percival to send directly he received them."

Again the silence was almost phenomenal. Lord Tamworth tried to speak but remained inarticulate. It was Sir Henry who first found words.

"What about these golf balls on the table, then?" he asked.

"I bought two boxes, in case I was watched," Knox explained. "The box with the cipher sheets wrapped around the balls has got through to Paris. These I carried under my arm, in case they'd seen me go into the shop and had tumbled to the idea."

Sir Henry held out his hand. "Mr. Knox," he said, "I congratulate you. I see that we have gained a worthy and a useful recruit in times of need."

Lord Tamworth was still speechless. "Golf balls!" he muttered.

Knox sat up a little farther in his chair. "You see," he continued, "they won't find out for hours that they haven't got the proper key to the cipher. The dummy sheets are rubbish, of course, but they look all right."

Sir Henry's eyes were lit with humor. "It's one on us this time, young man, thanks to you!" he exclaimed, patting him on the shoulder. "Here comes the doctor. Mind, you're to be patched up in time to lunch with us at Downing Street at half-past one."

"I'll be there," Knox promised.

(*The next adventure of "Algernon Knox, Accidental Detective," appears in the August issue*)

DRAWN BY J. DUNCAN GLEASON

The Peach Orchard becomes a slaughter-house. Sickles's guns, utterly outnumbered, battery horses flags flutter triumphantly, and a tumult of bayonets.

A War-Correspondent's

By Frederick

WE talk about the brave Japanese who lost one man out of seven at the battles of Lioyang and Mukden; about the brave Bulgars who lost one out of six at Lule Burgas. But what about the brave Americans? At Gettysburg, where American fought American, both armies lost one out of three.

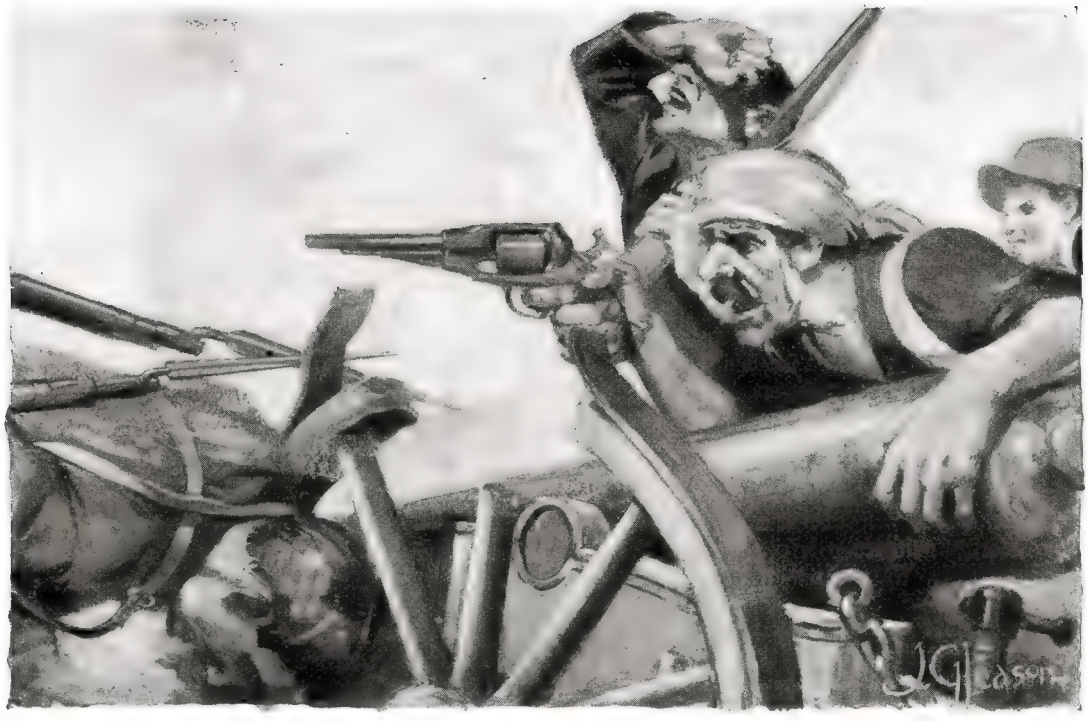
A private soldier's battle! A decisive battle in our country's history—perhaps tne greatest battle of all history! Do you know how it was fought? How lost? How won?

As a war correspondent I was with the Japanese and the Bulgars and in other modern wars. But Gettysburg, fought before I was born, fascinates me more than any battle I have actually witnessed. In imagination I have been with Pickett's charge and at the defense of Little Round Top; and now with Meade and now with Lee.

In the light of my experience of war and my study of Gettysburg I am going to describe it as if I had watched its great moments, first from one side and then the other. I would make the whole moving picture pass as vividly and clearly before your eyes as a ball game from the side lines.

On May 1st, 1863, General Joseph

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*This July the Blue and Gray are meeting on their old battlefield at Gettysburg, and there they are talking it over after two score years and ten. Last month Hearst's Magazine gave you the vivid story of one of these heroes. This month a modern war-correspondent gives you the story of the whole three days of battle as he might have seen it while the converging roads were dust-*



killed, strive against uneven odds in a furnace of fire. Where the smoke drifts away the battle-hungry for human flesh, flash in the blazing sunlight

Story of Gettysburg

Palmer

clouds of hurrying troops; while the war-banners, jeered at and sung to, battled for and prayed for, rose and fell; while the Gray line swung upward and halted and melted away. All this Frederick Palmer gives you because he knows how. He has watched Bulgarian, and Japanese, and American go into battle, so he knows the ways of fighting men, and his pen turns the trick every time.

Hooker had been defeated at Chancellorsville. He had had a fine plan, according to military rules. It was not his fault that the gaunt, praying, restless Stonewall Jackson was a military genius, who would dare to run an unheard of risk: deliberately weaken his center and race his men around to crush Hooker's flank and make him retreat.

Then the word had come to General Robert E. Lee—from Jefferson Davis himself: carry the war into the enemy's territory! What a flare in the European chancelleries! What a headline—An Invasion of the North! Does Lee approve of cutting away from his base and giving the Federals an opportunity to strike him in the rear? Hardly. But Lee is a soldier, North it is!

If a man with flashing black eyes, who waved his sword and swore and yelled, had undertaken what he was about to undertake, the world would have said that he was a reckless daredevil. Being a quiet, gray-haired, considerate, serene, sage-like soldier, who rode a quiet white horse called Traveler, not Charger, it seemed a natural, obvious piece of military tactics. And perhaps in the back of his head, having in mind Jackson's success in breaking the rules at Chancellorsville, he was thinking: "You never can tell. We might pull it off!" But Jackson was dead. He had fallen while

urging his men into the overwhelming rush that was Hooker's undoing.

Now, Lee began to side-step away from the banks of the Rappahannock for the valley of the Shenandoah—and softly, to keep Hooker in ignorance of the plan until Lee was well started. He had three corps, and each one was a trifle more than double the size of a Federal corps. Stuart's cavalry, mobile and watchful, guarded the passes of the Blue Ridge, which formed the wall of the valley protecting his flank.

Onward that lean, tattered, battle-toughened army marches, living off the country. It pays for what it takes in Confederate scrip worth a cent on the dollar, more or less. Why not? Scrip is the only money the Confederates have; the only pay the Confederate soldiers receive.

Meanwhile, the Army of the Potomac begins to move north on the eastern side of the Blue Ridge. Hooker resigns in a huff because he cannot have things his way. General George G. Meade takes his place in command. Lincoln is far-seeing and patient as ever. First and last, he is the real general of the Federals; feeling the pulse of the people and watching over the army and trusting its courage and praying for a winning commander. Meade is kept between Lee and Washington. The prospect of invasion serves Lincoln's political purpose by rearousing the military fervor of the North. Men who would not fight to save the Union will fight for their own soil. Pennsylvania summons her militia and calls for volunteers.

FOOD FOR RIFLES AND GUNS

While Meade is still in Maryland, Lee has crossed the Pennsylvania border into a land of rich pasturage and granaries. Ewell's corps, which is leading, threatens Harrisburg, the State capital; but Lee dares let it proceed no farther. He must have food for his rifles and guns as well as for his men and horses. His ammunition must come from Richmond. Let it be exhausted in a great battle and his line of supplies cut, and his army must surrender. So he faces toward the advancing columns of Meade, hoping to strike at Baltimore. Old positions are reversed. Lee is moving south; Meade is moving north.

The cavalry forces of both armies, ever on the scout, keep each in touch with the other's movements. Between them lies the little town of Gettysburg, with perhaps fifteen hundred souls, in the midst of a broken country, fences and stone walls separating the fields of pasture and the ripening grain and orchards, with stretches of woods at intervals. There are hundreds of towns like Gettysburg; hundreds of glimpses of the same sort of landscape can be had from car windows. Suddenly the lightning of war is to strike this one little town, making it forever as famous as Waterloo or Austerlitz; and the reason was the roads that led into it.

ALL AMERICA TO GETTYSBURG!

For a big army, approaching another army by a single road, may be beaten in detail by having its front shattered before its rear can get into action. Its corps must be abreast, ready to form battle line on short notice. And thanks to the converging roads, all America is coming to Gettysburg. On one side, men from distant Texas and from Maryland, men with the soft vowels of Louisiana and the harder vowels of the southern mountains! On the other side, men from the Minnesota prairies and the Wisconsin woods and from Ohio and Maine and New England, Germans speaking with an accent and Irishmen with the brogue of the old sod fresh on their tongues! And all carry a goodly supply of bullets to make the gathering the hottest convention ever held on this continent.

On the map Meade has chosen Pipe Creek as a line of defense; but maps do not matter. These eager armies are to fight, where they meet, and instantly they meet. They are like two mortal enemies who run against each other in turning a corner of the street and let out their rights the moment they recognize each other and keep on fighting till one or the other is down.

The town lies in a depression. On the north side is a ridge where the Lutheran Theological Seminary stands. Soon after dawn, from the tower of the seminary Buford, of the cavalry, sees a great column with thousands of gleaming bayonets weaving over the road under a cloud of dust—the advance guard of Hill's corps. Against that monster Buford has spread out his cavalry as infantry, with his guns waiting in the rear, seemingly as futile as a set of spread fingers to hold back a river's current.

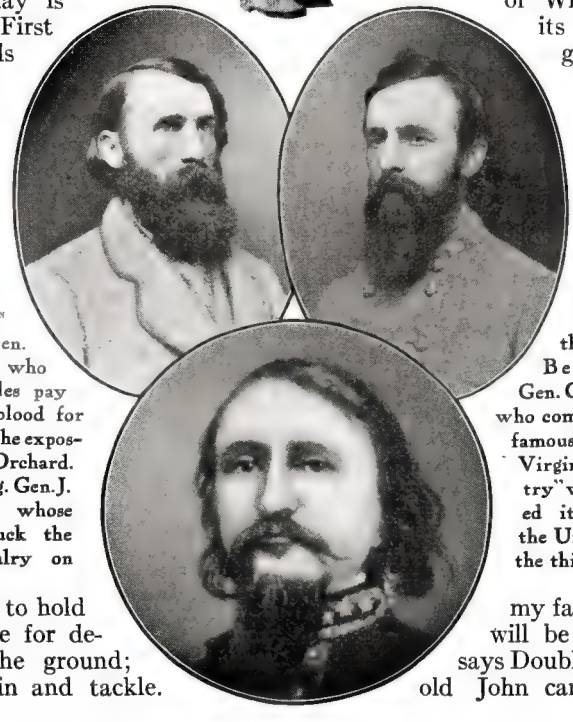
In face of an outburst of rifle fire that begins the battle the column has to take

FROM THE MESERVE COLLECTION

Help for Sickles! Down from the ridge fling the reserves, into the wheat-field, where they clash. But there isn't any wheat-field now; the straw lies flat, drenched with blood. The dead are many; North and South women and children shall wait, and there shall be no return

notice. It pauses and throbs; its legs break apart in deployment before brushing this slender opposition out of the way. This takes time, and time is all that Buford is playing and praying for. An hour, even a half-hour, may save the town to the Federals; for already through the streets of Gettysburg flows a blue current, the First corps of Meade's army, Reynolds' old corps. It deploys to meet the deployment of the Confederates. Doubleday is in command of the First temporarily; Reynolds who is also up at the front has charge of the whole left wing.

Reynolds is out of touch with Meade, who is with the main body in the rear. He must act without orders—that was the kind of a battle that Gettysburg was from start to finish. But he knows that he ought to hold the town. No time for deliberate study of the ground; time only to rush in and tackle.



FROM THE MESERVE COLLECTION

Left: Lt. Gen. A. P. Hill, who made Sickles pay dearly in blood for occupying the exposed Peach Orchard. Right: Brig. Gen. J. J. Archer, whose troops struck the Union cavalry on the first day. Below: Maj. Gen. G. E. Pickett, who commanded the famous "flower of Virginia's infantry" which crushed itself against the Union guns on the third day

From the tower he sees a little stretch of woods, just a farmer's wood-lot between the Hagerstown and Chambersburg roads. He must get possession of that tactical point before the enemy arrives and make it the center of his line. The Confederates have the same idea.

"Go in there and stick!" shouts Doubleday, to a column of bobbing black hats at the double.

"Who can if we can't?" is the answering yell. This is the famous Iron Brigade of Wisconsin, which has its own distinctive head gear.

A white-haired man in farmer's clothes, carrying a musket, comes up to the busy Doubleday: John Burns, seventy years old, if you please. "Where am I to go?" he asks. "I know how. I was in the War of 1812, and I want to fight for my farm." "The woods will be the safest place," says Doubleday. He thinks that old John can get behind a tree.

"I guess I like the open better," says old John. He is still in line pumping bullets with the "boys" old enough to be his grandsons after he has been hit twice. When he is hit the third time he "jest natcherally has to quit." Is there anything finer in the history of the Minute Men of the Revolution than the story of old John Burns?

The Black Hats rush into one side of the woods at the same time as Archer's Confederate brigade rushes in at the other side. Archer's men have been a little careless, in their haste to reach town early. They thought that the only opposition to them were green State guardsmen and volunteers. For all such amateurs they have a fine contempt. And suddenly there is the light of recognition in their eyes:

THE BLASTED BLACK HATS!

"This is no home militia! It's those blasted Black Hats! We've struck the Army of the Potomac!"

For they have fought the Black Hats before. It is like the meeting of dear old enemies with murder in their hearts. Archer's men are bunched and past their center and caught in flank. The Black Hats see their chance and get a lot of prisoners. Maybe the rest of Archer's men aren't boiling mad to be beaten in this way by those confounded black-hatted pirates! Maybe they don't fight, then! If you have any doubts on the subject just ask one of the Black Hats themselves. Yes, and a remnant of Archer's men later took part in Pickett's charge.

Reynolds on his horse in the woods, receiving and sending messages, turning his head to right and left in eagle glances as he watches his weaving and straining lines, is shot through the head by a sharpshooter. One of the best Federal corps commanders dead—Meade's favorite! But no one of those men in grim resistance there under the billowing smoke of battle knows this. Doubleday takes Reynolds' place. A quiet man, Doubleday. He says that he believes it is the duty of a soldier not to avoid his enemy. No one will accuse him of doing so on this July first.

What an inheritance Reynolds has left! The last of his reserves have gone in to the support of that zigzagging, gasping, stubborn line. Here the cover of a little knoll, of a stone wall, of a fence, gives steadiness; there a company caught in bad ground falls back under irresistible pressure. A railroad cut becomes the crux of strife, no less than the woods were. Out of that vortex of killing comes an officer of the Sixth Wisconsin. He is walking erect; he appears about to report or to ask for an order.

"Tell them at home that I died like a man and a soldier, Colonel!" he says, as his opened coat reveals a ghastly wound.

When five color-bearers of the Twenty-sixth Michigan have fallen, Colonel Morrow himself seizes the flag. He falls; a private takes it and though mortally wounded still holds it in his grasp as he faces the enemy.

A number of regiments have all their field officers down; many companies have been decimated. Doubleday sees two divisions of another Confederate corps, Ewell's, approaching to crush in his right; and then he sees the Eleventh Corps of the Federals coming up to face Ewell, who, however, delivers his blow with such a shock that the Eleventh cannot hold.

The formation of the battle line has broadened to a fan shape, with the Confederates pressing both flanks. Doubleday must fall back or be caught in a vise. Many organizations go in order; others in panic. Six hours they have held on, six precious hours, while the converging roads toward Gettysburg on the Federal side are columns of dust over the feet of hurrying corps.

"SURRENDER, YANK!"

What a sight this for the Gettysburgers from their windows! Some companies are still in formation and firing as they pass through the streets; then there is a mixture of blue and gray in pandemonium. "Give up your rifle, Yank!" "The jig is up, Yank! Surrender!" "We've got you!" A flood of gray engulfs the straggling blue and takes a big toll of prisoners—but not General Schimmelpfennig, of the Eleventh Corps, separated from his division, who escapes by hiding under a load of wood.

On the outskirts of the town is a cemetery on a hill—just such a cemetery on a hill as adjoins thousands of other towns in the land. General Howard got the thanks of Congress for selecting Cemetery Hill as a point of defense. Others give it to Reynolds, who did not live to present his claim. But any tyro under the circumstances would have selected it. Any beaten regiment would have stopped there in its retreat to make another stand if reserves were on the way to its support.

Thus far the battle is all to the Confederates. Their generals have "got there first with the most men" for the initial shock and have rolled back two of Meade's seven corps. Doubleday's broken First Corps finds refuge behind the underbrush, boulders, and trees of Culp's Hill, which is beside Cemetery Hill; and on Cemetery Hill Howard's broken Eleventh, some men still in straggling regimental formation, others merely individuals in flight, sink in exhaustion. Any minute they expect to hear the shrill falsetto of that "rebel yell" and to see a swarm of Confederates break free of the town; and every minute that this expected charge delays is a minute gained for them in entrenching and reforming.

When one fighter in the ring has another groggy he puts forth a desperate final effort. When an army, leaden footed from hard marching, gains a victory and a town, it pauses to look around, enjoy its triumph and the fact that it has come through hell alive. It does not go on of instinct, but under the spur of leadership. Two precious hours of daylight the Confederates have to take those two precious hills, Cemetery Hill and Culp's Hill. And Stonewall Jackson, that thunderbolt of initiative, is dead. But Hancock is alive.

THEIR LAST NIGHT ON EARTH

Darkness falls without any assault. Hancock has galloped forward with full authority to act for Meade. Under the cover of darkness he has time to form a line of battle with the corps present and the corps arriving. The situation is in hand when Meade, half informed of what has happened, haggard and worn, arrives at 1 a. m. Meanwhile, on the Confederate side, Longstreet's corps, with Pickett's division absent, is swinging into position on the right of Hill's. All night long the tramp of soldiery and the rumble of artillery wheels! Some of the men already in position sleep in sheer fatigue; some lie awake wondering if this will be their last night on earth. All know that to-morrow will bring the great crisis.

With dawn the Federals expect the shock of attack. Surely Lee will not delay if he knows that the Federal Fifth (Sykes) and Sixth (Sedgwick) Corps are not up. The light of the rising sun spreads slowly over a zone of gentle valley of a mile's breadth between the two armies, whose fences, fields of ripening grain, pastures, gardens, and orchards are without sign of life. There is the taut silence that precedes a thunderstorm; a silence dedicating that zone to the chaos of writhing conflict and death that is to come.

An hour the silence lasts—two hours, three hours. That line of gray waits, nerves on edge, for the word; that line of blue counts each watch-tick as a step nearer for the Fifth and Sixth Corps, pumping through the dust of a hot July morning. Four—five—six—seven hours, and still no attack. The Fifth Corps is arriving; the Sixth Corps is near. Meade thinks of taking the offensive, while he wonders at the cause of Lee's delay.

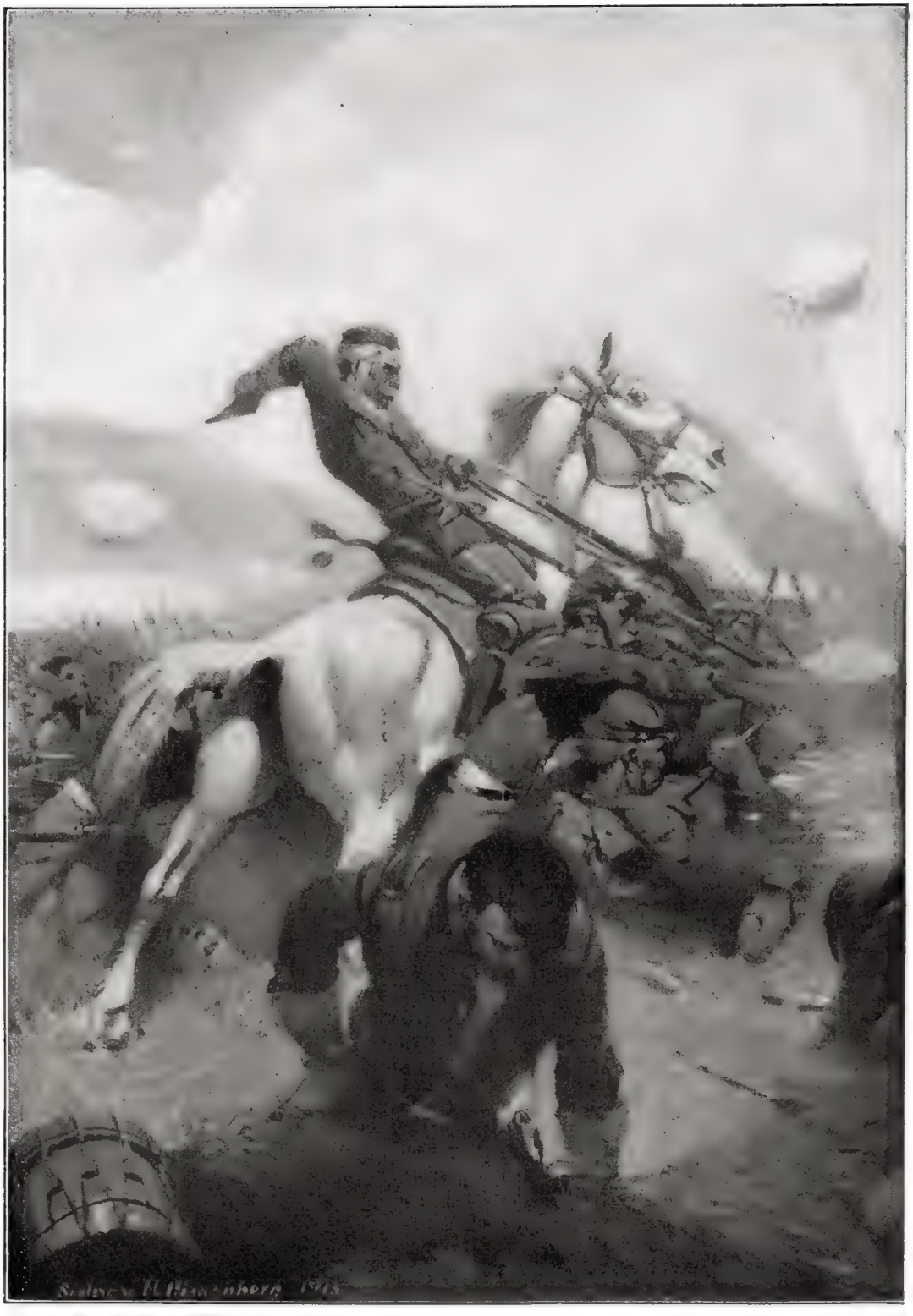
Answer again: Jackson is dead!

NOW FOR LEE'S RIGHT ARM!

His right arm Lee called Jackson, and that tells all of the relation between the great tactician and the thunderbolt of initiative. Lee is gentle and suggestive in method; never arbitrary. A hint to Jackson and Jackson is off to the charge. Longstreet goes to Lee at dawn. He gets a hint of what is expected of him, immediately he is ready; but he is not off to the charge. Then Lee rides along his line, first to Hill and then to Ewell on his left. When they hear Longstreet's guns Hill is to press the center and Ewell to assault Culp's Hill. That is the simple plan: hold the Federal center and crush in both ends. Lee rides back to his own headquarters to find that Longstreet is still waiting for definite orders.

Now the Federal right formed on Cemetery and Culp's Hills is in the shape of the bend of a fishhook. Looking south from Cemetery Hill it continues in a ridge of rising ground for two miles to a small, rocky, round hill—famous Little Round Top. Just beyond this is another hill two or three times the size of the first, heavily wooded—famous Big Round Top. They seem the natural point of tenure for the Federal left—the end of the straight shaft of the fishhook.

Sickles when he arrived with his Third Corps was told to form on the left. He goes on over the ridge; finds the ground bad for his dispositions, and advances in search of better ground until he is nearer the Confederate ridge than the Federal; until he is the exposed wing of an army in an angle. His center is bent and badly placed in a peach orchard—famous Peach Orchard! Back of him is a wheat-field—famous Wheat-



DRAWN BY SIDNEY H. REISENBERG

It was in that hopeless last charge on the third day at the head of Pickett's men; steadily on and on front of the Union line he leaps. "Give them the cold steel, boys!" he

the gray line has come; man after man has fallen; Armistead in command now; over the fence in shouts. One moment the Confederate flag floats high; the next it is down

field! Against him is the corps of Hill, a skilful tactician—a corps double the strength of his own. Hill feels him out and finds he can be caught on two sides of the angle. A long line of Confederate guns are swung into position to sweep the peach orchard and the breadth of the angle's head. As happened in the first day's battle, the Confederates, though their army is smaller than the Federal as a whole, are able to concentrate at a critical point with more killing power.

HELP FOR THE SLAUGHTER ORCHARD!

Meade sees that Sickles is in a bad situation and orders him to fall back. But it is too late to undertake the manoeuver. Sickles is already engaged. He must fight. That overwhelming force of Confederate artillery breaks forth in the roar of a single voice in support of Hill's sudden, coördinated, whirlwind infantry attack.

Sickles is fighting alone, isolated for the moment. From Cemetery Ridge a panorama of swift and horrible revelation of tactical disadvantage is as clear as black lines on white paper. Disengaged, the Federals in the trenches of the main line can only look on breathlessly, while their officers curse somebody's generalship.

The peach orchard becomes a slaughter orchard. Sickles's guns, utterly outnumbered, battery horses killed, strive against uneven odds in a furnace of fire. Tongues of lightning from bursting shells spatter the dead and mangled about like warm butter struck with a knife-blade. The rolls of smoke from the Confederate infantry are pressing in both sides of the angle. At points where the smoke drifts away the Confederate battleflags flutter triumphantly and a tumult of bayonets, hungry for human flesh, flash in the blazing sunlight. Again, from under the smoke emerge sagging, disjointed lines; lines broken into bunches and scattered, running figures, and battle flags drooping and trailing. Those who do not drop before they find the cover of a stone fence pause to show the teeth and fiery tongues of hell once more in desperate resistance to the oncoming grays, flushed with success, who again dislodge them. Help for Sickles! Help for Sickles!

Hancock in charge of the center, while Meade remains at headquarters, may well thank heaven that this situation did not occur at dawn, before the Fifth and Sixth Corps were up, or he would have had no help to send. Down from the ridge go the reserves, their eyes red with the dust of their long march and red with the lust of battle. As a river's current presses back on the ebb tide, they regain the wheat-field.

The Confederates surge back over it; other reserves help to retake it. Again it is lost. But it is no longer a wheat-field. It is a morgue. The straw is trampled flat with the rush of feet; it is drenched with red spots. The dead are so thick that you can walk across it on their bodies, which still play a part in giving cover to the living. That is all that the living have time to think about the dead. And the wounded? There is no rescuing them. They lie within the arena where the combatants surge back and forth.

Here is not the courage of Oriental fatalism—here in this Titanic roar of murderous struggle—but the courage of men who, though they find life dear, are willing to give it for the causes in which they believe: soldiers of principle, of faith, of unremitting aggression on both sides.

FIGHTING TO THE DEATH

Help and more help for Sickles, a great bull of a man fighting to the death and directing his men until a bullet breaks his leg! Listen to that "rebel yell," will you! Is there no end to the intrepidity of these Confederates? They have the bone in their teeth. They feel the game going their way. They have the winning spirit that comes from getting the other fellow on the jump in the first inning. With the Federals it is a case of hasty mending of breaks; of patching weak points before they break. Every section sent in is instantly engaged. There is no time to strike coördinately with their full force. Is Meade's army to be devoured piecemeal? More help for Sickles and for the men who have gone in to help him!

At last the Confederates have the wheat-field for keeps. At one point they are pressing close to the Federal ridge. Hancock riding back and forth, almost too handsome to be so real and so quick of mind, sees a gray wedge—a portion of Wright's brigade—about to pierce the line. In front of it is the First Minnesota.

"Stop those people!" he shouts.

The Minnesotans spring from their trench and throw themselves in a catapult tackle

against that wedge of gray, which staggers under the impact. When their rush is spent all but eleven per cent. are down. A few must be left, you see, to help repel Pickett's charge the next day. Nevertheless, the Confederates do pierce the line at another place. Their "yell" is heard on the other side of the ridge. They look down in triumph on Meade's headquarters. But every Federal reserve in the neighborhood is rushing against them. Forward, right or left, they face a wall of rifle blasts. They are engulfed. There is nothing to do but to go, for those who have not fallen.

Gen. George C. Meade, chief in command at Gettysburg, which, he said, was "no place to fight a battle in." But he staid and won

FROM THE MESERVE COLLECTION

Gen. A. Doubleday, on whom fell the command of the retiring Union troops at the end of July first

FROM THE MESERVE COLLECTION

General Sedgwick, who commanded the Sixth Corps, which rendered timely aid to Sickles

And what of Longstreet, who has Lee's right wing? If slow to take a hint, once he has taken it, his hosts are not wanting in intrepidity. The battalions of his extreme right work their way through a nest of rocks and gullies—the Devil's Den—surrounded by thick woods and emerge at the bases of the Round Tops, from which they receive no fire. The Round Tops will be theirs for ten minutes' climbing. Longstreet thinks that he is turning the Federal left completely. His officers in advance already see in imagination Confederate guns from Little Round Top enfilading the Federal line.

FROM THE MESERVE COLLECTION

General George Sykes

More than defiance now in the Confederate yell! The note of victory! The promise of the independence of the beloved Southland and a return home to garlands and plenty! Yes, any group of disinterested war-correspondents on Little Round Top would have taken all bets offered that Lee's army would be in Baltimore in a week.

That is, they would until they see Warren, Meade's chief engineer, appear on the crest of Little Round Top. Warren is young; Hancock is young. Most of the men who are doing things are young and have worked their way up in battle after battle. They have youth's energy, and they have learned in a hard school not to be afraid of responsibility.

And Warren has come up Little Round Top to look over the field. What a fortunate chance of war, as you will see, that he did not come five minutes later. Both Little and Big Round Tops are occupied only by signalmen and small guards of riflemen. All the field of battle is before Warren's eyes in the living reality of bold relief. He sees the smoky whirlpool in which Sickles is being overwhelmed. He sees the flash of the bayonets of a big force coming from Devil's Den straight for Little Round Top. The tactical situation flashes

vivid in his mind as if drawn with lightning strokes. There is only one way to help Sickles now; there is only one way to save the Federal army from having its left bent back until it is all in the same position as Sickles's corps—and that is to save Little Round Top. He has no time to ask Meade's consent; no time for anything but action.

He sprints down from the crest with the headlong haste of a man going for the fire alarm box when his house is burning. Not far away Barnes's division of Sykes's corps (the Fifth) is forming for a charge to relieve the pressure on Sickles's left. Explanation, entreaty and command from Warren to Barnes in the same breath! No matter if Warren has no authority from Meade! No matter if Barnes has orders to go elsewhere! He understands the explanation in one flash; acts the next.

WHEN ARE THEY LICKED?

Vincent's brigade left faces to charge up hill instead of down hill. His fastest runners, close followed by their comrades, reach the goal just as the enemy's skirmishers are arriving. No time for commands or drill formations or to lie down and fire! It is a case of bayonet plying against bayonet in that greatest moment, perhaps, in the history of America. All the might of the North for the Union, all the prayers and ambitions of the South for independence are singing in ring of steel on steel.

The Federals have sufficient strength to get the crest of a spur that juts out from the hill, but they do not get the whole crest. Not yet. Bullets spatter against the rocks and ricochet between the two halted lines which are within stone's throw of each other. The Confederate line is reinforced as reserves sweep up from Devil's Den.

Vincent is on the defensive. Help for Vincent! Can he hold what he has until it comes? Barnes answers his call by hurrying forward Hazlett's battery and the One Hundred and Fortieth New York, under Colonel O'Rorke. A fresh regiment, this, which is to get its baptism of fire in a Niagara. O'Rorke, lately graduated at the head of his class from West Point, has brains to keep his impetuous gallantry company. He rushes at the head of his recruits, and their charge turns the scale. They get actual possession of the crest. Regardless of danger, O'Rorke stands up as he directs their efforts. Those Confederate sharpshooters in the trees and on the high rocks of Devil's Den are looking for just such targets. It is their business to kill Federal officers, just as it is the business of the Federal sharpshooters to kill Confederate officers.

And they turn their attention from potting the gunners who are laboring to get Hazlett's battery in position in order to kill O'Rorke. His men are a little dismayed when they see him fall—and no wonder! Their ranks are being riddled. Vincent rallies them as the Confederates attempt another assault. This is repulsed before Vincent also is killed by the sharpshooters; and the sharpshooters mortally wound General Weed who is with the battery. Hazlett leans over to take Weed's last message and falls dead across his body.

But Vincent's and O'Rorke's men now are in fierce reaction from their first depression over the loss of their leaders. They are fighting for the memory of their leaders. The advantage of position is with them, hugging the cover of rocks; for the enemy must climb, exposing himself at murderously close range. They have the confidence that comes with seeing the ribbon on the rope in hell's tug of war drawing over to their side. The Confederates are falling back down the slope. It seems that they are beaten.

But, no! Following a line of least resistance they press on between the two Round Tops in order to make another charge in flank. Will they never know when they are licked? Help! More help for Little Round Top! It comes in the form of a roaring charge by Chamberlain's Second Maine in the gap between the two Round Tops. Those Maine men lose a third of their number, but they clear the valley and with the last of their cartridges—if the Confederates only knew that!—drive the attack back to its lair in Devil's Den.

Little Round Top is saved, but the Federal army is not saved if the Confederates get Culp's Hill. With that in their hands they can bend the loop of the fishhook so far that Meade's army must retreat or be destroyed. The Federals have had all day to entrench on this rocky, wooded height which, at the close of the first day's fight, the Confederates might have had for a vigorous pursuit and a single charge.

Ewell delays. It is almost dark before

John Burns, the only native of Gettysburg to turn out to defend his home from the invader—and with the flint-lock he had used in the War of 1812. Reynolds, desperately holding the Confederates in check, suggests the woods as a safe place for Burns to fight in. "I like the open better," he retorts. And there he fights with the best of them, till he is wounded a third time!

he begins his assault. Into the woods, into the brush and among the boulders of the steep slopes his men charge. There is no keeping formation over such uneven ground. Open spaces are bullet-swept; protected spaces difficult of ascent. Saplings are cut in two by the hail of minie balls; trees bullet-peppered and lacerated by shell bursts. At close quarters gusts of canister mash and mangle any human flesh that gets in its way. A rush here, a rush there, from the cover of rocks and trees, slipping in the blood of their fallen comrades as they go, the Louisiana Tigers advance with the ferocity and cunning of the jungle beast from which they take their name. Hand to hand

over the stone breastworks! Federal gunners, surrounded, fight with handspikes, rammers, staves, and even stones!

Help now for Culp's Hill! And Hancock is still on the watch. He can spare Carroll's brigade. It has not far to go. That is the advantage of the interior line of a fishhook loop. It is a short way cross lots and the General is in intimate touch with the whole battle. On the contrary, when Lee, who has the exterior line, wants to send reinforcements to a critical point they must go the long way around. Just as O'Rorke's regiment turns the scale at Little Round Top, Carroll's brigade turns it at Culp's Hill. The Louisiana Tigers who went into action with seventeen hundred and fifty men, when they give up the fight have one hundred and fifty remaining.

But Ewell's forces have not fallen back at every point. Ewell has not failed altogether. At twilight Johnson's men gain a lodgment beyond Culp's Hill which bends the barb of the hook dangerously near to Meade's rear. There is hope yet for Lee; so much hope that Meade, it is said, even discusses the advisability of retreat, saying to his council of war, according to Doubleday, that "Gettysburg is no place to fight a battle." However, Hancock and his other generals are resolute for staying.

Darkness envelops the groaning wounded and the voiceless dead and the blackening blood-clots in woods and fields. Lee has fifteen thousand men down; Meade about five thousand more.

WHAT IMMORTAL FOLLY!

With the breaking of light the Federal artillery concentrates on Johnson. As his guns are not up he cannot answer. His infantry charges. For four hours another drama of horror proceeds among rocks and trees; and slowly, stubbornly, Johnson has to yield, as reinforcements drawn from Meade's interior line accumulate their force against him.

Lee has failed to turn either flank of the Federal army. Shall he go? Shall he go just as Pickett's division of Longstreet's corps, which has had no taste of battle, reaches the field? And just as Stuart's cavalry arrives? Stuart is sent to strike at Meade's rear, while with Pickett's division, supported by Hill's men who were in the thick of it yesterday, Lee will make one more effort to pierce the Federal center.

What immortal folly, this charge which they are about to undertake! The folly of a man trying to walk the third rail!

Yet, suppose Lee had not sent in these fresh, high-spirited troops; suppose that he had marched them away in retreat! His critics would be saying: "If Lee had only given Pickett a chance he might have changed the result of the war!" Pickett is impatient, lusty for battle; and Lee is very sad at heart.

Until 1 p. m. everything is quiet along the main line from Little Round Top to Cemetery Hill. Then a hundred and fifteen Confederate guns suddenly loose their hell in concert to prepare the way for Pickett. Out of a vast iridescent cloud of smoke go the murderous shells into a narrow space in the Federal center. The Federals rush eighty guns into position to answer this fire. A merciless artillery duel keeps up an unceasing roar. As Federal caisson after caisson explodes, the "rebel yell" breaks forth in exultation along the whole Confederate line. The Federal batteries cease firing. Lee hopes that they are silenced or out of ammunition. Pickett goes to Longstreet for the order to charge. Longstreet turns his face aside. He cannot speak the word.

"I shall go forward, sir!" says Pickett, and rides gaily away to his command.

But the Federal batteries are not silenced. They are preparing for the second act. Hunt, the Federal chief of artillery, sees through the woods the telltale flash of bayonets. He knows what is coming. It is he who stops the firing. Hot guns are given time to cool; fresh batteries gallop into position to take the place of those out of commission for want of gunners. Ammunition is brought up and round shot, shell, and canister arranged for prompt use.

Out of the woods breaks the head of that splendid column that must cross more than a mile of open fields naked to the enemy's concentrated gunfire before its rifles can fire a shot in answer. Here is no intoxicated rush of horses and men headlong to a speedy result without time to think! Here is the dough-boy infantry marching deliberately into the jaws of death! It is too magnificent to be real. It seems like a march past a grand review.

Sweet to the ears of Pickett's men is the scream of their own shells over their heads against the batteries playing on them and

against the Federal trenches. Round shot ricochetting over the ground like hot liners from the bat take off a head, tear through an abdomen, or cut off a leg. The Virginians laugh at them!

But now they are getting close to the jaws. Shells come from Little Round Top into their flank; they bend away from it to get shells in the other flank. Then volleys of rifle fire come ripping into their ranks. Volleys from the front and from the flank! And canister takes the place of shells! It cuts swaths as clean as a mower.

THE FLAG GOES DOWN!

But don't think that the Federals are having it all their own way. Infantry and artillery there in front of Armistead's brigade, which is at the head of the charge, are hanging on a precipice edge with their teeth, as it were, and striking their last desperate blows against these yelling, plunging, maddened gray figures that come on in a bunch. Cushing's Federal battery has only one gun remaining. He is struck in the abdomen with a shell fragment. He holds his intestines in with one hand while he runs the gun forward with the other hand.

"I will give them one last shot!" he cries and drops dead with the discharge.

Armistead leaps the fence in front of the Federal trench, followed by a hundred men.

"Give them the cold steel, boys!" he shouts, as he lays his hand on the gun of a captured battery.

Over his head there, at the "high-water mark of the rebellion," so called, floats the Confederate flag. Through the struggling Federal line which he has driven back come two regiments of reserves at the charge. Armistead drops, pierced by half a dozen bullets. Forty-seven of his men are shot down almost with the summariness of an execution. From both flanks now, seeing the day is won, the Federals press in with the ardor of victory. And the whole column faces about. It goes the way it came, under fire, across the open fields. Hill's men, with grim, skilful interference, cover the retreat.

Meanwhile, Stuart's cavalry, aiming to cut Meade's communications, has been repulsed by Gregg's and Kilpatrick's troopers in a picturesque and savage shock and counter shock of sabers and horses in the rear of the Federal army. There is no good news for Lee from any quarter. His great heart is broken. But his head is up as he calmly looks the inevitable in the face. Anyone can be fine in victory; but he gives the world a lesson of fineness in defeat.

"My fault, men! It's all right, men!" he calls, as he rides up and down among the staggering, winded remnants of his fellow-Virginians.

Where yesterday he was hoping for victory, now his only thought is to save his army. His glances are alert for the flash of swarming bayonets on the heels of the Virginians and his ears alert for the "Hurrah!" of a counter charge. Victorious, in order of battle, the blue masses on the Federal ridge look down on the rout. But they wait!

Every moment of delay is as precious to Lee as it was to the beaten Federals who paused in their rout of the first day on the crests of Cemetery and Culp's Hills. Then there was no pursuit because Jackson, Lee's right arm, was dead. Now there is no pursuit because Hancock, Meade's right arm, lies wounded in an ambulance. The note he writes advising an attack is not heeded.

What if Jackson had been alive at Gettysburg? What if Hancock, in the fulness of aggressive mind and spirit, had been astride his horse riding along the line with orders to attack at the same moment that Lee was reforming his men? These are questions that can never be answered. Why consider them now? The point is that Gettysburg is supreme in our hearts as the battle of the hosts of a democratic people; as a private soldiers' battle.

This Lincoln understood; this he felt as no other man could feel. He told the whole story when he said in his battlefield speech:

"The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here."

Yes, why write? Why talk? "What they did" is the thing. To-day that thought applies equally to Federal and Confederate.

"With malice toward none and charity for all!" Lincoln also said, in the heat of strife, out of his big soul. To-day it is love for all. The spirit of a reunited country looks on at the Gettysburg reunion with no partisanship except that of affection. We do not ask whether a white-haired veteran fought under the blue or the gray. We claim the kinship of his young manhood in action fifty years ago. Those who lost then share a conquest of hearts now. Our pride as Americans is in how these Americans fought.

DRAWN BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

There were no introductions. Martha was taking the air in the little, restricted space allowed to steerage passengers, when up the ladder came Uskub. He saw Martha, the flaxen-haired and blue-eyed, and the pinks and whites and blue and yellow tints of her burned into him hotter than red fires

What Happened in Buffalo

By Scammon Lockwood

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer

"Fancy a story about Chicago or Buffalo, let us say, or Nashville, Tennessee! There are just three big cities in the United States that are 'story cities'—New York of course, New Orleans, and, best of the lot, San Francisco."—Frank Norris

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*That past-master of the short story, O. Henry, once quoted the above paragraph from Frank Norris; and then, as if in rebuke to the dead novelist's contention, wrote a wonderful story entitled "A Municipal Report." Challenged to conceive a tale about Nashville or Chicago or Buffalo, he chose Nashville, told his story, and concluded it with the sentence "I wonder what's doing in Buffalo?"*

It is in answer to the query implied in this remark that the author has penned the story "What Happened in Buffalo." Mr. Lockwood, whom the Editor begs to present as one of the notable young writers which Hearst's Magazine seeks ever to discover for its readers, makes this interesting comment upon his own endeavor:

"Were the great story-teller yet alive, I would not rush in to answer his query. Rather I should wait patiently, confident that the answer would one day come from his own magic pen. But he is dead and has left no fit successor to tell the Buffalo story. So why not I as well as anyone?"

AT her dock, east from the foot of Main Street, lay the steel passenger steamship *Genessee*. Though it was past midnight, and her sailing hour was eleven, she was motionless. About her was none of the active bustle that marks the ship soon to depart.

Around her gang-plank loafers lounged, and the purser's wary eye watched not for the coming or going of passengers.

From her funnels, into the humid August air, only a thin spiral of ghostly smoke rose lazily, and this came solely from the forward fires. The aft battery of boilers was out of commission. One of its units had sprung a stay-bolt during the trip just completed, and therein lay the reason for the vessel's idleness. Until this damage was repaired, she could not again venture forth with her huge load of eager excursionists.

Down in the aft boiler-room two men, and only two, worked unremittingly, hurrying to finish the necessary repairs. The heat was so terrific that under it a half dozen good workers had wilted, and been carried up to the deck. But even up there it was bad enough. Passengers had postponed bed-time again and again, hoping that the vessel would soon get under way, and insure them a cool lake breeze through their now stifling staterooms.

But the heat outside, or even in the cabins, was like an arctic night compared to the temperature down in that aft boiler-room where the two men labored to repair the damage, and—but this they did not know—to work out their mutual destiny. Hot enough always, despite the cooling draft from ventilators, set in the eye of the wind, it was now with no breath of fresh air, almost more than any man could stand for longer than a few moments.

Gibbons, the chief engineer, had endured it only long enough to issue his orders. Then he had come up, gasping, to wait until the job was done. He wasn't really needed anyhow. Uskub, one of the two men, who

were doing the work, knew exactly what was necessary.

All was ready for an instant start. Hours before, when the trouble was first discovered, the fire under the damaged boiler had been drawn. Then, on a bed of oil soaked waste and excelsior, was laid a thick stratum of bone dry kindling, also well doused with oil, and over this the coal. Thus, when the broken stay was replaced, and the man-hole bolted in, only two turns of the water valve, and the scratch of a match would be necessary.

So in the heat and closeness of that aft boiler-room, these two men worked, paying no heed to the stewing air, appearing not to know that the temperature was anything unusual.

But the oblivion of each to this physical discomfort had far different reasons. Uskub, the boss, was a Turk. In the country near Demotika, on the Tundja River, he had been born. Before he was fifteen he had run away from the squalid hut of his parents, drifted down to the Aegean sea, and gotten work as stoker on a tramp steamer that plied those mythological waters. By the time he was twenty, despite hard work, poor food, and much ill-treatment, he was a big, handsome brute of a fellow, and his bold looks and ways won him a place on the Sultan's guard, in the grounds of the palace by the Bosporus.

Then he saw active service. He fought the Greeks between Trikhala and Larissa, and slaughtered Christian babes and mothers in Armenia. But the restraint of even the Turkish army galled him. He did not have time for women, and in woman, next to money, was life's chief charm. He deserted, and went back to the boiler-rooms of the tramp steamers. During the cruises he worked hard, often taking the double shift that few men could stand. While the ship was in port he wallowed in some sailors' resort until his money was gone.

Thus he had roamed the seven seas, turning to the work that he could get; stoking in battleships through Suez and the Red Sea, and over tropic oceans; taking his trick at the wheel of a south Mediterranean lugger; doing anything that brought money and short periods of time on shore, for rest and riot.

He drifted down to the Arabian Sea, around Ceylon into the Bay of Bengal, and through Malacca Strait, up into the China Sea.

One night, in a cheap sailors' brothel on the Hong Kong water-front, he stabbed and killed a French seaman. What more natural than that an English man o' war should receive him, quite without any saluting cannon, of course, and put him to work in the stoke-hold? Stokers were scarce in the Orient that season. So why spoil a good one by hanging him, when he had done no more than "croak a Frenchy?" Thus reasoned the English commander. And who, safely on the Dover side of the Choppy Channel, shall say otherwise?

The battleship, in course of time, brought Uskub to England, and the chances of his roving life, after tossing him back and forth across the North Sea, finally dropped him into the hot stoke-hold of a Hamburg-American liner, bound for New York.

From New York he drifted westward, his old fancy for the sea keeping him always near the great lakes, until he reached Buffalo and got a job on the excursion steamer *Genessee*. There he somehow stuck. He was a handy man around a boiler-room, and the captain of the *Genessee* paid him bigger wages than he had ever earned before.

And of that other thing, the only other thing that was as dear as money to Uskub, Buffalo seemed to have abundance. There were many fine and free and easy women in Buffalo; French Canadian girls from Ontario and Quebec; brown-eyed Italian girls, and blue-eyed Scandinavians; American girls from the farms and factories and offices. They walked bold and unveiled on the street, and talked with a man as another man would. It was almost the Prophet's Paradise. And then there was Martha, the flaxen-haired—but, of course, that's the story.

In Buffalo he stayed. He made himself more and more valuable to the owners of the *Genessee*, for he was a clever beast, was this queer, cosmopolitan Turk. He was proving his cleverness and his value now, down in that aft boiler-room.

So it is plain why the heat in the boiler-room, that humid August night, bothered one of the two workers not at all. He was used to much worse, and he was strong; oh, very strong indeed, was Uskub, the Turk. Heat? Ha! He laughed at it. That hell fire could not burn him, had been his boast.

The other man was mild, honest, slow moving, slow thinking Otto Mueller; like

Brutally, insultingly, Uskub thrust his chin forward until his dark, cruel eyes were within an inch of her pale face. "So you won't go quick when I tell you, eh? You—!" He struck her a swift blow across the face

to Uskub, the Turk, only in the fact of his having been born on the same planet. No roving life had been his. Frankfort-on-the-Main was his natal place. There he had grown, and would have died—only there also was Martha, the flaxen-haired. Before he was well into his twenties, he met and fell in love with Martha; blue-eyed, blond, and laughing Martha. Still, that was nothing extraordinary. Most men who met Martha, in those days, fell in love with her. But Otto was the fortunate—well not fortunate, perhaps—but still the chosen one. Martha loved him. They wanted to marry, but both were very poor, and there seemed no chance that better times would ever come. Only one hope offered. Beyond the Atlantic was the great United States, land of plenty and quick riches. Had not an uncle of Otto's gone there while Otto was a boy in his teens, and was he not now earning four times what he had ever earned in the Fatherland? Might not Otto do likewise? At least he could make enough to send for Martha, and then they would marry. So, spurred by the double dart of love and poverty, Otto saved steerage fare to the promised land, and one day embarked.

He came straight from Castle Garden to a Lackawanna train, and stepped from it at Buffalo into the arms of his uncle, who had received many family apprisals of Otto's coming. A job was Otto's the next day, a job at twice the wages he had ever dreamed of earning, a job as helper in a boiler factory, the one that made the boilers for the steamship *Genessee*.

For two years Otto scrimped and saved, that he might send for Martha, the flaxen-haired, and make her his wife. It was two years of the finest faith and constancy that man can show. Then, true to his promise, he sent for her, and she, true to hers, came by the next boat, a Hamburg-American liner.

In mid-Atlantic Martha, the flaxen-haired, and Uskub, the Turk, met. I was about to say "it happened" that she took the same boat in which he was drifting westward. But it didn't happen. These things are ordained. Somewhere in the composition of the universe there is the reason for them. To-day we do not see it. To-morrow it will be plain, as the reason for the needle pointing always to the pole.

There were no introductions. Martha was taking the air in the little restricted space allowed to steerage passengers, when suddenly up the ladder came Uskub, as the

stokers often did, to get a cool breath and let the sea breeze play on their grimed and dripping faces, their hairy arms and chests. Up the ladder came Uskub, as he had often done when his turn at the shovel was over. He saw Martha, the flaxen-haired and blue-eyed: saw her with his great, bold black eyes, and the pinks and whites and blue and yellow tints of her burned into him hotter than red fires. And his eyes burned into her. For a moment they gazed and drank each other in. Neither spoke. Then, coming to herself, Martha averted her gaze, momentarily charmed, and walked away. Uskub dived once more into the stoke-hold, and prayed to the Prophet for such a woman.

When Martha arrived in Buffalo, Otto was on hand to meet her. That same evening he married her, and took her to the little four-roomed home that he had prepared.

Though he received dollars where formerly he had earned marks, he paid in dollars also. Still they got along. They were married, they loved each other, and they were happy. Wise men have observed, and Otto proved that when the great things are right, the lesser ones seem to follow suit.

Then Uskub came. He had been nearly a year drifting from New York to Buffalo, but drift there he did, wafted perhaps by the Prophet's prayers. Who knows? How it happened that he came cannot be explained, any more than it can be explained how a rose grows, or a planet comes into being. We could tell of all the circumstances which led to his coming, but the why of it is ever beyond. It is enough to say that, when Otto and Martha had been happily married for a year, Uskub came to Buffalo. It was ordained perhaps, that these three should work out their destinies in Buffalo. And so to Buffalo came Uskub, the Turk, to meet Otto, the Teuton, and Martha, the flaxen-haired.

Otto was then at work, helping to install a new boiler in the steamship *Genessee.* Uskub wanted a lodging. Otto had a spare room that he would gladly let. The bargain was struck, and the seals of fate were set upon it. That night Uskub went with Otto to his home. When he saw Martha he thanked the Prophet who had answered his prayers, and delivered into his hands the woman he most desired.

It was weeks before slow-witted Otto even suspected that anything was wrong; months before it was so plainly proved that he could no longer doubt, though doubting now was his only happiness. Martha and Uskub left his home, and went to live elsewhere. Then there was in his heart blank despair, and a heavy, smouldering anger that showed no surface signs: despair because he still loved Martha, the flaxen-haired—oh, more than ever—anger at Uskub for the wrong that he had done him.

He planned no revenge. What would he gain with Martha by revenge upon the man about whom she was so wild? No; he would wait. Some day Uskub would tire of Martha—his dull wits told him that much—and then he would take her back and forgive her. That was all he wanted.

But to-night in the aft boiler-room the smouldering fires in his soul were breaking out. That was why he did not notice the heat. The heat within made it seem as nothing. And then was it not ordained that Turk and Teuton were to work out their mutual destiny that night?

That he should be sent to work under Uskub was bad. That was oh! very bad. But what he had only that day heard, was worse. Uskub was ill-treating Martha. For weeks he had not been near her, and when he had last seen her, it was rumored he had struck her. Beware, Uskub! Volcanic fires long suppressed have fearful force. Nothing that burns can be confined forever. You, who know so much about boilers, should understand that truth.

Yet Uskub had not the faintest fear of Otto; he despised him for a white-blooded dog of a Christian, and gave him no second thought.

Together they had loosened the bolts that held the man-hole of the boiler. Otto had lifted it out. Uskub lighted a stump of grimy candle and crawled into the boiler, and now was replacing the damaged stay. Suddenly there was a cry up in the engine-room, and a scuffle at the head of the ladder that led down to where the two were working.

"You can't go down there," said Gibbons, the chief engineer.

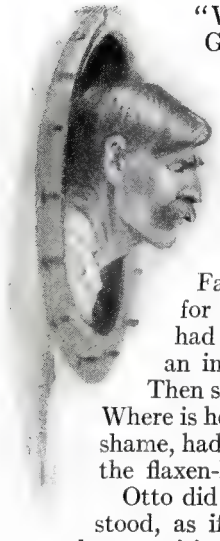
"I will! I will!" wailed Martha. "Uskub! He is there. I must see him!"

"Wait until he gets through this job," said Gibbons.

"No, no! All day I look for him. Now I must see him quick," she cried.

DRAWN BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

"I know just where Uskub is," said Otto. "Soon you would hear his voice." He went to Martha who still lay sobbing, and touched her on the shoulder. "Come, little Martha, you couldn't stay here no longer." He helped her to stand, and together they went ashore



"Well, you can't!" said Gibbons.

But with the maniacal strength of a much roused woman, she tore away from the engineer, clambered down the ladder.

As she reached the bottom, she saw Otto. Face to face they were, for the first time since she had left him. Yet only for an instant did she hesitate. Then she cried again, "Uskub! Where is he?" So far as that, past shame, had passion pulled Martha, the flaxen-haired.

Otto did not answer. Stolid he stood, as if nothing of more moment than repairing a boiler was occupying his thoughts. But, oh how peaceful smiles the mountainside before the snap of a twig or the loosening of a pebble precipitates the avalanche; how dull and harmless looks the iron bomb before the fuse burns to its socket!

Once more Martha cried out Uskub's name. Then, in the boiler where he was working, there was a clatter, as of a tool dropped, and the next instant his head was poked out of the man-hole, and showed in gray silhouette against the candle light behind him.

"What you want?" he gruffly asked.

"Uskub, come home!" she cried.

"Out," he shouted. "Out of here quick you go!" and he pointed to the ladder.

She gave no heed to his command, but continued wailing and beseeching him to come home.

Once more he told her to go. Once more she answered only with cries and supplications.

Then quickly he climbed out through the man-hole of the boiler, and came to her. Brutally, insultingly he thrust his chin forward until his dark, cruel eyes were within an inch of her pale face. She tried the year-old and now useless coquetry of a wan smile. It served only to anger him the more.

"So you won't go quick when I tell you, eh? You ——! I show you!" Then he struck her a swift blow across the face.

In Otto's brain there was a sudden cataclysm. To the outward eye no change appeared. It was a very little thing, but a very momentous thing, like the rupture of the eye's retina that tells of death, like the snapping twig, or clattering pebble that precipitates the avalanche. It could not have been much, for he stood there stolid as before.

Again Uskub struck Martha, the flaxen-haired. This time she fell to the floor, and lay there groveling and sobbing. With a sudden acceleration of his mad fury, he kicked her again and again.

Then he turned, sneered at Otto, and climbed back through the open man-hole into the boiler. A few more turns at the bolt which his wrench now nipped, and he would have done with the job. He hated to be interrupted at his work.

He called to Otto to turn the water into the boiler. He would be finished and out before it was a foot high, and so much time would be gained. He worked in the far end of the boiler with his back to the man-hole, and he was much absorbed in the hurry of his work. Hadn't the captain, Andrews, promised him an extra twenty if he finished within an hour?

Out in the boiler-room, Martha lay with her face to the floor, only an occasional convulsive sob showing that she was conscious. Her eyes were closed in the misery that seeks to shut out the whole universe. She did not even know that Uskub had crawled back into the boiler. She could not see what Otto was doing. Well that she could not!

A few moments later Gibbons, the engineer, came clambering down the ladder into the still stifling boiler-room. The fire was lighted, the man-hole cover in place, and Otto was just screwing tight the last bolt. Martha lay as before.

"Where's Uskub?" asked Gibbons.

"Went up," answered Otto.

"Well, it's damn funny I didn't see him," replied Gibbons. "I haven't been ten feet from the head of the ladder."

Otto shrugged his shoulders but made no answer. Very coolly he gave the bolt a final twist, dropped his wrench, and seized a coal scoop. Vigorously he went to work, piling fresh coal on the now furious flames beneath the boiler.

"Here, get out of this," said Gibbons. "Your work's done."

"Eh?" said Otto. "My work done? Oh, sure; pretty near all done."

There was a peculiar, set grin in his face

as he spoke, but Gibbons was so busy that he didn't notice it, but only asked, "Any steam?"

Otto dropped his shovel and pointed to where, beneath a tiny incandescent lamp the face of the gauge stood out in the gloom of the boiler room like the moon at midnight. As he pointed, the needle trembled and marked five pounds.

"See," said Otto. "So soon, five pounds; that fire hotter like hell." Again he grinned.

"Well, go on up," replied Gibbons, "and tell some of the loafers to come down and get busy. Oh, and find Uskub. I want to ask him how that boiler looked inside."

"Find Uskub? Oh, yes," said Otto. "I know just where he is; soon you would hear his voice."

He went to Martha who still lay, sobbing, and touched her on the shoulder.

"Come, little Martha; you couldn't stay here no longer."

He helped her to stand, and then helped her up the ladder. Together they went ashore.

"Sit here only a minute, I would be right back," he said, indicating a pile of rope.

She mutely obeyed him. There was a note of command in his voice which she had never heard before; no wonder she obeyed him without question.

Otto returned to the vessel and sought the captain. He found him on the bridge, issuing orders to cast off, savagely eager to make up lost time.

"Uskub tell me get twenty dollars extra you promised him to fix the boiler quick," he said.

The captain knew Otto and trusted him. He gave him the money without a word. Otto returned to the boiler-room.

"Uskub gone; wouldn't be back," he said to Gibbons.

"All right; do you want to work this trip? We're short a man."

Otto looked at the quivering needle of the steam gauge which was slowly climbing in the light of the tiny incandescent lamp.

"Work this trip?" he repeated. "Oh, yes, I would like to."

"Well, get busy."

"No, I would like to, only I should stay ashore."

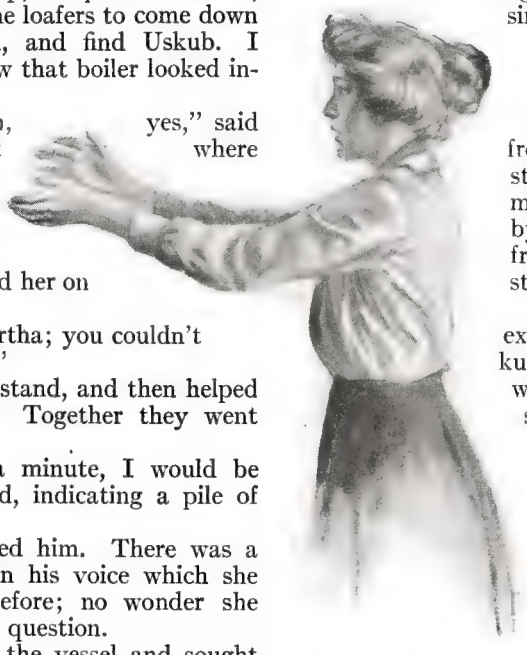
"Then, get to hell out of here!" roared Gibbons.

Otto turned and went up the ladder. They were just hauling in the gang-plank. He jumped ashore and returned to Martha.

"Come," he said. "We are going a long way away."

She rose and clutched his arm.

"What you do to Uskub?" was her question. She had been piecing together the things she could remember since Uskub had felled her to the floor of the boiler-room.



The next instant his head was poked out of the manhole, and showed in gray silhouette against the candle light behind him. "What do you want?" he gruffly asked. "Uskub, come home!" she cried

The steamship *Genessee* was swinging out from the dock into midstream. Suddenly the midnight was pierced by an ear-splitting blast from her whistle. Otto started.

"You hear that!" he exclaimed. "That is Uskub, the voice of Uskub who cries because he suffers in hell."

Again the whistle roared, blast after blast. In the dim obscurity of the dock Otto and Martha stood and watched the great vessel, ablaze with its legion of lights, turn and move majestically down the arch of darkness. When it was out of sight and the shriek of its whistle was only an echo in their ears, Otto grasped Martha by the arm, which made no motion, not a quiver of protest.

"Come, little Martha. We must quick pack up and go away," said he, and the subtle echo of Teuton gutterals mingled wistfully with the words on his lips.

Without a word she followed him, submissively.

I wonder if by any chance there is anything happening in, say, Chicago, Illinois.

DRAWN BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"But father knows that it is I who insist upon marrying you!" Alison exclaimed, clinging suddenly to Hodder

("The Inside of the Cup")

The Inside of the Cup

By Winston Churchill

Author of "Richard Carvel," "The Crisis," Etc.

Illustrated by

James Montgomery Flagg

"Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess."

WHATEVER Eldon Parr might have felt as he left Hodder to go to the death-bed of his son who had so bitterly disappointed him, or whether his body had now become a mere machine mechanically carrying out a lifelong habit of action, the impression was one of the tremendousness of the man's consistency. A great effort was demanded to summon up the now almost unimaginable experience of his confidence; of the evening when, almost on that very spot, he had revealed to Hodder the one weakness of his life. And yet the effort was not to be, presently, without startling results. During his way back to Mr. Bentley's, in the darkness of the street the picture suddenly grew distinct on the screen of the rector's mind, the face of the banker subtly drawn with pain as he had looked down on it in compassion; the voice with its undercurrent of agony:

"He never knew how much I cared—that what I was doing was all for him, building for him, that he might carry on my work."

So swift was the trolley that ten minutes had elapsed, after Hodder's arrival, before the purr of an engine and the shriek of a brake broke the stillness of upper Dalton Street and announced the stopping of a heavy motor before the door. The rector had found Mr. Bentley in the library, alone, seated with bent head in front of the fire, and had simply announced the intention of Eldon Parr to come.

"I have prepared her for Mr. Parr's coming," Mr. Bentley had replied.

And yet he had left her there!

Hodder recalled the words Mr. Bentley had spoken: "It is her place."

Her place, the fallen woman's, the place she had earned by a great love and a great renunciation, of which no earthly power might henceforth deprive her. . . .

Then came the motor, the ring at the door, the entrance of Eldon Parr into the library. He paused, a perceptible moment, on the threshold as his look fell upon the man whom he had deprived of home and fortune—yes, and of the one woman in the world for them both. Mr. Bentley had risen, and stood facing him. That shining, compassionate gaze, should have been indeed a difficult one to meet. Vengeance was the Lord's, in truth! What ordeal that Horace Bentley in anger and retribution might have devised could have equaled this!

And yet Eldon Parr did meet it—with an effort. Hodder detected the effort, though it were barely discernible.

For a brief instant the banker's eyes encountered Mr. Bentley's look with a flash of the old defiance, and fell, and swept the room.

"Will you come this way, Mr. Parr?" Mr. Bentley said, indicating the door of the bed-room.

Alison followed. Her eyes, wet with unheeded tears, had never left Mr. Bentley's face. She put out her hand to him. . . .

Eldon Parr had halted abruptly. He knew from Alison the circumstances in which his son had died, and how he had been brought hither to this house, but the sight of the woman beside the bed fanned into flame his fury against a world which had cheated him by such ignominious means of his dearest wish. He grew white with sudden passion.

"What is she doing here?" he demanded.

Kate Marcy, who had not seemed to hear his entrance, raised up to him a face from which all fear had fled, a face which, by its suggestive power, compelled him to realize the absolute despair clutching now at his own soul, and against which he was fighting wildly, hopelessly. It was lying in wait for him, with hideous patience, in the coming watches of the night. Perhaps he read in the face of this woman whom he had condemned to suffer all degradation, and over whom he was now powerless, something which would ultimately save her from the hell now yawning for him: a redeeming element in her grief of which she herself were not as yet conscious, a light shining in the darkness of her soul which in eternity would become luminous. And he saw no light—for him. *He* thrashed in darkness. . . . He had nothing, now, to give, no power longer to deprive. She had given all she possessed, the memorial of her kind which would outlast monuments.

It was Alison who crossed the room swiftly. She laid her hand protectingly on Kate Marcy's shoulder, and stooped, and kissed her. She turned to her father.

"It is her right," she said. "He belonged to her—not to us. And we must take her home with us."

"No," answered Kate Marcy, "I don't want to go. I wouldn't live," she added, with unexpected intensity, "with *him*."

"You would live with me," said Alison.

"I don't want to live!" Kate Marcy got up from the chair with an energy they had not thought her to possess, a revival of the spirit which had upheld her when she had contended, singly, with a remorseless world. She addressed herself to Eldon Parr. "You took him from me, and I was a fool to let you. He might have saved me and saved himself. I listened to you when you told me lies as to how it would ruin him. . . . Well, I had him—you never did."

The sudden intolerable sense of wrong done to her love, the swift anger which followed it, the justness of her claim of him who now lay in the dignity of death clothed *her*—who in life had been crushed and blotted out—with a dignity not to be gainsaid. In this moment of final self-assertion she became the dominating person in the room, knew for once the birthright of human worth.

They watched her in silence as she turned and gave one last, lingering look at the features of the dead, stretched out her hand toward them, but did not touch them . . . and then went slowly toward the door. Beside Alison she stopped.

"You are his sister?" she said.

"Yes."

She searched Alison's face, wistfully.

"I could have loved you."

"And can you not—still?"

Kate Marcy did not answer the question.

"It is because you understand," she said. "You're like those I've come to know—here. And you're like *him*. . . . I don't mean in looks. He was good—and square." She spoke the words a little defiantly, as though defying the verdict of the world. "And he wouldn't have been wild if he could have got going straight."

"I know," said Alison, in a low voice.

"Yes," said Kate Marcy, "you look as if you did. He thought a lot of you, he said he was only beginning to find out what you was. I didn't intend to tell you what I'm going to now, but I'd like you to think as well of me as you can."

"I could not think better," Alison replied.

Kate Marcy shook her head.

"I got about as low as any woman ever got," she said. "Mr. Hodder will tell you. I want you to know that I wouldn't marry—your brother," she hesitated over the name. "He wanted me to—he was mad with me to-night because I wouldn't—when *this* happened."

She snatched her hand free from Alison's, and fled out of the room, into the hallway. . . .

Eldon Parr had moved toward the bed, seemingly unaware of the words they had spoken. Perhaps, as he gazed upon the face, he remembered in his agony the sunny, smiling child who used to come hurrying down the steps in Ransome Street to meet him.

In the library Mr. Bentley and John Hodder, knowing nothing of her flight, heard the front door close on Kate Marcy forever. . . .

Eldon Parr's Final Word

TWO days after the funeral, which had taken place from Calvary, and not from St. John's, Hodder was no little astonished to receive a note from Eldon Parr's secretary requesting the rector to call in Park Street. In the same mail was a letter from Alison. "I have had," she wrote, "a talk with my father. The initiative was his. I should not have thought of speaking to him of my affairs so soon after Preston's death. It seems that he strongly suspected our engagement, which of course I at once acknowledged, telling him that it was your intention, at the proper time, to speak to him yourself.

"I was surprised when he said he would ask you to call. I confess that I have not an idea of what he intends to say to you, John, but I trust you absolutely, as always. You will find him, already, terribly changed. I cannot describe it—you will see for yourself. And it has all seemed to happen so suddenly. As I wrote you, he sat up both nights, with Preston—he could not be induced to leave the room. And after the first night he was different. He has hardly spoken a word, except when he sent for me this evening, and he eats nothing. . . . And yet, somehow, I do not think that this will be the end. I feel that he will go on living. . . .

"I did not realize how much he still hoped about Preston. And on Monday, when Preston so unexpectedly came home, he was happier than I have known him for years. It was strange and sad that he could not see, as I saw, that whatever will-power my brother had had was gone. He could not read it in the face of his own son, who was so quick to detect it in all others! And then came the tragedy. Oh, John, do you think we shall ever find that girl again?—I know you *are* trying—but we mustn't rest until we do. Do you think we ever shall? I shall never forgive myself for not following her out of the door, but I thought she had gone to you and Mr. Bentley." . . .

Hodder laid the letter down, and took it up again. He knew that Alison felt, as he felt, that they would never find Kate Marcy. . . . He read on.

"My father wished to speak to me about the money. He has plans for much of it, it appears, even now. Oh, John, he will *never* understand. I want so much to see you, to talk to you—there are times when I am actually afraid to be alone and without you. If it be weakness to confess that I need your reassurance, your strength, and comfort constantly, then I am weak. I once thought I could stand alone, that I had solved all problems for myself, but I know now how foolish I was. I have been face to face with such dreadful, unimagined things, and in my ignorance I did not conceive that life held such terrors. And when I look at my father, the thought of immortality turns me faint. After you have come here this afternoon there can be no longer any reason why we should not meet, and all the world know it. I will go with you to Mr. Bentley's.

"Of course I need not tell you that I refused to inherit anything. But I believe I should have consented if I possibly could have done so. It seemed so. *cruel*—I can think of no other word—to have to refuse at such a moment. Perhaps I have been cruel to him all my life—I don't know. As I look back upon everything, all our relations, I cannot see how I could have been different. He wouldn't let me. I still believe to have stayed with him would have been a foolish and useless sacrifice. . . . But he looked at me so queerly, as though he, too, had had a glimmering of what we might have been to each other after my mother died. Why is life so hard? And why are we always getting glimpses of things when it is too late? It is only honest to say that if I had it to do all over again, I should have left him as I did.

"It is hard to write you this, but he actually made the condition of my acceptance of the inheritance that I should not marry you. I really do not believe I convinced him that you wouldn't have me take the money under any circumstances. And the dreadful side of it all was that I had to make it plain to him—after what has happened—that my desire to marry you wasn't the main reason of my refusal. I had to tell him that even though you had not been in question, I couldn't have taken what he wished to give me, since it had not been honestly made. He asked me why I went on eating the food bought with such money,

living under his roof? But I cannot, I will not leave him just yet. . . . It is two o'clock. I cannot write any more to-night." . . .

THE appointed time was at the November dusk, hurried forward nearly an hour by the falling panoply of smoke driven westward over the Park by the wet east wind. And the rector was conducted, with due ceremony, to the office up-stairs which he had never again expected to enter, where that other memorable interview had taken place. The curtains were drawn. And if the green-shaded lamp—the only light in the room—had been arranged by a master of dramatic effect, it could not have better served the setting.

In spite of Alison's letter, Hodder was unprepared for the ravages a few days had made in the face of Eldon Parr. Not that he appeared older: the impression was less natural, more sinister. The skin had drawn sharply over the cheek bones, and strangely the eyes both contradicted and harmonized with the transformation of the features. These, too, had changed. They were not dead and lusterless, but gleamed out of the shadowy caverns into which they had sunk, unyielding, indomitable in torment—eyes of a spirit rebellious in the flames. . . .

This spirit somehow produced the sensation of its being separated from the body, for the movement of the hand, inviting Hodder to seat himself, seemed almost automatic.

"I understand," said Eldon Parr, "that you wish to marry my daughter."

"It is true that I am to marry Alison," Hodder answered, "and that I intended, later on, to come to inform you of the fact."

He did not mention the death of Preston. Condolences, under the circumstances, were utterly out of the question.

"How do you propose to support her?" the banker demanded.

"You will pardon me if I reply that this is a matter between ourselves," Hodder said.

"I had made up my mind that the day she married you I would not only disinherit her, but refuse absolutely to have anything to do with her."

"If you cannot perceive what she perceives, that you have already by your own life cut her off from you absolutely and that seeing her will not mend matters while you remain relentless, nothing I can say will convince you." Hodder did not speak rebukingly. The utter uselessness of it was never more apparent. The man was condemned beyond all present reprieve, at least.

"She left me," exclaimed Eldon Parr, bitterly.

"She left you, to save herself."

"We need not discuss that."

"I am far from wishing to discuss it," Hodder replied. "I do not know why you have asked me to come here, Mr. Parr. It is clear that your attitude has not changed since our last conversation. I tried to make it plain to you why the church could not accept your money. Your own daughter cannot accept it."

"There was a time," retorted the banker, "when you did not refuse to accept it."

"Yes," Hodder replied, "that is true." It came to him vividly then that it had been Alison herself who had cast the enlightening gleam which revealed his inconsistency. But he did not defend himself.

"I can see nothing in all this, Mr. Hodder, but a species of insanity," said Eldon Parr, and there crept into his tone both querulousness and intense exasperation. "In the first place, you insist upon marrying my daughter when neither she nor you have any visible means of support. She never spared her criticisms of me, and you presume to condemn me, a man who, if he has neglected his children, has done so because he has spent too much of his time in serving his community and his country, and who has—if I have to say it myself—built up the prosperity which you and others are doing your best to tear down, and which can only result in the spread of misery. You profess to have a sympathy with the masses, but you do not know them as I do. They cannot control themselves; they require a strong hand. But I am not asking for your sympathy. I have been misunderstood all my life, I have become used to ingratitude, even from my children, and from the rector of the church for which I have done more than any other man."

Hodder stared at him in amazement.

"You really believe that!" he exclaimed.

"Believe it!" Eldon Parr repeated. "I have had my troubles, as heavy bereavements as a man can have. All of them, even this of my son's death, all the ingratitude and lack of sympathy I have experienced"—he looked deliberately at Hodder—"have

not prevented me, do not prevent me to-day from regarding my fortune as a trust. You have deprived St. John's, at least so long as you remain there, of its benefits, and the responsibility for that is on your own head. And I am now making arrangements to give to Calvary the settlement-house which St. John's should have had."

The words were spoken with such an air of conviction, of unconscious plausibility, as it were, that it was impossible for Hodder to doubt the genuineness of the attitude they expressed. And yet it was more than his mind could grasp. . . . Horace Bentley, Richard Garvin, and the miserable woman of the streets whom he had perhaps driven to destroy herself had made absolutely no impression whatever! The gifts, the benefactions of Eldon Parr to his fellow men, would go on as before!

"You ask me why I sent for you," the banker went on. "It was primarily because I hoped to impress upon you the folly of marrying my daughter. And in spite of all the injury and injustice you have done me, I do not forget that you were once in a relationship to me which has been unique in my life. I trusted you, I admired you for your ability, for your faculty of getting on with men. At that time you were wise enough not to attempt to pass comment upon accidents in business affairs which are, if deplorable, inevitable."

Eldon Parr's voice gave a momentary sign of breaking.

"I will be frank with you. My son's death has led me, perhaps weakly, to make one more appeal. You have ruined your career by these chimerical, socialistic notions you have taken up, and which you mistake for Christianity. As a practical man I can tell you, positively, that St. John's will run down-hill until you are bankrupt. The people who come to you now are after a new sensation, and when that grows stale they will fall away. Even if a respectable number remain in your congregation, after this excitement and publicity have died down, I have reason to know that it is impossible to support a large city church on contributions. It has been tried again and again, and failed. You have borrowed money. When that is gone I predict that you will find it difficult to get more."

This had every indication of being a threat, but Hodder, out of sheer curiosity, did not interrupt. And it was evident that the banker drew a wrong conclusion from his silence, which he may actually have taken for reluctant acquiescence. His tone grew more assertive.

"The church, Mr. Hodder, cannot do without the substantial business men. I have told the bishop so, but he is failing so rapidly from old age that I might as well not have wasted my breath. He needs an assistant, a suffragan, or coadjutor, and I intend to make it my affair to see that he gets one. When I remember him as he was ten years ago, I find it hard to believe that he is touched with these fancies. To be charitable, it is senile decay. He seems to forget what I have done for him, personally,—made up his salary, paid his expenses at different times, and no appeal for the diocese was ever made in vain. But again, I will let that go.

"What I am getting at is this: You have made a mess of the affairs of St. John's, you have made a mess of your life. I am willing to give you the credit for sincerity. Some of my friends might not be. You want to marry my daughter, and she is apparently determined to marry you. If you are sensible and resign from St. John's now I will settle on Alison a sufficient sum to allow you both to live in comfort and decency the rest of your lives. I will not have it said of me that I permitted my daughter to become destitute."

After he had finished, the rector sat for so long a time that the banker nervously shifted in his chair. The clergyman's look had a cumulative quality, an intensity which seemed to increase as the silence continued. There was no anger in it, no fanaticism. On the contrary, the higher sanity of it was disturbing; and its extraordinary implication—gradually borne in upon Eldon Parr—was that he himself were not in his right mind. The words, when they came, were a confirmation of this inference.

"It is what I feared, Mr. Parr," he said. "You are as yet incapable of comprehending."

"What do you mean?" asked the banker, jerking his hand from the table.

The rector shook his head.

"If this great chastisement with which you have been visited has given you no hint of the true meaning of life, nothing I can say will avail. If you will not yet listen to the Spirit which is trying to make you comprehend, how then will you listen to me? How

DRAWN BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Alison and her father watched Kate Marcy in silence as she turned and gave one last, lingering look at
from me, and I was a fool to let you," she said. "He might have

the features of the dead, stretched out her hand toward them, but did not touch them. "You took him saved me and saved himself. Well, I had him—you never did"

am I to open your eyes to the paradox of truth, that he who would save his life shall lose it, that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God. If you will not believe Him who said that, you will not believe me. I can only beg of you, strive to understand, that your heart may be softened, that your suffering soul may be released."

Judgment

IT is to be recorded, strangely, that Eldon Parr did not grow angry in his turn. The burning eyes looked out at Hodder curiously as at a being upon whom the vials of wrath were somehow wasted, against whom the weapons of power were of no account. The fanatic had become a phenomenon which had momentarily stilled passion to arouse interest. . . . "Art thou a master of Israel, and knowest not these things?"

"Do you mean to say"—such was the question that sprang to Eldon Parr's lips—"that you take the Bible literally? What is your point of view? You speak about the salvation of souls—I have heard that kind of talk all my life. And it is easy, I find, for men who have never known the responsibilities of wealth to criticize and advise. I regard indiscriminate giving as nothing less than a crime, and I have always tried to be painstaking and judicious. If I had taken the words you quoted at their face value, I should have no wealth to distribute to-day.

"I, too, Mr. Hodder, odd as it may seem to you, have had my dreams of doing my share of making this country the best place in the world to live in. It has pleased Providence to take away my son. He was not fitted to carry on my work—that is the way with dreams. I was to have taught him to build up, and to give, as I have given. You think me embittered, hard, because I seek to do good, to interpret the Gospel in my own way. Before this year is out I shall have retired from all active business, and I intend to spend the rest of my life in giving away the money I have earned—all of it. I do not intend to spare myself, and giving will be harder than earning. I shall found institutions for research of disease, hospitals, playgrounds, libraries, and schools. And I shall make the university here one of the best in the country. What more, may I ask, would you have me do?"

"Ah," replied the rector, "it is not what I would have you do. It is not, indeed, a question of 'doing,' but of seeing."

"Of seeing?" the banker repeated. "As I say, of using judgment."

"Judgment, yes, but the judgment which has not yet dawned for you, the enlightenment which is the knowledge of God's will. Worldly wisdom is a rule of thumb many men may acquire; the other wisdom, the wisdom of the soul, is personal—the reward of revelation which springs from desire. You ask me what I think you should do. I will tell you—but you will not do it, you will be powerless to do it unless you see for yourself, unless the time shall come when you are willing to give up everything you have held dear in life—not your money, but your opinions, the very judgment and wisdom you value, until you have gained the faith which proclaims these worthless, until you are ready to receive the kingdom of God as a little child. You are not ready now. Your attitude, your very words proclaim your blindness to all that has happened to you, your determination to carry out, so far as it is left to you—your own will. You may die without seeing."

Crazy as it all sounded, a slight tremor shook Eldon Parr. There was something in the eyes, in the powerful features of the clergyman, that kept him still, that made him listen with a fascination which—had he taken cognizance of it—was akin to fear. That this man believed it, that he would impress it upon others—nay, had already done so—the banker did not then doubt.

"You speak of giving," Hodder continued, "and you have nothing to give—nothing. You are poorer to-day than the humblest man who has seen God. But you have much, you have all to *restore*." Without raising his voice, the rector had contrived to put a mighty emphasis on the word. "You speak of the labor of giving, but if you seek your God and haply find him you will not rest night or day while you live until you have restored every dollar that is possible of that which you have wrongfully taken from others."

John Hodder rose and raised his arm in effective protest against the interruption Eldon Parr was about to make. He bore him down.

"I know what you are going to say, Mr.

Parr —that it is not practical. That word 'practical' is the barrier between you and your God. I tell you that God can make anything practical. Your conscience, the Spirit, tortures you to-day, but you have not had enough torture; you still think to escape easily, to keep the sympathy of a world which despises you. You are afraid to do what God would have you do. You have the opportunity, through grace, by your example, to leave the world better than you found it, to do a thing of such magnitude as is given to few men—to confess before all that your life has been blind and wicked. That is what the Spirit is trying to teach you. But you fear the ridicule of the other blind men, you have not the faith to believe that many eyes would be opened by your act. The very shame of such a confession, you think, is not to be borne."

"Suppose I acknowledge—which I do not —your preposterous charge, how would you propose to do this thing?"

"It is very simple," said the rector, "so far as the actual method of procedure goes. You have only to establish a board of men in whom you have confidence—a court of claims, as to speak—to pass upon the validity of every application, not from a business standpoint alone, but from one of a broad justice and equity. And not only that. I should have it an important part of the duties of this board to discover for themselves other claimants who may not, for various reasons, come forward. In the case of the Consolidated Tractions, for instance, there are doubtless many men like Garvin who invested their savings largely on the strength of your name. You cannot bring him back to life, restore him to his family as he was before you embittered him, but it would be a comparatively easy matter to return to his widow, with compound interest, the sum which he invested."

"For the sake of argument," said Eldon Parr, "what would you do with the innumerable impostors who would overwhelm such a board with claims that they had bought and sold stocks at a loss? And that is only one case I could mention."

"Would it be so dreadful a thing," asked Hodder, "to run the risk of making a few mistakes? It would not be business, you say. If you had the desire to do this, you would dismiss such an obsession from your brain, you would prefer to err on the side of justice and mercy. And no matter how able your board, in making restitution you could at best expect to mend only a fraction of the wrongs you have done."

"I shall waive, for the moment, my contention that the Consolidated Tractions Company, had it succeeded, would greatly have benefited the city. Even if it had been the iniquitous, piratical transaction you suggest, why should I assume the responsibility for all who were concerned in it?"

"If the grace were given you to do this, that question would answer itself," the rector replied. "The awful sense of responsibility, which you now lack, would overwhelm you."

"You have made me out a rascal and a charlatan," said Eldon Parr, "and I have listened patiently, in my desire to be fair, to learn from your own lips whether there were anything in the extraordinary philosophy you have taken up, and which you are pleased to call Christianity. If you will permit me to be as frank as you have been, it appears to me as sheer nonsense and folly, and if it were put into practice the world would be reduced at once to chaos and anarchy."

"There is no danger, I am sorry to say, of its being put into practice at once," said Hodder, smiling sadly.

"I hope not," answered the banker, dryly. "Utopia is a dream in which those who do the rough work of the world cannot afford to indulge. And there is one more question. You will, no doubt, deride it as practical, but to my mind it is very much to the point. You condemn the business practices in which I have engaged all my life as utterly unchristian. If you are logical, you will admit that no man or woman who owns stock in a modern corporation is, according to your definition, a Christian and, to use your own phrase, can enter the kingdom of God. I can tell you, as one who knows, that there is no corporation in this country which, in the struggle to maintain itself, is not forced to adopt the natural law of the survival of the fittest, which you condemn. Your own salary, while you had it, came from men who had made their money in corporations. Business is business, and admits of no sentimental considerations. If you can get around that fact, I will gladly bow to your genius. Should you succeed in reëstablishing St. John's on what you call a free basis—and in my opinion

you will not—even then the money you would live on, and which supported the church, would be directly or indirectly derived from corporations."

"I do not propose to enter into an economic argument with you, Mr. Parr, but if you tell me that the flagrant practices indulged in by those who organized the Consolidated Tractions Company can be excused under any code of morals and conception of Christianity, I tell you they cannot. What do we see to-day in your business world? Boards of directors, trusted by stockholders, betraying their trust, withholding information in order to profit thereby, buying and selling stock secretly; stock watering, selling to the public diluted values—all kinds of iniquity and abuse of power which I need not go into. Do you mean to tell me, on the plea that business is business, and hence a department by itself, that deception, cheating, and stealing are justified and necessary? The awakened conscience of the public is condemning you.

"The time is at hand, though neither you nor I may live to see it, when the public conscience itself is beginning to perceive this higher justice hidden from you. And you are attempting to mislead when you do not distinguish between the men who, for their own gain and power, mismanage such corporations as are mismanaged and those who own stock and are misled.

"The public conscience of which I speak is the leaven of Christianity at work. And we must be content to work with it, to await its fulfillment, to realize that no one of us can change the world, but can only do his part in making it better. The least we can do is to refuse to indulge in practices which jeopardize our own souls, to remain poor if we cannot make wealth honestly."

"And how about your Christian view of the world as a vale of tears?" Eldon Parr inquired.

"So long as humanity exists, there will always be tears," admitted the rector. "But it is a false Christianity which does not bid us work for our fellow men, to relieve their suffering, and make the world brighter. It is becoming clear that the way to do this effectively is through communities, coöperation—through nations, and not individuals. And this, if you like, *is* practical—so practical that the men like you, who have gained unexampled privilege, fear it more and more. The old Christian misconception, that the world is essentially a bad place, and which has served the ends of your privilege, is going by forever. And the motto of the citizens of the future will be the Christian motto: 'I am my brother's keeper.' The world is a good place because the Spirit is continually working in it to make it better. And life is good, if only we take the right view of it—the revealed view."

"What you say is all very fine," said Eldon Parr. "And I have heard it before, from the discontented, the Socialists. But it does not take into account the one essential element, human nature."

"On the other hand, *your* scheme of life fails to reckon with the greater factor, divine nature," Hodder replied.

"When you have lived as long as I have, perhaps you will think differently, Mr. Hodder." Eldon Parr's voice had abruptly grown metallic, as though the full realization had come over him of the severity of the clergyman's arraignment; the audacity of the man who had ventured to oppose him and momentarily defeated him, who had won the allegiance of his own daughter, who had dared condemn him as an evil-doer and give advice as to his future course. He, Eldon Parr, who had been used to settle the destinies of men! His anger was suddenly at white heat; and his voice, which he strove to control, betrayed it.

"Since you have rejected my offer, which was made in kindness, since you are bent on ruining my daughter's life as well as your own, and she has disregarded my wishes, I refuse to see either of you, no matter to what straits you may come, as long as I live. That is understood. And she leaves this house to-day, never to enter it again. It is useless to prolong this conversation, I think."

"Quite useless, as I feared, Mr. Parr. Do you know why Alison is willing to marry me? It is because the strength has been given me to oppose you in the name of humanity, and this in spite of the fact that her love for you to-day is greater than it has ever been before. It is a part of the heavy punishment you have inflicted on yourself that you cannot believe in her. You insist on thinking that the time will come when she will return to you for help. In senseless anger and pride you are driving her away from you whom you will some day need. And in that day, should God grant you a relenting heart to

make the sign, she will come to you—but to give comfort, not to receive it. And even as you have threatened me, I will warn you, yet not in anger. Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God, nor understand the motives of those who would enter into it. Seek and pray for repentance."

Infuriated though he was, before the commanding yet compassionate bearing of the rector he remained speechless. And after a moment's pause Hodder turned, and left the room. . . .

The Absent Host

WHEN Hodder had reached the foot of the stairs, Alison came out to him. The mourning she wore made her seem even taller. In the face upturned to his, framed in the black veil and paler than he had known it, were traces of tears; in the eyes a sad yet questioning and trustful smile. They gazed at each other an instant, before speaking, in the luminous ecstasy of perfect communion which shone for them, undimmed, in the surrounding gloom of tragedy. And thus, they felt, it would always shine. Of that tragedy of the world's sin and sorrow they would ever be conscious. Without darkness there could be no light.

"I knew," she said, reading his tidings, "it would be of no use. Tell me the worst."

"If you marry me, Alison, your father refuses to see you again. He insists that you leave the house."

"Then why did he wish to see you?"

"It was to make an appeal. He thinks, of course, that I have made a failure of life, and that if I marry you I shall drag you down to poverty and disgrace."

She raised her head proudly.

"But he knows that it is I who insist upon marrying you! I explained it all to him—how I had asked you. Of course he did not understand. He thinks, I suppose, that it is simply an infatuation.

In spite of the solemnity of the moment, Hodder smiled down at her, touched by the confession.

"That, my dear, doesn't relieve me of responsibility. I am just as responsible as though I had spoken first, instead of you."

"But John, you didn't?—" A sudden fear made her silent.

He took her hand and pressed it reassuringly.

"Give you up? No, Alison," he answered, simply. "When you gave yourself to me, God put you in my keeping."

She clung to him suddenly, in a passion of relief.

"Oh, I never could give you up, I never would unless you yourself told me to. Then I would do it—for you. But you won't ask me now?"

He put his arm around her shoulders, and the strength of it seemed to calm her.

"No, dear. I would make the sacrifice, ask you to make it, if it could be of any good. As you say, he does not understand. And you couldn't go on living with him and loving me. That solution is impossible. We can only hope that the time will come when he will realize his need of you, and send for you."

"And did he not ask you anything more?"

Hodder hesitated. He had intended to spare her that. . . . Her divination startled him.

"I know, I know without your telling me. He offered you money, he consented to our marriage if you would give up St. John's. Oh, how could he!" she cried. "How could he so misjudge and insult you!"

"It is not me he misjudges, Alison, it is mankind, it is God. That is his terrible misfortune." Hodder released her tenderly. "You must see him—you must tell him that when he needs you, you will come."

"I will see him now," she said. "You will wait for me."

"Now?" he repeated, taken aback by her resolution, though it was characteristic.

"Yes, I will go as I am. I can send for my things. My father has given me no choice, no reprieve—not that I wish one. I have you, dear. I will stay with Mr. Bentley to-night, and leave for New York to-morrow, to do what I have to do—and then you will be ready for me."

"Yes," he said, "I shall be ready."

He lingered in the well-remembered hall. . . . And when at last she came down again her eyes shone bravely through her tears, her look answered the question of his own. There was no need for speech. With not so much as a look behind she gathered up her skirts, and he opened the massive door for her to pass out, and closed it again. Thus she left, with him, her father's house.

Outside, the mist had become a drizzle, and as they went down the walk together

beside the driveway she slipped her arm into his, pressing close to his side. Her intuition was perfect, the courage of her love sublime.

"I have you, dear," she whispered; "never in my life before have I been rich."

The intensity of his mingled feeling went into the syllables of her name. An impulse made her pause and turn, and they stood looking back together at the great house which loomed the greater in the thickening darkness, its windows edged with glow. Never, as in this moment when the cold rain wet their faces, had the thought of its comfort and warmth and luxury struck him so vividly; yes, and of its terror and loneliness now, of the tortured spirit in it that found no rest.

"Oh, John," she cried, "if we only could!"

He understood her. Such was the perfect quality of their sympathy that she had voiced his thought. What were rain and cold, the inclemency of the elements, to them? What the beauty and the warmth of those great, empty rooms to Eldon Parr? Out of the heaven of their happiness they looked down, helpless, into the horrors of his hell.

"It must be," he answered her, "in God's good time."

"Life is terrible!" she said. "Think of what he must have done to suffer so, to be condemned to *this!* And when I went to him just now, he wouldn't even kiss me good-by. Oh, my dear, if I hadn't had you to take me, what should I have done? . . . It never was a home to me—to any of us. And as I look back now, all the troubles began when we moved into it. I can only think of it as a huge prison, all the more sinister for its costliness."

A prison! It had once been his own conceit. He drew her gently away, and they walked together along Park Street toward the distant arc light at the corner, which flung a gleaming band along the wet pavement.

"Perhaps it was because I was too young to know what trouble was when we lived in Ransome Street," she continued. "But I can remember now how sad my mother was at times—it almost seemed as though she had a premonition." Alison's voice caught. . . .

The car which came roaring through the darkness, and which stopped protestingly at their corner, was ablaze with electricity and almost filled with passengers. A young man with a bundle changed his place in order that they might sit together in one of the little benches bordering the aisle; opposite them was a laughing, clay-soiled group of laborers going home from work; in front, a young couple with a chubby child. He stood between his parents, facing about, gazing in unembarrassed wonder at the beautiful dark lady with the veil. Alison's smile seemed only to increase the solemnity of his adoration, and presently he attempted to climb over the barrier between them. Hodder caught him, and the mother turned in alarm, recapturing him.

"You mustn't bother the lady, Jimmy," she said, when she had thanked the rector. She had dimpled cheeks and sparkling blue eyes, but their expression changed as they fell on Alison's face, expressing something of the wonder of the child's.

"Oh, he isn't bothering me," Alison protested. "Do let him stand."

"He don't make up to everybody," explained the mother, and the manner of her speech was such a frank tribute that Alison flushed. There had been, too, in the look the quick sympathy for bereavement characteristic of the poor.

"Aren't they nice?" Alison leaned over and whispered to Hodder, when the woman had turned back. "One thing, at least, I shall never regret—that I shall have to ride the rest of my life in the street-cars. I love them. That is probably my only qualification, dear, for a clergyman's wife."

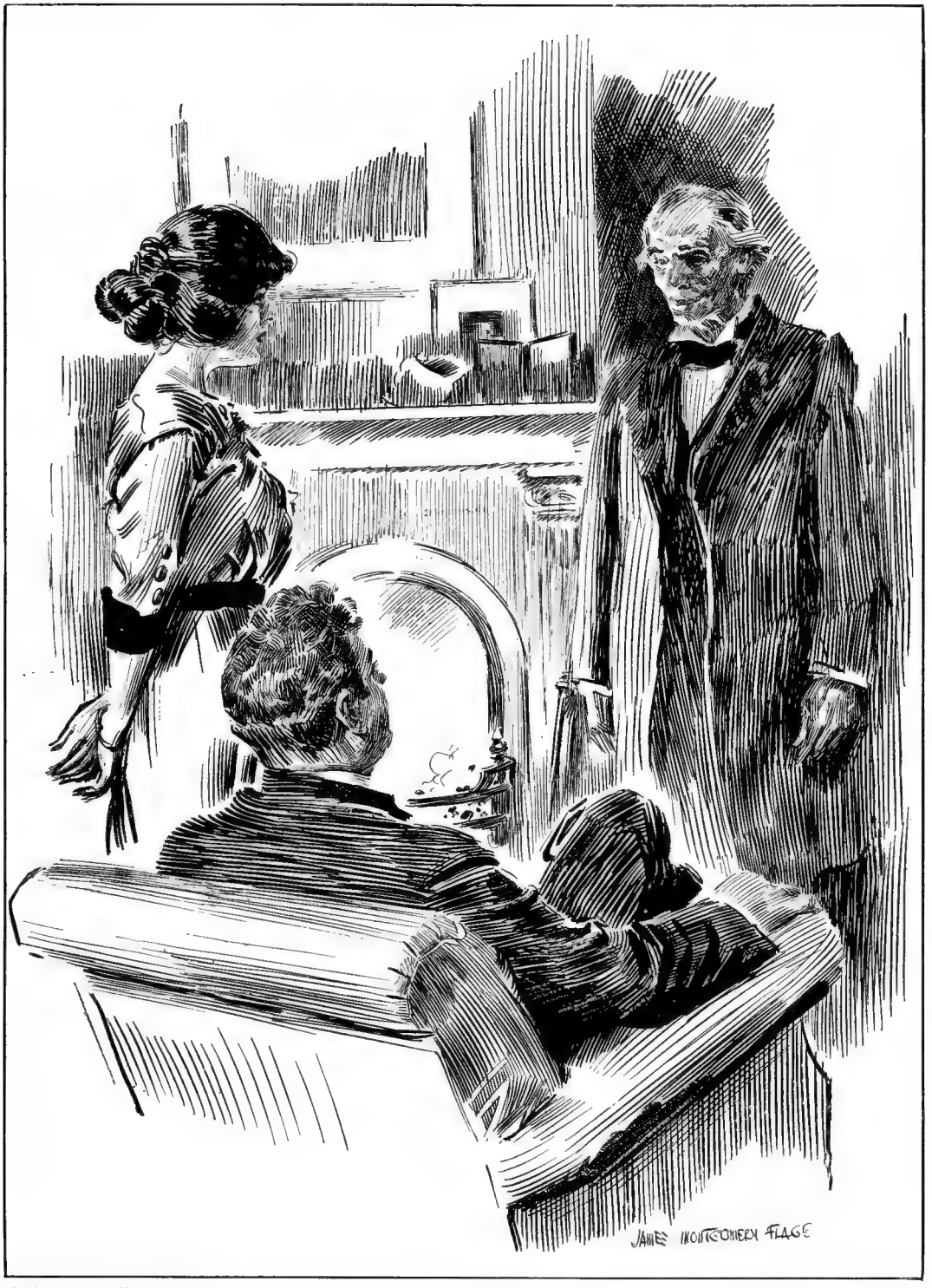
Hodder laughed. "It strikes me," he said, "as the supreme one."

They came at length to Mr. Bentley's door, flung open in its usual wide hospitality by Sam. Whatever their fortunes, they would always be welcome here. . . . But it turned out, in answer to their question, that their friend was not at home.

"No, sah," said Sam, bowing and smiling benignantly, "but he done tole me to say, when you and Miss Alison come, hit was to make no diffu'nce—dat you bofe was to have supper heah. And I'se done cooked it—yassah. Will you kindly step into the liba'y, suh, and Miss Alison? Dar was a lady 'crost de city, Marse Ho'ace said—yassah."

"John," said Alison with a questioning smile, when they were alone before the fire, "I believe he went out on purpose—don't you?—just that we might be here alone."

"He knew we were coming?"



DRAWN BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Horace Bentley stood before them. And the light from his face that shone down upon them was their benediction

"I wrote him."

"I think he might be convicted on the evidence," Hodder agreed. "But?—" His question remained unasked.

Alison went up to him. He had watched her, absorbed and fascinated, as with her round arms gracefully lifted in front of the old mirror she had taken off her hat and veil, smoothing, by a few deft touches, the dark crown of her hair. The unwonted intimacy of the moment, invoking as it did an endless reflection of other similar moments in their future life together, was in its effect overwhelming, bringing with it at last a conviction not to be denied. Her color rose as she faced him, her lashes fell.

"Did you seriously think, dear, that we could have deceived Mr. Bentley? Then you are not as clever as I thought you. As soon as it happened I sent him a note—that very night. For I felt that he ought to be told first of all."

"And as usual," Hodder answered, "you were right."

Supper was but a continuation of that delicious sense of intimacy. And Sam, beaming in his starched shirt and swallow-tail, had an air of presiding over a banquet of state. And for that matter, none had ever gone away hungry from this table, either for meat or love. It was, indeed, a consecrated meal—consecrated for being just there. Such was the tact which the old darky had acquired from his master that he left the dishes on the shining mahogany board, and bowed himself out.

"When you wants me, Miss Alison, des ring de bell."

She was seated, upright yet charmingly graceful, behind the old English coffee service which had been Mr. Bentley's mother's. And it was she who, by her wonderful self-possession, by the reassuring smile she gave him as she handed him his cup, endowed it all with reality.

"It's strange," she said, "but it seems as though I had been doing it all my life, instead of just beginning."

"And you do it as though you had," he declared.

"Which is a proof," she replied, "of the superior adaptability of women."

He did not deny it. He would not then, in truth, have disputed her wildest statement. . . . But presently, after they had gone back into the library and were seated side by side before the coals, they spoke again of serious things, marveling once more at a happiness which could be tinged and yet unmarred by vicarious sorrow. Theirs was the soberer, profounder happiness of gratitude and wonder, too wise to exult, but which of itself is exalted; the happiness which praises and passes understanding.

Their Understanding

"THERE are many things I want to say to you, John," she told him, once, "and they trouble me a little. It is only because I am so utterly devoted to you that I wish you to know me as I am. I have always had queer views, and although much has happened to change me since I have known and loved you, I am not quite sure how much those views have changed. Love," she added, "plays such havoc with one's opinions."

She returned his smile, but with knitted brows.

"It's really serious—you needn't laugh. And it's only fair to you to let you know the kind of wife you are getting, before it is too late. For instance, I believe in divorce, although I can't imagine it for us. One never can, I suppose, in *this* condition—that's the trouble. I have seen so many immoral marriages that I can't think God intends people to live degraded. And I'm sick and tired of the argument that an indissoluble marriage under all conditions is good for society. That a man or woman, the units of society, should violate the divine in themselves for the sake of society is absurd. They are merely setting an example to their children to do the same thing, which means that society will never get any better. In this love that has come to us we have achieved an ideal which I have imagined, but never thought to reach. Oh, John, I'm sure you won't misunderstand me when I say that I would rather die than have to lower it."

"No," he answered, "I shall not misunderstand you."

"Even though it is so difficult to put into words what I mean. I don't feel that *we* really need the marriage service, since God has already joined us together. And it is not through our own wills, somehow, but through His. Divorce would not only be a crime against the Spirit, it would be an impossibility while we feel as we do. But if love should cease, then God himself would have divorced

us, punished us by taking away a priceless gift of which we were not worthy. He would have shut the gates of Eden in our faces because we had sinned against the Spirit. It would be quite as true to say 'whom God has put asunder no man may join together.' Am I hurting you?"

Her hand was on the arm of his chair, and the act of laying his own on it was an assurance stronger than words. Alison sighed.

"Yes, I believed you would understand, even though I expressed myself badly—that you would help me, that you have found a solution. I used to regard the marriage service as a compromise, as a lowering of the ideal, as something mechanical and rational put in the place of the spiritual; that it was making the Church, and therefore God, conform to the human notion of what the welfare of society ought to be. And it is absurd to promise to love. We have no control over our affections. They are in God's hands, to grant or withdraw.

"And yet I am sure—this is new since I have known you—that if such a great love as ours be withdrawn, it would be an unpardonable wrong for either of us to marry again. That is what puzzles me—confounds the wisdom I used to have, and which in my littleness and pride I thought so sufficient. I didn't believe in God, but now I *feel* him, through you, though I cannot define him. And one reason why I could not believe in Christ was because I took it for granted that he taught, among other things, a continuation of the marriage relation after love had ceased to justify it."

Hodder did not immediately reply. Nor did Alison interrupt his silence, but sat with the stillness which at times so marked her personality, her eyes trustfully fixed on him. The current pulsing between them was unbroken. . . . Hodder's own look, as he gazed into the grate, was that of a seer.

"Yes," he said at length, "it is by the spirit and not the letter of our Lord's teaching that we are guided—the spirit which we draw from the Gospel. And everything written down there that does not harmonize with it is the mistaken interpretation of men. Once the spirit possesses us truly, we are no longer troubled and confused by texts.

"The alpha and omega of Christ's message is rebirth into the knowledge of that Spirit, and hence submission to its guidance. And that is what Paul meant when he said that it freed us from the law. You are right, Alison, when you declare it to be a violation of the Spirit for a man and woman to live together when love does not exist. Christ shows us that laws were made for those who are not reborn. Laws are the rules of society to be followed by those who have not found the inner guidance, who live and die in the flesh. But the path those who live under the control of the Spirit are to take is opened up to them as they journey. If all men and women were reborn we should have the paradox, which only the reborn can understand, of what is best for the individual being best for society, because under the will of the Spirit none can transgress upon the rights and happiness of others. The Spirit would make the laws and rules superfluous.

"And the great crime of the Church, for which she is paying so heavy an expiation, is that her faith wavered, and she forsook the Spirit and resumed the law her Master had condemned. She no longer insisted on that which Christ proclaimed as imperative—rebirth. She became, as you say, a mechanical organization, substituting, as the Jews had done, hard and fast rules for inspiration. She abandoned the communion of saints, sold her birthright for a mess of pottage, for worldly, temporal power, when she declared that inspiration had ceased with the Apostles, when she failed to see that inspiration is *personal*, and comes through rebirth. For the sake of increasing her membership, of dominating the affairs of men, she has permitted millions who lived in the law and the flesh, who persisted in forcing men to live by the conventions and customs Christ repudiated, and so stultify themselves, to act in Christ's name. The unpardonable sin against the Spirit is to doubt its workings, to maintain that society will be ruined if it be substituted for the rules and regulations supposed to make for the material comforts of the nations, but which in reality suppress and enslave the weak.

"Nevertheless, in spite of the Church, marvelously *through* the Church the germ of our Lord's message has come down to us, and the age in which we live is beginning to realize its purport, to condemn the Church for her subservience.

"Let us apply the rule of the Spirit to marriage. If we examine the ideal we shall see clearly that the marriage service is but a symbol. Like baptism, it is a worthless

and meaningless rite unless the man and the woman have been born again into the Spirit, released from the law. If they are still, as St. Paul would say, in the flesh, let them have, if they wish, a civil permit to live together, for the Spirit can have nothing to do with such a union. True to herself, the Church symbolizes the union of *her members*—the reborn. She has nothing to do with laws and conventions which are supposedly for the good of society, nor is any union accomplished if those whom she supposedly joins are not reborn. If they are, the Church can neither make it nor dissolve it, but merely confirm and acknowledge the work of the Spirit. And every work of the Spirit is a sacrament. Not baptism and communion and marriage only, but every act of life."

"Oh, John," she exclaimed, her eyes lighting, "I can believe that! How beautiful a thought! I see now what is meant when it is said that man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. That is the hourly guidance which is independent of the law. And how terrible to think that all the spiritual beauty of such a religion should have been hardened into chapter and verse and regulation. You have put into language what I think of Mr. Bentley—that *his* acts are sacraments. . . . It is so simple when you explain it this way. And yet I can see why it was said, too, that we must become as children to understand it."

"The difficult thing," replied Hodder, gravely, "is to retain it, to hold it after we have understood it—even after we have experienced it. To continue to live in the Spirit demands all our effort, all our courage and patience and faith. We cannot, as you say, promise to love for life. But the marriage service, interpreted, means that we will use all our human endeavor, with the help of the Spirit, to remain in what may be called the reborn state, since it is by the Spirit alone that true marriage is sanctified. When the Spirit is withdrawn, man and woman are indeed divorced.

"The words, 'a sense of duty,' belong to moral philosophy and not to religion. Love annuls them. I do not mean to decry them, but the reborn are lifted far above them by the subversion of the will by which our will is submitted to God's. It is so we develop, and become, as it were, God. And hence those who are not married in the Spirit are not spiritually man and wife. No consecration has taken place, Church or no Church. If rebirth occurs later to either or both, the individual conscience—which is the Spirit—must decide whether, as regards each other, they are bound or free, and we must stand or fall by that. Men object that this is opening the door to individualism. What they fail to see is that the door *is* open, wide, to-day, and can never again be closed; that the law of the naturally born is losing its power, that the worn-out authority of the Church is being set at naught because that authority was devised by man to keep in check those who were not reborn. The only check to material individualism is spiritual individualism, and the reborn man or woman *cannot* act to the detriment of his fellow creatures."

In her turn she was silent, still gazing at him, her breath coming deeply, for she was greatly moved.

"Yes," she said, simply, "I can see now why divorce between us would be a sacrilege. I *felt* it, John, but I couldn't reason it out. It is the consecration of the Spirit that justifies the union of the flesh. For the Spirit, in that sense, does not deny the flesh."

"That would be to deny life," Hodder replied.

"I see. Why was it all so hidden!" The exclamation was not addressed to him—she was staring pensively into the fire. But presently, with a swift movement, she turned to him with parted lips.

"You will preach this, John—all of it!"

It was not a question, but the cry of a new and wider vision of his task. Her face was transfigured. And her voice, low and vibrating, expressed no doubts. "Oh, I am proud of you! And if they put you out and persecute you I shall always be proud, I shall never know why it was given me to have this, and to live. Do you remember saying to me once that faith comes to us in some human form we love. You are my faith. And faith in you is faith in humanity and faith in God."

Ere he could speak of his own faith in her, in mankind, by grace of which he had been lifted from the abyss, there came a knock at the door. And even as they answered it a deeper knowledge filtered into their hearts.

Horace Bentley stood before them. And the light from his face that shone down upon them was their benediction.

The End

The Other House

By James Hopper

Author of "The Cub, the Girl, and the Little Gray Nurse," "Pietro, an Undesirable"

Illustrated by
Howard Chandler Christy

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*It is the policy of Hearst's Magazine in offering fiction to its readers to be guided by only one consideration—quality. This is a privilege in which some publications can not indulge; being under the necessity of filling all or nearly all of their pages with fiction they have to be guided by considerations which look as much toward bulk as toward quality. With Hearst's Magazine the case is different. Its patrons are of that high class of readers who take interest in the progressive topics of the times—and who exercise the same lively intelligence toward their fiction. Such readers want stories of real people, written without fear; they do not want the shell of life in their fiction, but its kernel. To this class belong the stories of James Hopper. Perfect technician, master of his pen, fearless observer and recorder of the true things of life, Mr. Hopper's writings belong to that department of fiction which is best and most truly worth while—to the realm of brilliant, forceful realism. "The Other House" is one of several powerful short stories by this author which will appear during the next few months in Hearst's, each story complete in the issue of the magazine in which it appears*

WE WHO live reasonably and calmly, a little torpid as if from birth the law had marked us for its own by the simple expedient of rapping with a club the tops of our soft skulls, are apt to slip into the assurance that, about us, all are like us. Yet at our sides, brushing our elbows, though invisible as if under an enchanter's wand, other men and women live lives that are strange, violent, and red. A film like a perpendicular curtain is between us and them; sometimes, by chance, we break through it, gain an instant's lurid visioning—and forever after remain astounded and troubled.

We pierced this film once, Ruth and I; a wonder since then lingers in our souls.

It happened one summer; we had taken on an island off the eastern coast of the country, a cottage on a bluff, well above the decayed fishing port and the camp of a religious sect, in circle about its ugly "tabernacle."

But still farther above us, on a higher rise, was the other house. It stood in the centre of vast grounds, a large and beautiful house, given somehow an expression of drowsy aloofness by the hypnotising pantomime of many lawn sprinklers, eternally turning and turning in silence above the sloping reaches of bedewed and sunlit grass. From our windows the building itself was hidden; only the frail pinnacles of its Victorian Gothic showed above tall trees massed blackly. Crows cawed in these trees, and at times clouds of them whirred suddenly out of the tops, like handfuls of black confetti hurled by a child-giant, at play below, under the foliage.

A man and a woman lived in this house. Down the white, hard way, across the sloping greens, swinging roundly first to the left in the first loop of the great S, then swinging to the right into the lower loop, with the slowly increasing heaviness of a pen making its black stroke, a powerful automobile would slide smoothly, pass the gates, and disappear down the highway in a golden whirl of dust. The man and the woman sat side by side on the back seat. Her garments heralded a certain magnificence; her purple veils in the wind were like banners; and the gentle droop of her head, inclined slightly forward, promised grace and beauty. The man was slight and tall; he seemed young. Woman's beauty; man's youth; splendor of wealth; we saw them in a haze of romance.

Sometimes they came back during the day. The machine assaulted the slope, rolled the road up within itself as if it were a ribbon, came to a smooth halt, and the two descended, slowly, in ceremony, between two liveries; the portals crashed shut. Sometimes the return was late—simply a honking in the dark, and a rapid curving ascent of a large moon of light which slipped swiftly along the grasses, marked luminously trees, flower-beds, and shrubs, and let them slip aback, one by one, into the maws of the night, patient but close behind.

Then again for days, not a sally, not a movement gave sign of life. The blinds were down; the crows in the trees cawed more loudly; a spell crept about the house, behind the ceaseless turning of the sprinklers on the lawn; the portals were hermetic.

A swarm of servants moved about the two, insulating them from the rough details of living. These were all blacks, but blacks such as we had never seen. They came from British islands; their speech was liquid and pure. And in the large silence of noon some of their voices came to us at times, in caressing notes; from their unexpected intonations, we drew an added sense of strangeness and of dream.

Upon the house and its inhabitants our timid attention centered itself little by little.

We would watch them out of the windows more than we realized; unconsciously we ambushed them along the roads, to have the whir of their machine go by, and gaze a bit stupefied at her veils disappearing swiftly in the distance, guidons of a fancied cavalcade. Shyly our imaginations settled upon them and built about them airy castles of romance. Of pure, naïve, and respectable romance; I remember that once, when we sought to give the situation a spice of diabolism, our invention went no further than to suggest a defiance in love of some crusty old father, or despotic uncle!

So that the sudden revelation of what really was came down on us like a ton-breaker upon an idle swimmer's head.

The house had gone through another of its periods of immobility and silence. Its doors closed, its blinds lowered; it had stood there, behind the ceaseless and hypnotising gestures of its hundred lawn sprinklers, as with drooping lids, dizzied, in the thrall of an enchantment. Then one morning, there was a disorder, a hushed tumult in our kitchen beneath our room, and up the stairs came a black girl, followed closely by our servant.

The black girl's eyes were dilated; she seemed at the fag end of a worry beyond her solving; she broke out immediately in excited speech.

It took us some time to catch a half understanding. She was from the big house. Everything was in disorder over there. No one knew what to do. There was some telegraphing to be done; a certain man must be found right away; a Mr. Mortimer. For the mistress of the house was dead.

"Dead! Good God!" We saw abruptly the automobile, the purple veil in the wind; the gentle droop of her head. "Dead; that gracious being dead!"

"She has been dead thirty-six hours." The black girl wrung her hands. "We've wired and wired; we can't reach Mr. Mortimer. Oh, can't you help?"

"Mr. Mortimer? But what is the matter with her husband? What is he doing, where is he; yes, the husband?"

The girl gave us a look which had in it almost a pity. "Mr. Grant," she said, "oh, he isn't her husband. He's called her cousin. He's—oh, he's useless! Please come and help us."

I put on my hat and went out behind the black girl, toward the house, now the house of death. Upon the sunlit lawns the sprinklers still turned, impassively, in a stupid and circular benediction.

As we walked I was questioning her, in an effort to get a new vision out of the wreck of the old. But from her running stream of talk, facts came not very clear, or too singular. Several facts appeared. That man whom we had taken for the young husband, and about whom we had woven a fabric of idyll, the "Mr. Grant" was not a husband. He was known as a cousin. There was something about him which made him useless at this crisis. And it was a matter of extreme urgency that the distant "Mr. Mortimer" be reached. Again and again she came back to this. Mr. Mortimer would see to everything if only he could be found, he would see to everything—that mysterious and efficient Mr. Mortimer.

For a moment I was in the house, with its disorder, its idle servants standing about, its hint of unmade beds and pillaged pantries; behind the impassive façade, the sprin-

DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

He wore a checked waistcoat of bad taste. His forehead was low, and made still lower by plastered bangs beneath his hat. Walking at my side, up and down, he began suddenly to tell me all about himself—an extraordinary story. He was not the dead woman's husband. He had never been that. But he had been her chauffeur!

lers, geometrically spaced, turning above the impeccable lawns, this demoralization suddenly became a symbol; a symbol of the more subtle and dreadful disorder of souls which had been here all of the time, hidden from our eyes behind a curtain of rigid formalism. "Where is Mr. Grant?" I asked.

They were searching for him through many apartments. Finally an answer was given to the black girl. She passes it on to me. "He's gone back down there," she said with a gesture toward the fishing port below.

"But where?"

"You must find him," she said urgently. "He has addresses."

"But where will I find him?"

Then she said: "In a drinking-shop. Go through the public houses, and you will find him, sir."

So I went through the drinking-shops of the little port; and at last found him—in a condition which, under the circumstances, was, to say the least, highly—indecent. I placed him in a carriage, drove to the cottage, deposited him there like a sack, and spent the morning and part of the afternoon trying to accelerate the sobering process so that I could get something intelligent out of him. It was past noon before I obtained what I wanted, and again I went down to the port to wire.

I was there three hours, using telephone and telegram. The address I had was of a business office in New York. A certain number on Broadway which from the first puzzled me as something fatidic, significant of some immense power, and which I should have known but did not know. I got the telephone—only to be led on from voice to voice, there, at the other end, each reticent, full of canny precautions and evasions. It was only by the word *death* that finally I seemed to move all that ponderous discretion; I was given the address of some secretary, labelled private. And then he was not at home but at some restaurant. A feminine voice, expressive at once of curiosity, concern, and a sort of passive humiliation, gave me the name of twelve possible restaurants. It was at the eleventh that finally I found the private secretary's voice. His enunciation was full of shocked, warning hisses; behind it I could hear the silken shimmer of a festive orchestra. At first he refused all information, nearly hung up at once. At last the word *death* on him also made its impression. He became immediately immensely anxious to help me. But the best he could do was somewhat indefinite: I must reach a yacht, the "Natoma." It was cruising along the coast, no one knew just where.

I hung up, and getting a map and a telegraph directory, with the aid of the operator sent wired messages to every port from Florida to Halifax addressed to the Natoma and that Mortimer who, if he came, would "arrange everything" and who, all-powerful, seemed so little anxious to exercise his powers.

The sun was near its setting before, toiling up the S, I arrived at the big house. Grant was there, walking to and fro before the steps with a timid, uncertain air. "Let us go in," I said. But he grasped my arm; "Stay out with me awhile, will you!" he begged, like a child, and led me away from the house, behind a screen of shrubs. Looking sideways at him in the twilight, I was astonished to see him, now, so different from what I had imagined him. He was smaller. His eyes were close set. He wore a checked waistcoat of bad taste. His forehead was low and made still lower by plastered bangs beneath his bowler hat.

Walking at my side up and down, he began suddenly to tell me all about himself—an extraordinary story. Cheap, I suppose, but still with a wonder to it. He was not the dead woman's husband. He had never been that. But he had been her chauffeur!

"I came to them, she and Mortimer, five years ago. They lived up on Fifth Avenue—a grand place they had!"

He went on with a description of the house and its treasures, and then abruptly said: "And she fell in love with me!" I started at the intolerable caddishness of this; but looking down at him, through the gloaming, I found on his face an expression of stupefaction. "She fell in love with me," he repeated again with a sort of dazed passivity—and I knew that this man, this little man, had never gotten the essence of what had happened to him, that his soul had not been of a fabric to draw up level with it—and that someone had been cheated—dreadfully cheated.

He continued his story: "We ran away. He came after us. He caught us."

Having caught them, Mortimer had

acted—well, with originality. The storm of wrath, the revenge they had dreaded, had not come. He had merely built them a house.

"This place." Grant's hand ran over the gables, the trees, the wide lawns. Mortimer had bought them this place, had furnished it, had given them servants, horses, automobiles; had assured them an allowance (Grant told me the amount; I will not repeat it for fear of not being believed) and then he had left them—to their passion—if such it was.

"So we lived here," said Grant, "like princes; just like princes."

He stopped, faced me with legs apart. "Why did he do it?" he asked with a new and sudden directness. "Why, why? Why did he do it? What do you think?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "Perhaps," I hazarded, "it was the fine thing to do."

He resumed walking. His hands were behind his back; his head bent forward; he stepped with a moodiness that gave illusion, almost, of profound intelligence. "I have been looking for a trap," he declared. "You don't know Mortimer. I've been looking for some trap in it."

I became curious and cunning. "You were happy, then, you two?" He did not answer right away but slowed up a moment in his walking.

"It was fine," he said at length, but without animation. "Fine!" Then, after a moment, as if speaking to himself: "The house was too big."

"Too big!" I exclaimed questioningly.

"You see, I had no cronies."

The tone was wistful. Suddenly I had the feeling of that house—that great house with so many, many rooms; with so many, many servants; and in that great house, these two alone with their idleness and their love, their physical passion, their caprice—their slowly curdling caprice.

"I drank," he murmured. "Drank, drank. *She* drank." His thumb jerked back in a gesture toward the house, and within it, the dead woman. "That's what killed her. Drink, drink, drink. Also morphine!"

So this was the story—the simple, sordid story! Again I had the rapid vision of the two, alone in that immense house, alone with their wealth, their idleness, and their curdling love. And suddenly I wanted immensely to know Mortimer, that Mr. Mortimer who "saw to everything," who played at being God, that large philanthropist who so generously, so dexterously, and so invisibly catered to other's bliss.

But I came down now to practical details. I told Grant what I had done, to the stream of his hurried, over-easy acquiescences. Then I left him there, still hesitant before the steps, and returned to the cottage.

That night a storm broke upon the island. It came from the sea. We had seen it in the twilight, the sea, opaque, dull-hued, and perfectly immobile; yet from it now, not on the wind, unheralded by the slightest stirring of the air, merely upon a mysterious displacement, storm after storm moved over and broke upon the knoll. We could divine the heavy vapor, swirling with a slow, vicious movement, settle above us like a lid; and then clap upon clap of thunder rent the silence—a strange, flat thunder, like the mad, insistent beating of a bass drum by some dervish god. The tenth detonation brought with it a soft wailing and groaning as of hurt spirits in the earth beneath. The black servants of the big house had avalanched down the hill and were pressing, frightened, into our kitchen. It seemed that Grant had gone again to the village, and they had been afraid to remain alone in the big house with its still presence. We were at the window, Ruth and I, our brows on the cold panes. And now we saw, to the violet flashes of light, more than the mass of the trees up there, the pinnacles of the other house. We saw through the trees, through the walls. We saw hallways and rooms, countless apartments, and in the centre of it as if in state, the kernel of all that empty magnificence, the dead woman. She lay there, high, as if on an altar, that woman once so precious, so treasured, that clay once so delicately fashioned, animated so exquisitely; she lay there alone and abandoned, in a huge fracas of thunder and swaying of storm. She lay there—we could see her well—her delicate nostrils, once so eagerly dilated to all the promises of life, for which toil of thousands had distilled perfume, now pinched and disdainful; her eyes, for the fugitive alightings of which all beauty had been unrolled, now sealed, the haughtiness of eternal sleep oozing out of their long shadows; and her bosom marble cold.

DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

The short service was just ending, the pastor was mopping his brow, when the whir of a machine sounded outside. floor, as though sure of owning it, ignoring us all, a big, powerful man

and a man came in. Right away we knew, Ruth and I, that here was Mortimer. He went swiftly across the with grizzled hair, and stood like a pillar at the head of the coffin

With the morning the storm disappeared; the little band of West Indians stopped their murmuring and swaying; in straggling groups they went up the hill. We prepared to get a little rest—and then, within an hour, the black girl who first had come was back again. Again there was trouble. The undertakers had arrived. They were waiting. And they couldn't get the body, because of the dog.

I put on my hat and went up the hill again. The girl was explaining. It seems that the dead woman had not been alone in the house that night after all. The dog had had the decencies which man had forgotten. He had been there with her, her guardian all night. Only now he wasn't going to quit. Now that man claimed once more responsibility as his, the dog refused to pass it over; he failed to understand this sudden zeal.

So I went up to the room with one of the undertakers. This was a weird, little man. He had a long, white, slovenly beard, altogether out of proportion to his stature. One of his legs was shorter than the other, and because of his profession he had caught a trick of bowing constantly. Whenever he bowed, his unclean beard spread fanwise upon his greasy frock, and his shorter leg, suspended, swung to and fro, with small scrapings of the floor.

With him I entered the room—and hesitated, appalled.

She lay there —but why describe it. It was a vision that utterly belied that which we had had in the night. She lay there, utterly abandoned. I remember a black stocking, incongruously drawn trim and tight—and in her posture, in the condition of the bed, of everything about it, lay an eloquence of disorder symbolic of her death. Of her death and of her life. I moved forward with an impulse to draw over her a sheet—and sprang back swiftly. From beneath the bed, a flash of yellow teeth had darted out like a flame.

The dog was there, a miserable, hairless Mexican. But the timidity of his race had melted in a sort of silent, automatic fury. Whenever we approached, the teeth flashed out, noiselessly, with the furtive violence of the hyena. We could not approach. Some one from behind the door passed us a broom, two brooms. For a half hour, that weird clod-hopping little undertaker and I, we tried to dislodge the dog with our absurd instruments. We paddled, ridiculously, holding our handles at arms' length. The bed, animated by our efforts, began to dance along the polished floor; the body with the black stocking danced; it was insane. Finally we had to shoot the dog—fill that room, already sufficiently desecrated, with flame, powder smell, smoke, detonation, and the dying yelps of that too faithful cur —so that the undertakers could do their work.

They had done it well by the next day. I think that by this time the all-powerful Mortimer had taken hold; over the wire, from a distance rapidly lessening, we got the directions of his clear and masterful intelligence. The casket stood in the centre of the big reception hall, a very simple, black and compelling emphasis in the centre of the daintiness, the lavender and grays, the whites and golds, the gracious frivolity of that Louis XVI salon. Her face, behind the glass, was composed, its ravages smoothed, its past beauty like an assertion of marble beneath the slight film of lying color; she slept as if content. Someone—the *deus ex machina* Mortimer—or Grant, piteous hero—or perhaps the black girl who had taken already so much upon herself—someone, anyway, in a naïve effort (it was so late now!) to replace that life, at its last scene, in the bosom of convention and punctilio, had sent out invitations, and the villagers had responded with alacrity. On the slender-legged chairs, in an atmosphere of silver and rose, little old women sat stiffly, their mittened hands crossed on their wrists. Their lips were tight with disapprobation; their sharp noses, mobile, sniffed the air, suspicious of scandal; but at times we could see their little, narrow flattened chests rise, rise, rise in a sigh which, after all, was not self contentment, which held a wistfulness, a faded and dim desire.

The short service was just ending, the pastor—poor man, he had been at such pains to gain from ignorant informants, such as I, facts for the necessary flattering biography of the deceased—was mopping his brow, when the whir of a machine sounded outside, and a man came in. Right away we knew, Ruth and I, that here was Mortimer.

He went swiftly across the floor, as though sure of owning it, ignoring us all, a big, powerful man with grizzled hair, and

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She lay there, utterly abandoned. I remember a black stocking incongruously drawn, trim and tight—and in her posture, in the condition of the bed, of everything about it, lay an eloquence of disorder symbolic of her death—of her death and of her life

stood like a pillar at the head of the coffin. Hat in hand he looked down. His big face was clean-shaven. The skin was thick and sallow and inert. And now, beneath this skin, so well made to hide, this skin like the last improvement in comfortable masks, I saw a black flush pass, pass almost imperceptibly, and be gone almost instantaneously, a flush—of what? I am not sure. God knows, though, it seemed to have something of triumph, subdued and tenebrous.

He raised his head and again, impassively with the same tranquil ignoring of us all, went across the floor, this time back to the door. The service was over. We rose and trooped out As the small procession formed behind the hearse, we could see his machine, in dust, far ahead When we reached the cemetery, he was there before us. He stood on a little mound of loose earth above the narrow black hole. The hearse approached.

But from now on everything we did took on a strange character of being not in spontaneity, but in obedience. Beneath that commanding, massive figure on the mound, its gray, filmy, expressionless eyes, every gesture, every movement, seemed ordered. The hearse approached, the casket was taken from it—all this seemed prearranged by his authority. We lowered the casket with the ropes, there was a short prayer, a clod of earth rubbled—all this seemed as if he had preordained it. Someone—the black girl, I think—broke out in a wail; a little, old woman knelt—she knelt as if with a projection of his hand irresistible upon her shoulder.

I felt Ruth trembling by my side and whispering: "He knew it all, not only this, but what came before. He knew it all would come this way; he planned it all!"

A crooked man with a spade approached with an excuse on his lip. Mortimer went

down the little mound, passed through us, and rose in his machine.

We never saw him again, nor Grant, nor anyone. The house, the next day, was closed, its blinds down, and on the lawn the sprinklers motionless, their arms at all angles of stupefaction. And thus, vague, but half understood, food for infinite surmise and secret thought, the life of the other house went out of our lives, leaving in us an astonishment, and—God help us—something else, which stirs at times far within us, which stirs and is quieted, and then stirs again.

For passion and sin and disaster, after all, are red. And life within the laws is gray and gray and gray.

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by

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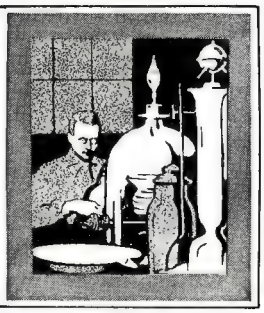
Science

Panama's Bill of Health
Adding Dust to Acreage—
Our Wasting Zoos—Thousand-Foot Ocean Liners



By Henry Smith Williams, M.D., LL.D.

Invincible at Forty-five

A FEW weeks ago a very remarkable athletic contest took place in New York. The champion middle-weight wrestler of England challenged George Bothner, undefeated champion of America. The match lasted for three and a half hours, at the end of which time it was declared no contest, neither wrestler having scored a fall. The match was actively contested throughout, and therefore involved an amount of exertion which only the most thoroughly trained athlete could possibly withstand.

The feature of the matter which causes me to refer to it here is that George Bothner is forty-six years old. More than twenty years have elapsed since he won the light-weight championship, and throughout the intervening period he has remained invincible to any wrestler of his weight. Indeed, he has been obliged to meet heavy-weights in handicap matches, because there were no wrestlers of his own weight to give him a contest. The followers of sporting events may recall the contest in which Bothner defeated the most famous Japanese exponent of jiu-jitsu. This match also lasted more than three hours, but at that time Bothner was many years younger.

There is a popular notion, not unsupported by expert testimony, that an athlete is past his prime by thirty, and is distinctly a back number by thirty-five. There is also a popular impression that the practice of athletic sports does not conduce to longevity. The chief reason, probably, why this impression has become current, is that many of the athletes who are most in the public eye, namely the pugilists, do not live temperate lives and do not keep in regular training. They train strenuously for a number of weeks, and then after a contest get thoroughly out of condition.

Wrestlers, on the other hand, for the most part keep in condition year in and year out, and they are usually temperate in habit. As a result they maintain their efficiency to a much later period, and are usually at their best in the forties. Of course not many men at any age could carry through such a strenuous period of action as was represented by the contest to which I have just referred, for there are not many Bothners born in a generation. But that an athlete who has gone through scores of grueling contests should maintain something like his pristine vigor as he approaches the half century mark is a fact that can not be too widely heralded. It furnishes an impressive object lesson in the value of right-living.

Panama—Health Resort

THE report of the Department of Sanitation of the Isthmian Canal Commission for 1912 shows that that extraordinary work of making a once pestilential region salubrious has been carried one stage further by Colonel Gorgas and his associates, the death-rate among employees being lower than ever before. It appears that in 1906 the death-rate among employees was 41.73 per thousand, and in 1907 28.74 per thousand, whereas in 1911, it was 11.02, and in 1912 only 9.18 per thousand. The death-rate among white employees was only 3.25 per thousand, and the death-rate from disease in the army in the calendar year 1911 was only 2.66 per thousand.

As to specific diseases, we find that in 1907 there were 98 deaths from typhoid fever, in 1912 only 4 deaths from this disease. Pneumonia claimed 328 victims in 1907, and only 57 in 1912; and malaria, which caused 233 deaths in 1906, caused only 20 in 1912.

Considering the death-rate of the total population including the cities of Panama, Colon, and the Canal Zone, the statistics show an equally striking betterment in recent years. The death-rate per thousand in 1905 was 49.94; in 1912 it was 20.49. As regards the former scourges of the region, Colonel Gorgas reports as follows: "One case of yellow fever on a ship from Guayaquil, Ecuador, was isolated in Santo Tomas Hospital and died there on July 14. With this exception, no case of yellow fever, plague, or small-pox occurred on the Isthmus during the year."

It should be understood, however, that the work of making the Canal Zone permanently salubrious is by no means completed. The monthly report for February, 1913, shows that the task of making ditches to drain areas where the mosquitoes breed is still under way, and that there are regions where the deadly *Anopheles* (the carrier of malaria germs) still exists in sufficient numbers to be a menace. The report tells of tests with mosquitoes stained for identification, in which the marked individuals were found at a distance of 6,000 feet, or considerably over a mile, from where they were liberated.

This fact will be of interest to the local health authorities of many regions of the temperate zone, inasmuch as there has been a prevailing opinion that a mosquito can travel but a short distance from its breeding haunts. It becomes evident that local health boards who wish to protect their villages from invasion by the malaria-carrying mosquito must pay attention to ponds or other reservoirs of stagnant water for a radius of more than a mile.

Building Continents With Dust

NO one needs to be told that the atmosphere everywhere contains more or less dust, and it is familiar experience that this dust is sifted about from one place to another and deposited constantly. As much as that is known to every house-wife. And every one who had lived in the country knows that at times the dust may be deposited in considerable quantities in fence corners or wherever any obstruction causes an eddy.

Meantime it has long been known to meteorologists that the prevailing winds in the northern hemisphere blow from southwest to northeast, owing to the rotation of the earth. The explanation is simply that air moving away from the equator retains the speed of translation eastward which it gained through partaking of the earth's motion. As the size of the earth, measured at successive parallels of latitude, decreases constantly, its actual speed of rotation decreases in like measure. But the atmospheric currents retain their original momentum and are therefore carried in an easterly direction more rapidly than the surface of the globe moves anywhere except at the equator. These facts have long been known; but only recently has it occurred to any one that this prevailing motion of the dust-laden wind in one direction must result in course of time in the permanent transfer of soil in enormous quantities from one region to another.

In very recent years, however, the matter has received the attention of geologists, and in particular it has been studied by Professor Charles R. Keyes, in connection with his investigations of the geological conditions of our southeastern states. Professor Keyes has reached the conclusion that what he speaks of as the wind-scour in arid and semi-arid countries has a denuding, transportive, and depositional power "that is comparable in every way to water action in a moist climate." He holds that the action of the wind is of the utmost importance in supplying various regions with layers of arable soil. This action, he believes, accounts for general desert leveling and for the main topographical features of regions where the annual rainfall is small.

"Under conditions of aridity," says Professor Keyes, "the relative efficiencies of wind-scour and water action may be roughly measured by the circumstance that the total volume of rock-waste brought down by storm waters from a desert range in a year may be removed by the winds in a single day. What general erosion by means of water is, in a wet climate, eolation is under conditions of arid climate."

The pulverized earth which is taken up by the winds in the arid regions of the South-

west may be sifted across hundreds of miles of territory to find an ultimate resting place on the moist prairies of the Mississippi Valley. Doubtless such transportation of soil is at least partially instrumental in compensating the loss of soil by water erosion.

It is partly due, Professor Keyes believes, to the action of the wind in supplying new soil, that the grass belt that fringes what used to be called the Great American Desert is constantly spreading towards the west.

Where grass gains

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Science looks forward to a time when such as these "curious rocky structures sculptured by the wind-driven sand in past years" will be the only reminder of the arid wastes which we now call the Great American Desert. The picturesque forms chiseled by these natural sand-blasts are strikingly seen in the Gurdalupi Point, Texas (left), and in the famed Tower of Babel, Colorado. (at the right)

a foothold, of course, eolic erosion becomes less important, though by no means ceasing altogether. There seems a fair prospect that, partly through the natural advance of the grass belt and partly through efforts of agriculturists, the arid regions of the Southwest will ultimately change their aspect, and that the "Great American Desert" will exist only as a reminiscence. There are regions, however, where the curious rocky structures sculptured by the wind-driven sand in past years will for many thousands of years to come bear witness to the former conditions.

How Light Affects Metals

ULTRA-VIOLET light, it will be recalled, consists of the very short waves lying beyond the violet end of the visible spectrum. Such waves are mixed with the visible rays in the light that comes to us from the sun, but they are readily obstructed by the atmosphere, and hence sunlight at the sea level contains a much smaller proportion of these rays than the rarefied atmosphere of the mountains. These rays destroy bacterial germs, and they are thus of use in the cure of localized tubercular tissues, and of possible value in the treatment of cancer.

There is another effect of the ultra-violet rays which has not been so prominently called to the attention of the general public. This is the really extraordinary fact that when ultra-violet light falls upon a metal, electrons, conveying the unit charge of negative electricity, leave the surface of the metal at a very high velocity. The phenomenon is called "photo-electric" effect. The electrons that thus appear to be driven off from the surface of the metal by the mere impact of the short waves of light are identical, so far as can be determined, with those constituting the familiar cathode or Lenard rays in a vacuum tube. They are also identical with the particles making up the beta ray given off by radioactive substances.

The most obvious inference from the observed fact that electrons are thus driven off when ultra-violet light impinges on a polished metal surface would be that electrons are liberated from the molecules of the metal itself. It is conceived by some physicists, however, that such may not be the origin of the electrons. In the physical laboratory of the State University of Iowa, Professor George W. Stewart and his associates are testing the matter, by observing the depositing of metal in a vacuum. Dr. Stewart suggests that the observed effect may be due only in a very indirect way to the metal. It is conceivable, for example, that the electrons are liberated from molecules of the air in contact with the metal. Such breaking up of atmospheric molecules constitutes an observed phenomenon under certain conditions. The prevailing opinion, however, is that every particle of matter is associated with electrons, some of which are more or less loosely bound. The familiar observation of the production of electricity by mere friction, as when felt is rubbed on glass, is explicable as due to the liberation of electrons.

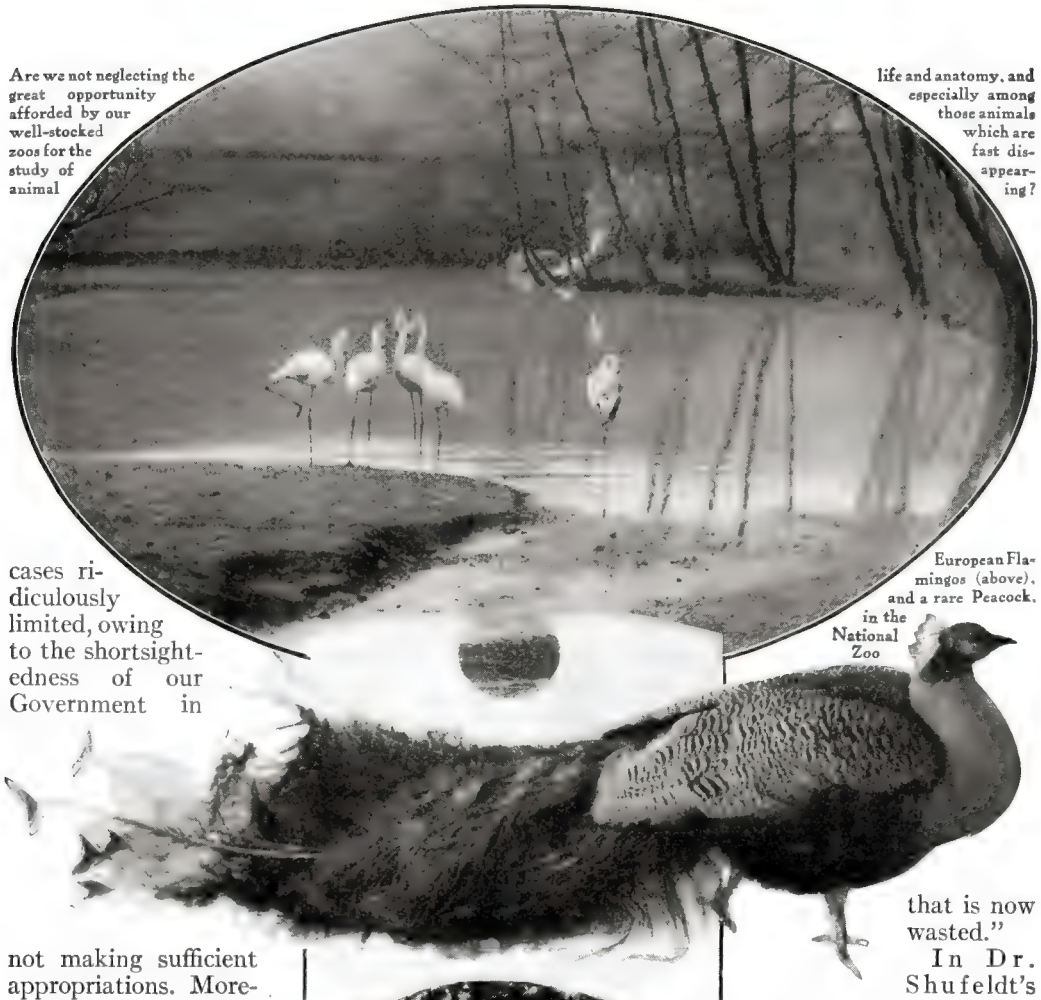
Our Wasting Zoos

DR. R. W. SHUFELDT, the distinguished anatomist, calls attention to the fact that we have accumulated in our museums great quantities of scientific material which for lack of funds can not properly be studied. He says that in this country at the present time there is great need of workers who are trained comparative anatomists. Many of the present workers in this department in our museums, he says, receive ridiculously small salaries, and there is a marked falling off in recent years in the matter of technical scientific contributions of merit and magnitude in consequence.

Yet he assures us that there is enough work ahead to keep busy an army of workers for generations to come. In particular, he declares, "we urgently need a corps of fully equipped researchers to investigate a large number of forms of animal life that are now threatened with total extinction, and regarding which very little has been written. In the near future our antelopes, our seals, and a host of our smaller animals will have disappeared forever, and it is truly shameful how little we really know of their structure. This ignorance is even more evident in the case of birds, reptiles, and fishes."

Commenting on an allied phase of the subject, Dr. Shufeldt declares that our National Zoological Garden also suffers from the neglect of our legislators. Not only is the list of animals on exhibition surprisingly small, but the quarters are in many

Are we not neglecting the great opportunity afforded by our well-stocked zoos for the study of animal life and anatomy, and especially among those animals which are fast disappearing?



European Flamingos (above), and a rare Peacock, in the National Zoo

cases ridiculously limited, owing to the shortsightedness of our Government in not making sufficient appropriations. Moreover, there is need of a more adequate staff to make proper scientific use of even the material in hand. "When animals of any kind die," says Dr. Shufeldt, "it is not sufficient that simply the cause of death be ascertained, and whether parasites were present in any of the animal's organs; but there should be built up at the Garden a fully-equipped prosectorial department, in order that the proper scientific use might be made of a great mass of material that is now wasted."

Grevy's Zebra—one of the prizes of the collection at the Washington Zoo

In Dr. Shufeldt's opinion the failure to make use of material at the National Zoological Garden—due entirely to lack of funds—"is quite equal in the matter of importance to the waste of many another product that this most wasteful of all countries has been guilty of in times gone by. There is a superb field here," he declares, "and there are plenty of earnest young scientific workers in this country ready to take hold; but in most cases the inducements to do so are at present not sufficient to meet the ordinary demands of life."

Ending Disease by Diet

WRITING in the *Britannica Year-Book* for 1913, Dr. Stephen Paget of London gives a very interesting account of the recent discoveries regarding the influence of certain elements of the diet on the bodily functions; with particular reference to the disease beri-beri, a malady to which the residents of the Philippines have been peculiarly subject.

"Few events in pathology, during late years," says Dr. Paget, "have been more notable, or more happy, than the discovery of the cause of this endemic disease. Beri-beri, a form of peripheral neuritis, with loss of muscular power, emaciation, and exhaustion, has been one of the scourges of the tropics. In the Federated Malay States the estimate has been made of 45,000 deaths from beri-beri in the course of 30 years. In the Philippines it has been a long-standing evil. During the Russo-Japanese War, it accounted for a very large part of the sickness among the Japanese.

"In 1909 Fraser and Stanton published their *Etiology of Beri-beri*. Working on the lines suggested by C. Hose and Braddon, they traced the cause of the disease to the use of 'milled' rice, *i. e.*, rice which has been 'polished' by the removal of its husk and outer layers. Fowls or pigeons fed on polished rice alone quickly showed signs of the disease; but if the polishings of rice were added to their food they quickly recovered. Further observations, by De Haan, Chamberlain, Eijkmann, and others, showed that the disease was not due simply to the absence of phosphates from the rice. It was due to the loss of a substance which is present as a mere trace in the husks; indeed, there are no more than ten grains of it in a ton of rice. Funk, working at the Lister Institute, has lately isolated this substance, and has given it the name of 'vitamine.'" We are told that a pigeon fed on polished rice alone will in three or four weeks show signs of the disease. If when death seems imminent a minute dose of vitamine be given, the bird quickly recovers.

"The wonder does not end here. For this work on beri-beri throws light on scurvy, epidemic dropsy, scurvy, rickets, etc. Indeed, Funk has isolated from limes a substance similar to vitamine, and present in about one in 100,000 parts of the fruit. This 'vitamine of the lime' has a favorable action alike on beri-beri and on scurvy."

Dr. Paget asserts that the practical value of these studies is already evident. In the Philippines, since the American occupation, the change of food from polished to unpolished rice has practically stamped out the disease beri-beri. Similar results are reported by Dr. Heiser in regard to a leper colony at Culion. "The disease had been so common in this colony, since its founding in 1906, that it caused one-third of the deaths. But after the use of unpolished rice was made compulsory no deaths occurred from the disease, and persons already affected were quickly cured by the addition of rice-polishings to their food."

The Era of Big Boats

THIS is the era of the big ship. In addition to the 920-foot *Imperator*, recently put in commission, there are four ships in an advanced stage of construction each of which is larger than any vessel that ever sailed the seas prior to the present year. Of these, the *Aquitania* and the *Britannic* are British, and the other two are German, as is the *Imperator*. All are in the 900-foot class as to length, and not far from 100 feet in beam. The recently launched *Vaterland* is the first to reach the 950-foot mark, but a companion ship already on the stocks is even larger; it will perhaps exceed the thousand-foot limit once thought unattainable.

Though much is heard of the luxurious appointments of these new leviathans—brass-bedded staterooms, restaurants, gymnasia, squash courts, swimming pools, and what not—still greater stress is laid on the points of construction and equipment that make for safety. This gives gratifying, and to some extent unexpected, evidence that the lesson of the *Titanic* is not altogether forgotten, though more than a year has passed since that defectively built and mismanaged vessel went down. The new vessels are all built with double bottoms and elaborate water-tight compartments, as properly constructed vessels were built before; but the provision of powerful searchlights, and double crows' nests, and enough life boats to carry all on board are features of novelty which only landsmen had hitherto thought necessary. Of the *Imperator's*

PHOTO BY ATELIER
BUHAUL, HAMBURG

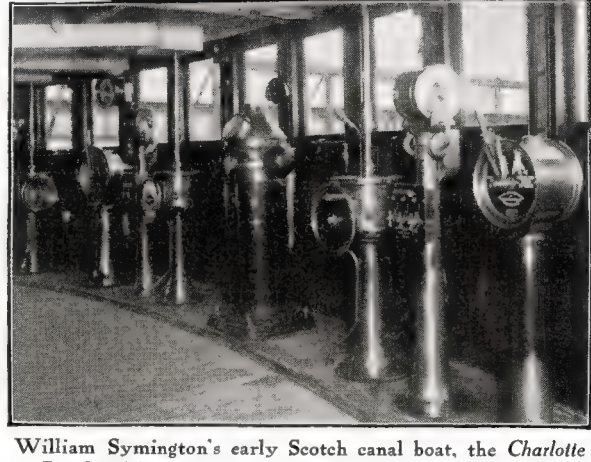
Launching of the new *Vaterland* the first of the new 950-foot liners

vessels, however, including some of the largest, are being fitted with a combination of reciprocating and turbine engines. The *Britannic*, for example, will have four propellers, with reciprocating engines on two shafts. The *Aquitania*, on the other hand, as well as the German boats, will have turbines on all four shafts, but so adjusted that the steam passes at high pressure into turbines on each wing shaft, then at intermediate pressure to a turbine on the opposite wing shaft, and finally at low pressure to a turbine on an inner shaft; having thus three expansions.

John Fitch's little boat, of about 1776. "It was a practical steamship, even though it lacked commercial proportions"

It is interesting to reflect that the original model of the turbine engine was made less than thirty years ago by Mr. (now Sir Charles) Parsons, and that engineers for some time regarded it as only a laboratory toy. It is interesting also to contrast these 85,000 84 lifeboats, two are motor boats which on occasion could tow all the others, and which are equipped with wireless apparatus having a radius of two hundred miles.

Even the German boats are to be equipped with Parsons turbine engines — a fact which speaks rather conclusively for the all-round superiority of engines of this type. Many modern



William Symington's early Scotch canal boat, the *Charlotte Dundas* (above). The "control bridge" of a modern liner—the heart of its complicated signal system

horse-power present-day engines, driving ships a fifth of a mile in length, with the crude little barrel-like engines, still in existence, of the first steamboat that ever plied the waters of New York Harbor—or, probably, any other waters—away back in Revolutionary days. The little boat of John Fitch, with its combination of side wheels and propeller, was a practical steamship, even though it lacked commercial proportions. So was the twin-propeller vessel which John Stevens, founder of the institute that bears his name, operated in the same waters just at the beginning of the nineteenth century. These and the vessels operated by the marine engines which William Symington made in Scotland at the same period (one of them a canal boat of commercial size, named the *Charlotte Dundas*), had been tried and found not altogether wanting some years before Fulton electrified the world with the *Clermont*. But the wildest dreams of their inventors could never have pictured the twentieth century floating palaces of which their steam-propelled craft were the prototypes.

Railways' Need of Good Farming

THE Bureau of Railway Economics at Washington has recently issued a bulletin making comparison between the progress of railways and the progress of agriculture in the past decade. It is pointed out that railways are dependent to a very great extent on the products of the farm-country for their traffic. Therefore the failure of the agriculturists to increase the output of their acres becomes a serious handicap to the railways no less than to the general public.

Every one is aware that the building of railways across our continent opened up vast areas of the Middle West to rapid agricultural development that must otherwise have long remained uncultivated. But most readers perhaps are not aware of the rapid rate of increase of the railways in recent years. We are assured that the miles of main track of the railways in the United States increased during the decade 1900–1910 at nearly double the rate of increase in the area devoted to crops. Measured in the aggregate, the output of the railways—ton-miles and passenger-miles—increased 80 per cent. and 102 per cent., respectively, while the output of the ten principal crops averaged an increase of about 9 per cent.

As an illustration of the unrealized possibilities open to the farmers of the United States, it is noted that the Bureau of Plant Industry of the Department of Agriculture has conducted experiments in which over 200 bushels of corn have been raised on a single acre of land. The record for the season of 1912 was 207 bushels. Yields of from 275 to 300 bushels are not uncommon. Over a century ago one Paul Hathaway raised 124.5 bushels of corn on a single acre of land in southern Massachusetts. Yet the average corn crop of the United States per acre in 1910 was only about 26 bushels. As to wheat, the production per thousand inhabitants in 1900 was 8,666 bushels, whereas in 1910 it was only 7,430 bushels, a falling off of 14.3 per cent.

The natural result of such falling off in the production of food stuffs is a very great increase in prices of staple commodities. It is noted that "1,000 bushels of corn in 1910 would purchase greater quantities of all commodities by 52.4 per cent. than would one thousand bushels of corn in 1900, one thousand bushels of wheat greater quantities by 43.8 per cent., and one thousand bales of cotton greater quantities by 63.4 per cent. One thousand bushels of corn would purchase in 1910 75.7 per cent. more ton-miles and 87.6 per cent. more passenger-miles than would one thousand bushels in 1900; one thousand bushels of wheat 65.8 per cent. more ton-miles and 77.1 per cent. more passenger-miles; one thousand bales of cotton 88.4 per cent. more ton-miles and 101.1 per cent. more passenger-miles. Conversely the purchasing power of the receipts from one thousand ton-miles in 1910 of all commodities was 13.3 per cent. less than that of one thousand ton-miles in 1900, and the purchasing power of one thousand passenger-miles was 18.8 per cent. less."

The presentation from a new angle of statistics as to the falling off in agricultural productivity should be stimulative. It is obvious that the railways and the farmers have mutual interests, and these interests, in any valid view of the economic situation, are closely linked with the interests of the great body of consumers of the food stuffs which it is the chief function of the farmer to produce and of the railways to transport.

Art

The Last Word in French Painting

By Charles Henry Meltzer

THE device of Paris—*Fluctuat nec Mergitur*—might be applied as well to Paris art. The years roll on, and "movements" come or go. But art, in many shapes, still holds its own. Three Salons (if we exclude the "Humorists'" show) can now be seen in the French capital. The "Independents" are entrenched near the Champ de Mars. The "Old" Salon of the Artistes Français, and the competing Salon of the Société Nationale, are again drawing thousands to the Champs-Élysées. There, in the east and west wings of the Grand Palais, are now displayed seven thousand works; seven thousand efforts of heaven knows how many artists, dreaming of fame.

Of the two official Salons the "Nationale" this year is the more interesting. The quality of many works on view at the younger exhibition is of unusual excellence. Only in the sculpture section does it fall short of the high standard set by its old rival. And even there it has done well and bravely. The "Nationale" does not encourage tyros. It keeps its walls and its three sculpture halls for its own members. In time, I fear, this very exclusiveness will prove its ruin. But, for the present, it is more than prosperous. Not for ten years at least has so fine an artistic showing been made by the society which, in its youth, foreshadowed bolder rebels. The decorative paintings at the "Nationale" are more ambitious and of greater worth than those hung in the vaster galleries of the Artistes Français. Of the portraits and the landscapes in the younger Salon (some are by veterans) scores are distinguished by surprising talent. In the field of *genre* painting, the "Old" Salon and the newer one might both claim honors.

With much good sense, the members of the "Nationale" (or "Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts") have given up painting unreal battle scenes and conventional allegories. They are studying life, real life, and expressing nature. Not, possibly, in the same way as the Post-Impressionists, but often with the sincerity of the Impressionists. The Artistes Français, on the other hand, still cling to the dead forms and modes. Yet some of them—a few—have seen a light. These are turning from mock-romantic and the *poncif* styles toward truth. And truth, as one may see by observing the beautiful "Bathers" of Ménard, with its background of dark pines and its peaceful foreground, need not exclude poetry. Another proof of this is to be found in the "Nocturne" of Auburtin, with its sombre woodsprite piping to a group of enchanted children. For clear, rare color, brightness, and some truth (of a more obvious kind) the "Before the Performance" of Frederick Frieseke is remarkable. This work, with several others in the "Nationale," was painted in the sunshine of Corsica. Foremost among the portraits in the exhibition are the slightly ironic, but life-like presentment of an editor, "M. Dubar," by Albert Besnard, the director-designate of the Villa Medicis; the speaking, full length "Mme. B.", of Gervex, and the "Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava," by Mrs. Cotton.

Nudes, of great merit and technical skill, are contributed to the "Nationale" by D. Robinson, of London, H. Gsell, and Louis Picard. Louis Simon is represented

by a wonderful "Peasant Family in Mourning," and a fine composition, with nude and half nude figures in the foreground, entitled "The Park." Cottet has sent in several strange and impressive Breton scenes, portrayals of "Pardons" and processions, and a "Harbor at Douarnenez," which, though painted in Brittany, glows with the hues of Venice.

Respect for form, attention to drawing—the drawing which some artists seem to scorn, and sincerity in color, are among the ear-marks of the younger official Salon.

Neither at the "Nationale" nor at the exhibition of the Artistes Français, can one find a work this year which bears the stamp of genius. The picture in the older show which comes more near than any, in my judgment, to that honor, is the "Dregs of London" of the late Robert MacCameron. Like other paintings which we owe to the dead artist, it is vigorous and impressive. François Flameng, who has grown so fashionable, is more happy in his ultra-modern portrait of the caricaturist "Sem" (in the paddock at Ascot) than in his finicky and too artificial portrait of "Mrs. Kahn." Bonnat is—just Bonnat, as we have known him for many years, in his pictures of "Henri Deutsch" and "Mlle. Kinen." Rochegrosse, a "light that failed," contributes a huge "Burning of Persepolis," garish in color and painfully conventional. Boutigny exemplifies romanticism run mad in a weird painting named "The Wreckers." Georges Bergès, in an anomaly called "Pro Patria Mori"; Paul Gervais, in two companion panels entitled "Fructidor" and "Messidor"; Albert Calbet, in "The Charities"; and André Gabriel-Ferrier, in his "Soul and Body," represent symbolism and allegory in modern French art.

The much-discussed canvas (by Paul Gervais) in this year's salon, entitled "Fructidor," which is symbolistic and realizes a happy combination of decorative painting and pure realism

The Trend of the Times

No Child Illegitimate

ILLEGITIMATE!

Of all words worked out by the mill of society, by the wheels and cogs of law, by the upper millstone of prejudice grinding upon the lower millstone of vested rights, this word is perhaps the most amazing to men and angels in its sinister injustice.

A law-breaker, an outcast, handicapped in the race of life, damned at the outset! Who? Just a baby, a wee, blinking human mite, ready to love and be loved, but shut up in some "institution," thence to be shunted out, still immature, to "work" in some factory or department store, to waste youth in the deadening moil of commercialism, or to roam the streets and learn the arts and ways of crime.

A law has been introduced into the legislature of Illinois legitimizing all children. It provides that the "birth of a child to a man and a woman shall constitute a common law marriage. The child shall be legitimate, bear the father's name and be a lawful heir. The dissolution of such marriage shall require a regular divorce, and the wife shall be entitled to alimony and support for her child."

This sounds good—as far as it goes. It makes no provision, however, for the case in which the man is already married. Such a man should be compelled to support both child and mother at least.

The trouble with most legislation is that it is made from the standpoint of adults. The class that ought always be kept in view is that of the children.

Toward children law is a stepmother. They are outraged by the fundamental provisions of our social contract. Every child, not every man and woman, is entitled to that absolute "equality" before the law of which our constitution speaks.

But among the little ones there is no equal opportunity; only the most grotesque inequity. Witness our laws of inheritance which place one child in the lap of luxury and another in the horror of the slums. What did these children do to merit that? Are the laws of an intelligent civilization to carry out the ancient superstition of election and predestination?

Let us have justice towards babies if we have it nowhere else! And that means no less than that every child born among us shall have a right to a school training that shall properly equip him for intelligent citizenship.

Some other form of punishing social sinners should be devised than the inhuman branding of the innocent child with the term, "illegitimate."

The Mothers' Parade

THIS is the age of Women. When the French Revolution broke out the world was amazed to see the women emerge from kitchens and shops and march at the front of the mob. The opening years of the Twentieth Century are years of revolution, not so bloody as the European upheaval of 1793, but no less radical.

The ideals of Justice, utter, clear, unfettered Justice, intoxicate our civilization like wine.

New York City recently witnessed a parade of thousands of women, maids and matrons, children and grandmothers, for the cause of woman suffrage. Woman is demanding her rights as a human being, the inalienable rights of personality. She is breathing the air of modernity. She is no longer content to be a pawn, a hopeless

sacrifice in the chess-game of progress; she is to be the queen, all-powerful.

In England the liquor of idealism seems to be too strong for the feminine brain. Crazed and criminal suffragettes have been outdoing the pétroleuses of the red days of Paris.

Along with emphasis of woman's individuality there is observed a new realization of her communal, racial function. Motherhood is being exalted. Sarah Bernhardt, the most remarkable actress the world has ever seen, has been touring the United States. In an interview she expressed the opinion that motherhood should be woman's greatest joy. Whatever may be the outcome of the movement to gain for women the franchise, to give them free entrance into business, the schools, and the professions, we may be sure that the strong common-sense and the primal instincts of womankind will swing them back to a sense of the due pride and glory of motherhood.

In every city of America on the first warm days of Spring there were held "mothers' parades." In every one of the parks and breathing spots, in cities from Boston to San Francisco, congregated mothers, with babes in arms, mothers leading their children by the hand, wheeling baby carriages, acting as outrunners for infantile tricycles.

Madame Bernhardt declared that the time to be married is in youth. "A girl in her teens," she said, "is filled with the sunshine of love and romance, and makes an adorable—and the best—mother."

Thousands of mothers, red-cheeked and rosy, white-faced and smiling, glad, hopeful, facing the world with the Spring in their hearts, took their babies out to see the lilacs and the green grass, and to show to men that after all is said and done as to woman's privileges,

"A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive."

Sport, a Nation-Binder

SPEAKING of internationalism, world government, the parliament of man and all that, have we not overlooked the unifying influence of sport?

In the great movement of world-getting-together we usually consider the consolidating effect of ocean liners and transcontinental express trains; of aeroplanes that fail to recognize national boundaries (the various nations not being in actuality colored pink, yellow, and green, as in the geographies); of cables, Marconi systems and telegraph lines; of Hague conferences, May-days and Andrew Carnegie; but after all does not nearness and mutual understanding ensue from playing together quite as much as from selling goods to each other or confabing?

The world of sport thrives mightily. Rudyard Kipling may speak of "the muddied oaf at the goal," meaning the deficient celebration of the soccer-player, but no less than 121,000 spectators were present at the last football contest for the English cup recently in England. The majority of them were workingmen.

It is rather a refreshing spectacle. This world cannot be so blamed serious after all. When we think of "the great multitude which no man can number, of all peoples and nations and tongues" that congregate to witness American baseball, we are inclined to conclude that we are not quite yet on the verge of revolution.

Even prize-fighting, the oldest of sports, is looking up. George Fitch, the humorist and Illinois legislator, attended an exhibition fight given the other day to show the legislature how innocent the game is, and thus describes it:

"Before I went to the sample prize-fights put on for the benefit of the Illinois Legislature, I was a good deal of a sceptic concerning the moral and aesthetic benefits of pugilism.

"But I have attended the official hearing of the pugilists and am an enlightened legislator. I acknowlege my mistake. Prize-fighting is not gory or brutal. It does not produce the Bulgarian eye and the pancake nose as its detractors claim. Instead, it is healthful and soothing. It is a cross between a pillow fight and a fancy dance. It is aesthetic and congested with good feeling. I know of no better way of settling a feud than to allow the mutual enemies to enter a ring and while leaning over each other's shoulders to strike each other's heads tenderly with ten-inch gloves."

Wouldn't it be a good plan, in case we are threatened with war by any nation, to select a dozen bruisers from each country, have a grand exhibition at five dollars per seat and let them settle the great international dispute by the truly American method

of slugging? It would not be nearly so costly as war; indeed it could be made to pay. And then it would be heaps of fun.

No Time for "Dear Sir"

SOME time ago it was proposed in the War Department to omit the fore and aft salutations of respect from letters. An American business concern recently decided also to adopt this change and now prints a line at the bottom of its letter heads explanatory of the omission. This is a grand move in the wrong direction. Courtesy goes further, considering the price, than anything yet discovered. It does not pay to save lubricating oil even in business affairs.

They Who Say, "Kismet"

OF all institutions the worker is saying today what Jesus said of the Sabbath: "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."

The common people coming of age, developing a consciousness of their importance, organizing for concerted action; what may not this signify! The other day the workingmen of Europe threatened a general strike if war should be declared. What would the Magnificences of earth do without chessmen of flesh and blood with which to play their deadly games?

Like all subversive ideas this, too, breaks out in violence. They who are mad for justice are not always wise. In France they have sabotage; in the United States the Industrial Workers of the World. Both declare for immediate revolution and violence. The Socialist movement, swarming with Utopian ideas, dreaming the dreams of millennial equity, is growing lustily.

The danger in all such manifestations is the very class spirit to which they appeal and to which they owe the suddenness of their success. There is something broader, firmer, more permanent than class, even the "working class." It is Humanity. But that is very hard for fierce partisans to see.

Whatever may come of the efforts of agitators and strikers, of the highbrow socialists like Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells, or of the strenuous type of overturners like Big Bill Heywood, it is the duty of government to allow full and free speech, and carefully and wisely to confine its police activity to the suppression of violence. The English manage matters better than

Here are three remarkable types of modern femininity. At the top is Dr. Mary Walker, the only woman authorized to dress like a man, army nurse through the Civil War, and for fifty years a practicing physician. In the center is Miss Wakana Utagawa, a new woman of Japan who is winning her solitary way to fame in this country as an artist. At the bottom is little Beulah Miller who has wonderful telepathic powers. She is a normal girl whose gift for mind-reading is amazing, says Prof. Münsterberg

we. Lord Weardale, one of the commissioners to the peace conference here, declared: "The Syndicalist movement is growing rapidly in the United States; it has not made any progress in England. It is being met with opposition and violence in the United States; it is let alone in England. Force begets force."

The Sin of the Schools

THE authorities of the Horace Mann School of Teachers College, Columbia University, have decided to abandon co-education. For a long time this school has been conspicuous among co-educational institutions, and the change comes as a surprise. The boys will now have a separate school of their own, with their own gymnasium, athletic field, and class rooms.

The reason given for this move is that "the radically different aims and ideals of the two sexes can be better studied and guided."

The real reason, however, is a subtler one. It is the evil influence still exerted by the old endowed universities upon the general system of education.

Of all the strongholds of conservatism the university is perhaps the most impregnable. Tradition, which in other institutions is a mild influence, a tinge or flavor, is here hard as iron. Of all aristocracies the aristocracy of intellect is the toughest. Kings are trembling on their thrones and even the House of Lords is toppling, but the "scholar" class is still secure and serene in its exclusiveness.

The university is for the exceptional man, and for one kind of exceptional man, the kind that runs to Greek, Latin, and mathematics. In former days, and not so very long ago, there was no exact science but mathematics; botany, geology, and physics were not yet born. And there were no teachable languages but Latin and Greek, for these only had the teachable necessities, a grammar and a settled body of literature.

Notwithstanding that the world has moved long since out of this position, the test of scholarship remains the same. Upon the entire system of public education the medieval university still spreads its deadening shadow. Every effort to rationalize popular education is met by the outcry of "fad" and "new-fangled nonsense." Most of the instructors in the schools are university men, and thoroughly imbued with the university point of view. It will take a long time to get our schools out into the broad, free, intelligent program of training for life and efficiency, in any calling or trade, and not for the narrow excellence of "scholarship."

One of the traditions of the past is this of separating the sexes. It is the old principle of monasticism. It is the lingering poison of the idea that the female sex is inferior, and a bit dangerous.

This is the day of equal opportunities for all. Women are coming into their own. Whatever institution discriminates against them takes a step backward. Besides this, there is the undisputed fact that the most wholesome condition is that where the young of both sexes mingle freely under healthful circumstances.

The American idea of co-education will march right along in spite of the Horace Mann School.

Back to the Spank

SHALL we go back to the spank? We shall have to do something for the anti-Peter-Pantheistic children of this Topsy-Turvey-Land; for they are born old, and go on school strikes just like their elders. Thus have they raised Cain in Pittsburgh, Cambridge, and New York. In the bygone days of penny thrillers they used to play pirate with Huckleberry Finn or Indian-hunter with Texas-Jack; in these days of newspapers they imitate newspaper heroes, of whom the males organize labor mobs and the females hurl suffragette bombs.

We Are Religious—Not Churchly

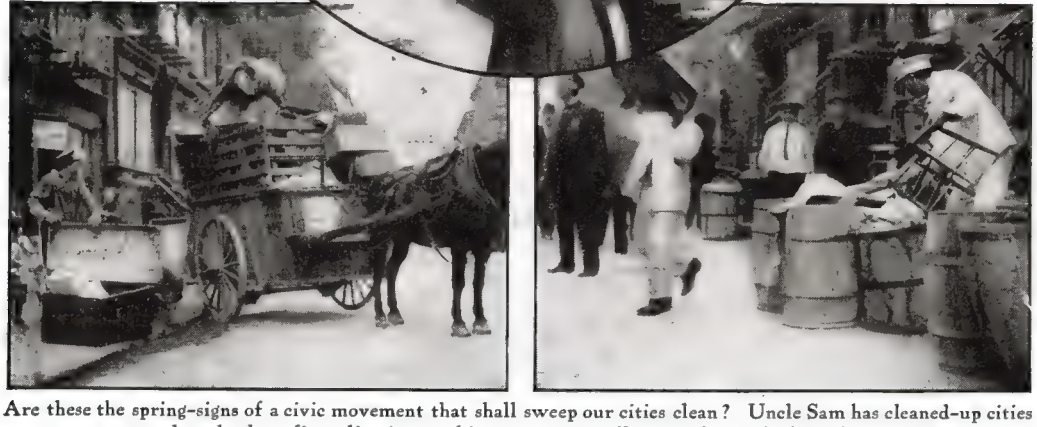
A LADY in Montclair, New Jersey, watching by the bedside of her father, a Christian man of high character, saw him breathe his last, and therewith observed a remarkable phenomenon, which she thus describes:

"His eyes closed as he gave a gentle sigh of relief, and as his features relaxed into a most beatific smile his lips parted. Then there issued from between his lips a distinct and well defined shape. As the soul—for that I know it was—came from his lips it was in the form of a small butterfly, with beautiful wings. As it emerged it assumed a much larger form, beautiful and graceful

and so peaceful. I reached out, involuntarily, to place my hands upon the wings. They fluttered away from me, like holy things which should not be sullied by the hands of mortals. The wings seemed to be connected, but not attached to any body."

Considerable attention was paid by the newspapers to this news-item. The incident was received generally with respectful incredulity. The time has been when such an occurrence would have aroused great popular excitement. The place where it occurred might have been consecrated as the site of a cathedral.

Are we growing less religious? Is religious faith



Are these the spring-signs of a civic movement that shall sweep our cities clean? Uncle Sam has cleaned-up cities over seas and made them fit to live in; are his own cities godly enough to take hold for themselves? Recently New York's Health and Street Cleaning departments ordered a clean-up; here are the results: food for fires and incubators of disease on their way to the waste-pile

dying out? Are we being rendered godless by what Cardinal Gibbons calls "the unbelieving scientist, of which there are too many in the world?"

Those who fancy so are poor readers of the signs of the times. They make the same mistake that is made universally by writers upon the subject who contribute both to the religious and the anti-religious magazines, to wit: that religion is necessarily identified with church organizations and with the superstitions, credulities, and moral provincialism that characterize them.

Religion, on the contrary, is a function of humanity. It is as old as the race and will last as long as there are human beings. It consists in a sense of awe and wonder toward the infinite and unknown that circumscribe all life, and in a reverential acknowledgment of the binding quality of the higher ethical motives, the moral convictions.

Religion, in such a sense, never was more flourishing than to-day.

It grips the President of the United States, its thunders mutter ceaselessly behind legislatures and courts, its shadow falls upon the newspaper, it is the foundation of that credit system which has placed American commerce in the lead of the world, it elevates woman to a place she never before occupied, it is the soul of all charities, it is the power behind all labor movements and all efforts to improve social conditions, it is the gist of justice.

When Big Bill Heywood declared that the laborers "wanted no God" he said a very foolish thing. He too imagined God to be in the hand of the local parson. But God is the power behind the People, the instinct of universal equity, the foe of all privilege.

It is for that reason that "the river of God" has escaped from the walls of institutions and "runs through the streets of the city."

One Hundred Years of Peace

ON September 11th, one hundred years ago, was fought, at Rouse's Point, N. Y., the battle which virtually ended the war of 1812 between England and the United States of America. On that day Commodore Macdonough with eight United States frigates met Commodore George Downie, of the British Royal Navy, on Lake Champlain. At dusk the English ships were lying shattered in the lake. The British commander, with many of his officers, was buried side by side with the American dead.

That was the last battle in which America and her mother country ever met, and, please God! ever shall meet, to try the issues of justice by the savage method of murder by wholesale.

The next year, 1815, a treaty of peace between the two countries was signed at the little city of Ghent, in Belgium.

One hundred years peace has held between the two great English-speaking nations. Relations have frequently been strained. Occasions have not been wanting which in former and darker times would have unloosed the hound-passions of war. There have been unavoidable conflicts of interest between the captains of commerce of the two great merchant-nations. There have been Anglophobiacs aplenty on this side, and jingos, equally pestiferous, on the other. But the strands of common blood and common-sense have not been broken. Gradually the conviction has grown that, in the words of Captain Sir Arthur Lawley, "it is unthinkable that any situation can arise which cannot be settled amicably by our statesmen in Washington and London."

The smouldering war-hates were nearly blown aflame at the time of the celebrated Alabama claims, but that case was settled by arbitration; upon which occasion Gladstone remarked: "No matter what the verdict was, no matter what the compensation may have been, it is as dust compared with the innumerable advantages that have flowed from the settlement of this great dispute."

To celebrate this century of national sanity delegates have come from England now to meet us in an international conference, to lay plans for fitly commemorating so world-significant an epoch. Let the world join in! The year 1815 ended also the Napoleonic wars. Since the battle of Waterloo there has been peace between France and England, and no general European war.

Let an annual peace day be observed in the schools, and our children be taught the criminal insanity of war. With every battle they learn of, let them learn the horror and uselessness of it. The sentiment against war grows with the sentiment of democracy. As the common people realize their power,

war becomes less and less probable. No people as a mass ever wanted war. It has always been incited by interested agitators, stirred up by ambitious kings, and connived at by stupid and vicious diplomats.

Let us hope that the century will mark the passing forever of the narrow provincialism that flowers in the sort of patriotism that wants to kill! War has its measure of ethnic advantages—else its technical terms would not have crept into the figurative language of the Church fathers, or more modernly, of those who in rank and file raise their tumult and prayers on the street corners; war does seem to have as its by-products such good things as organization, nationalism, patriotism, but the price is too big, and is always paid to the wrong merchant. The jingo never patronizes home industries.

One hundred years the banners of Britain and America have fluttered in peace; Lord Weardale (above) and his commission, representing England and her colonies, and the City of Ghent, are here arranging for a fitting celebration that shall be a pledge to perpetuity

For the past twenty-five years William II., War Lord of Germany, has also been "strong" for peace—indeed, his peaceful intentions are getting stronger each year at a humble self-sacrifice of an annual something over three hundred million dollars

Why Ride Like Sardines?

NOWHERE is adequate, swift, and safe transportation more needed than in great cities. Nowhere is it less adequate, slower and more dangerous. Any unbiased observer must admit that the existing public carriers in cities are bad, second-class, uncomfortable, and absurd.

In no city of the United States has the transportation demand been met satisfactorily.

When the New York subway was built it was thought that it would be twenty years before it would be used to its full capacity. By the time it was finished it was too small. It was overcrowded at once and has steadily grown worse. It has not relieved the congestion of surface tramways which are as packed now as they were before thousands used the underground road.

A similar state of things exists in all other cities. Mayor Harrison of Chicago says: "Existing transportation conditions are uncomfortable, unsanitary, and immoral. The overcrowding of all cars in the rush hours is an offense against decency, a danger to health, and an affront to the intelligence of good citizenship.

"Public utility corporations apparently never yield a point to the public. Every concession must be fought for to the last ditch. As a result there is always hostility to the corporations on the part of the great mass of the citizens."

What Mayor Harrison says of Chicago might be said with equal truth of St. Louis, of Kansas City, of Minneapolis; of any American metropolis.

What is the cause of this?

The immediate cause is the private ownership and control of public utilities. The stock-holders of street-railway companies, like all other investors, want dividends. Their hired managers are instructed to make money. Under such an arrangement the wayfaring man, though a fool, could see what will happen to the public.

The people are handled like cattle, subway guards in New York buck their shoulders against the crowd and jam them into the cars; they shout, snap, and snarl like cow-punchers. Let us thank God they are not furnished with whips and spiked poles. Street-car conductors are unable to handle the swarm of human beings who are packed in the street-cars like herrings in a box.

Slowly, very slowly, the people of this day are learning that private greed cannot be depended upon for public service. But we must go back of the private company to find the real cause of the trouble. One reason why municipalities hesitate to build and operate their own transportation systems is that they have not the money. The money is in the hands of bankers, of the money-trust. This trust always opposes municipal control, for the reason that city franchises are plums, too fat to be allowed to escape.

The remedy for this is simple. Let the cities borrow their money from the citizens, in small sums. The millions of the common people have the money and would be eager to lend it to the municipality at a less rate of interest than the bankers.

Let cities be far-sighted enough to plan transportation systems sufficiently large to accommodate the traffic. Let them spend billions if necessary. They will have no trouble in getting the money if they ask the many and not the few for it.

The science of city government is woefully imperfect. There is no wise foresight. We live from hand to mouth, and for our necessities we are the prey of the wealth-units.

Un-Common Sense in Education

THERE is a woman in the little village of Fairhope in Alabama across the bay from Mobile, who has horse sense. She is a teacher, wife, mother, and home-keeper, and also has a sense of humor. Her name is Johnson.

Mrs. Johnson's idea is an old one and yet it is one that is always new, one that it seems impossible to drive into the stupid head of the world. Her idea is simply this: Some people like onions, some people do not. The principle of education hitherto in force is to compel all the children to eat onions. That is to say we construct a curriculum and force children through it. Her plan is to allow a child to study what he wants to study.

"Hours are spent in class-rooms," says Mrs. Johnson, "drilling into the child's mind things that could not be kept out of the child's mind if left to follow its own initiative.

"We do not pinch off blossoms and expect a tree to bear fruit, yet we strip off the self prompted creative activity of the child and demand that its mind bear the fruit of learning.

"I doubt if there is a period of fifteen minutes a day in the average class-room where material is molded to the individual thought of the child. Modern school standards iron out the child's constructive mentality." More power to Mrs. Johnson's arm!

The Play of the Month

The Master Mind

By Daniel D. Carter

IF a text were needed for Daniel D. Carter's play, "The Master Mind," which has had a successful run at the Harris Theater in New York, it could be formulated easily in the words: the futility of revenge. For this is the ultimate conclusion to which lead the quickly moving events of the four acts. Hate, love, and fear are shown, strikingly unveiled, as the three mainsprings in this, as in nearly all human dramas.

Andrew, the compelling figure of the play, bends to the purposes of his revenge three ex-criminals from whom he exacts obedience under threat of exposure. These three are introduced as Mr. and Mrs. Blount, from Wyoming, and Walter Blount, their son.

When the supposed daughter, Lucine, is brought forward we realize that the Blounts have been commandeered by Andrew in order to provide a family for Lucine, who has just returned from a stay of several years abroad, where she has been educated.

Edmund Breese as Andrew, the Master Mind, to whose imperious will the other figures in the drama bow obedience

Lucine—Are you pleased with me? I have changed, haven't I? Are you glad to have me back?

Andrew—Are you glad to be back?

Lucine—Ah yes! And I have tried so hard to do as you would like me to. All these years—never for a day or an hour, could I forget all I owe to you.

Andrew—Oh, never mind all that.

Lucine—But I do mind it. I should be a strange girl ever to forget it. Why think, think, what you did for me! There I was without a friend in the world; what could I have done without you?

Andrew—I thought we two agreed four years ago to put all that behind us. Wasn't it for that I gave you a new name; took you away from all you had known before—that's why you are no longer Margaret Flint, but Lucine Blount.

Lucine—Oh, I am so grateful to you.

Andrew—There! But no more of that! Tell me now! Has our little girl left her heart in Paris, or has she brought it back intact?

Lucine—Neither. I left it here when I went away. You *know* that.

Andrew—Still faithful to the old memory?

Lucine—Does it surprise you?

Andrew—Oh! No! No! But *I* am going to surprise *you*.

Lucine—Are you?

Andrew—You shall see *him* soon.

Lucine—Oh! Mr. Andrew—you mean?

Andrew—Yes, yes—the man who owes his life to you and who does not even know your name.

Lucine—But when?

Andrew—You shall soon see.

Lucine—Oh! It can't be true. It's too wonderful!

Andrew—Yes, yes; after all — there is magic in this dull old world, and it pleases me to be the magician. Why not?

Lucine—Is he quite well?

Wainwright (Arthur S. Hull) comforts Lucine. "Oh my dear, I knew it—I knew it"

The black card is discovered

Andrew—Quite!

Lucine—When they took him away in the ambulance, I was sure he was going to die.

Andrew—And so he would—but for you.

Lucine—I did do the right thing, didn't I?

Andrew—Yes the only thing that could have saved him. But tell me, how did you ever learn to make a tourniquet?

Lucine—Why, I'd seen pictures of it in those "First Aids" things in railroad trains, and when he was thrown from the automobile and laid bleeding at my feet, I don't know why, but I just happened to remember it, and I tore my petticoat into strips and took a stick that laid in the street and twisted it around his arm and just held it as tight as I could.

Andrew—And for a few brief moments you looked into each others eyes.

Lucine—Yes!

Andrew—And then the ambulance came and whisked him away out of your life?

Lucine—Yes, yes.

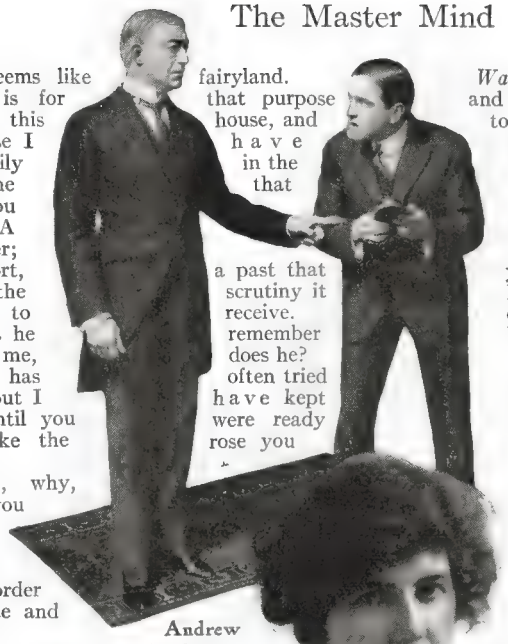
Andrew—But you never forgot, though neither of you ever knew the other's name.

Lucine—Oh, Mr. Andrew, who is he? Who is he?

Andrew—Umph! Small chance that you two should ever meet again! The little waif and the man of the world; yet so it is to be.

Andrew shows his hand: "What has passed is merely an incident. Now we come to the real issue"

Lucine—It seems like fairyland.
Andrew—It is for that purpose
I have taken this house, and
for that purpose I have in the
created a family that
place of the one a past that
you lost when you scrutiny it
were a child. A receive.
father; a mother; remember
a brother; in short, does he?
will stand all the often tried
is ever likely to have kept
Lucine—Does he were ready
me? Oh tell me, rose you
Andrew—He has
to find you, but I
you hidden until you
to blossom like the
are to-day.
Lucine—But, why,
why didn't you
let him find
me when you
knew that—
Andrew—In order
first to educate and
train you, and
secondly to
blot out a past
that, innocent,
though you
were, would have forever
kept you apart.



Andrew shows Lucine's photograph to Creegan (Sidney Cushing)

WAINWRIGHT, the ex-district attorney, calls, as Andrew has planned that he should, to thank Walter Blount for a supposed service rendered. In the course of conversation he tells Walter of the strange "white card" episode, which is still a mystery.

Adeline O'Connor, who plays the part of Lucine, the young wife of Wainwright

Andrew prevents Walter (Frank Allworth) from annoying Lucine: "A light, sir?" (whispers) "Mr. Pinkerton service." Walter: "All right, Andrew; I'll do what you say"

Marshall is a detective in the

Wainwright—It was a case of murder—and with certain extenuating features, too. The prisoner's mistake lay in trying to cover up his crime, and when I unearthed it, you cannot imagine the pressure that was brought on me to be lenient. There was no limit to which the mysterious gentleman was willing to go to save the young defendant, for he believed him justified. Public opinion, however, was too much aroused and the boy was sent to the chair.

Walter—And the mysterious gentleman! What about him?

Wainwright—Shortly after the boy's execution I received a note saying "You got my brother, and I'll get you. From time to time you will receive white cards to show you that I have not forgotten. When you receive red cards it will mean that I am drawing nearer, and when you receive a black card, it will mean that the end is at hand." For the last four years white cards have been following me all over the world.

Walter—Have you received a red card yet?

Wainwright—No, only white ones.

WAINWRIGHT is introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Blount, and presently he meets Lucine, whom he has loved ever since the time when, an unknown, friendless girl, she saved his life.

Wainwright—I—can't be mistaken. Surely—it's the same little girl. Surely, it's my little saviour of the Chicago streets.

Lucine—(*faintly*) Then you—you remember me?

Wainwright—Remember you. Yes! I think so.

Lucine—After all these years?

Wainwright—Yes—after all these years. It—it's wonderful.

Lucine—(*breathlessly*) Yes, isn't it?

Wainwright—Oh—not that I should remember you—not that—but that we should meet again like this.

Lucine—They are waiting for me.

Wainwright—What a little princess you've grown to be!

Lucine—Oh, Mr. Wainwright, please—we *must* go.

Wainwright—(*stares at her an instant. Then pulls himself together*) Forgive me. Yes, so we must. (*They start out after the others*)

ANDREW advances to the center of the stage and watches Lucine and Wainwright pass out of the room; they are so much in love that they do not even see him. As the curtain falls Andrew strides over to a desk, whips a red card out of his pocket, thrusts it into an envelope, and with deft fingers seals it, while his eye malignantly follows the retreating Wainwright.

THE SECOND act finds Lucine and Wainwright happily married and settled in the Wainwright home, where also are Mr. and Mrs. Blount and Walter, as guests, and Andrew, who still maintains the fiction of being young Blount's valet. Wainwright, who is ambitious to become governor of his state, divides his time between political work and trying to solve the mystery of the persistent enemy who continues to send him *red* cards. To help him accomplish this he has introduced into his household, in the guise of a private secretary, Marshall, a Pinkerton detective whose real name is Davis.

A stranger is announced by Freeman, the butler.

Andrew—(*in a significant voice*) Your name is Creegan, you were sent here by Mr. Whitcomb.

Creegan—Well, maybe I was, maybe I wasn't.

Andrew—You were to inquire for Walter Blount, but another person was to give a sign. (*Andrew gives the sign*)

Creegan—Ah, you're a spy.

Andrew—I am the man, sir.

Creegan—(*going closer to Andrew and in a whisper*) Listen, the boss said this was a pipe, that there would be ten thousand in the haul for me, and even if I was pinched they wouldn't do nothing to me. Say, is that on the level?

Andrew—It is.

Creegan—Just the same you gotta show me. I tell you I ain't a bit stuck on it. You gotta show me. If it's such a pipe, why'd you send all the way to Chicago for me when New York's full of smooth propositions just askin' for the chance?

(*Andrew takes Lucine's photo from bookcase and gives it to Creegan*)

Creegan—(*looking at it*) I'll be—Maggie Flint! Say—how did that come here?

Andrew—Now, suppose, for example, that you contemplated stealing valuable jewels.

Creegan—(*in a whisper*) Like the Wainwright sparkler, hey?

Andrew—Yes, and that you were apprehended in the act.

Creegan—Oh, say, parade the kind of talk I know.

Andrew—Nipped. Suppose, too, that the owner of the jewels was of an old and honorable family, a nominee for high office. Do you think he would risk scandal by prosecuting you, if you recognized in his wife—say—Maggie Flint? (*Creegan says nothing, but looks fixedly at Andrew, who switching off the lights, opens door to dining room slightly. Creegan looks. A look of astonishment on his face, as Andrew closes door silently*)

Creegan—(*in awed whisper*) Gee! Maggie! Well, I'm a son of a gun!

Andrew—Do you know the lady?

Creegan—From way back; came from swell people. Any other Jane with her looks would have went to the bad, but not her; worked in factories, straighter'n a string. I got foolish over that kid—had about made up my mind to marry her, when she disappeared. Can you see me being dippy over a skirt?

Andrew—(*switches the lights again*) And if you should be caught, for a further defense, you might say that robbery was not your intent, but a meeting with the lady at her request.

Creegan—I'm wise, bo, I'm wise. According to the layout, the crib with the sparklers must be in there. (*points*)

Andrew—Yes, and my room is in the cupola. I am often reading late at night. The lodge-keeper says that when I put out my light, he is sure that everyone in the house is asleep.

Creegan—When'll that be, to-night?

Andrew—About two o'clock in the morning.

Creegan—I gotcher, Steve, I gotcher.

ACROSS Lucine's happiness there persists the shadow of her deception of her husband as to her real history and as to her real relation or lack of relation with the Blounts.

Lucine—It was wrong not to tell Courtland everything from the first. Don't you think so, Andrew?

Andrew—Perhaps it was. In point of fact, I am beginning to regret that I advised you as I did, for fear that you may now be compelled to be quite candid with him.

Lucine—(*in fright*) What do you mean?

Andrew—Do you remember Creegan?

Lucine—(*shudders*) Creegan!

Andrew—Yes! Jim Creegan of Chicago.

Lucine—Oh, yes! Why?

Andrew—He has discovered that you are Mrs. Wainwright. He is coming here to-night.

Lucine—(*in distress and alarm*) Here? What for?

Andrew—Robbery.

Lucine—(*in misery*) Oh! (*a pause*) I can't believe it.

Andrew—Have I ever yet misled you?

Lucine—How do you know all these things?

Andrew—That I do know is enough. Suppose

he should be caught. To save himself he might say he knew you as Maggie Flint.

Lucine—(*in a pitiful appeal*) Mr. Andrew! Oh, Mr. Andrew!

Andrew—Yes—yes—the situation is critical.

Lucine—Can't you do anything? Can't you keep him away?

Andrew—I fear not. The man is desperate.

Lucine—Does he know the Blounts?

Andrew—I am afraid so.

Lucine—Then he might tell Courtland that—

Andrew—Yes, yes.

Lucine—Oh!

Andrew—But, there is one chance, just one. You must meet him when he comes tonight and try to dissuade him.

Lucine—Only money could do that.

Andrew—Then give it to him.

Lucine—It would take a great deal more than I could offer him.

Andrew—I have here a little less than five thousand dollars; that should suffice. Take it and try him

Lucine—I'm afraid. I'm afraid.

Andrew—Think what depends upon it. If you do not fail to-night your troubles are over.

Marshall, the detective (Edward Gillespie) shows Walter that he knows his criminal record: "Sentenced by Recorder Goff to two years and seven months in Sing Sing prison for—" Walter: "That'll be all! That'll be all!"

Andrew—You would sacrifice a great deal for him, Lucine?

Lucine—I would give him my life.

Andrew—If it became necessary in order to save him from public disgrace, you would even pretend to go away with Creegan, wouldn't you, Lucine? (*a pause*) Wouldn't you?

Lucine—(*in alarm, clutching Andrew*) Oh, Andrew—but—but—

Andrew—I said, if it were necessary. I mean if it were necessary to stop Creegan's mouth. Why, with ten words to the newspaper reporters about you and the Blounts, he would ruin your husband's whole political career. Think, Lucine, is your love strong enough to rise to that supreme height of martyrdom, wherein you would not only sacrifice yourself in silence, but so blacken your character, that he would gladly let you go? Is it, Lucine? (*She does not answer*) Is it?

Lucine—To save him from disgrace—yes, even that.

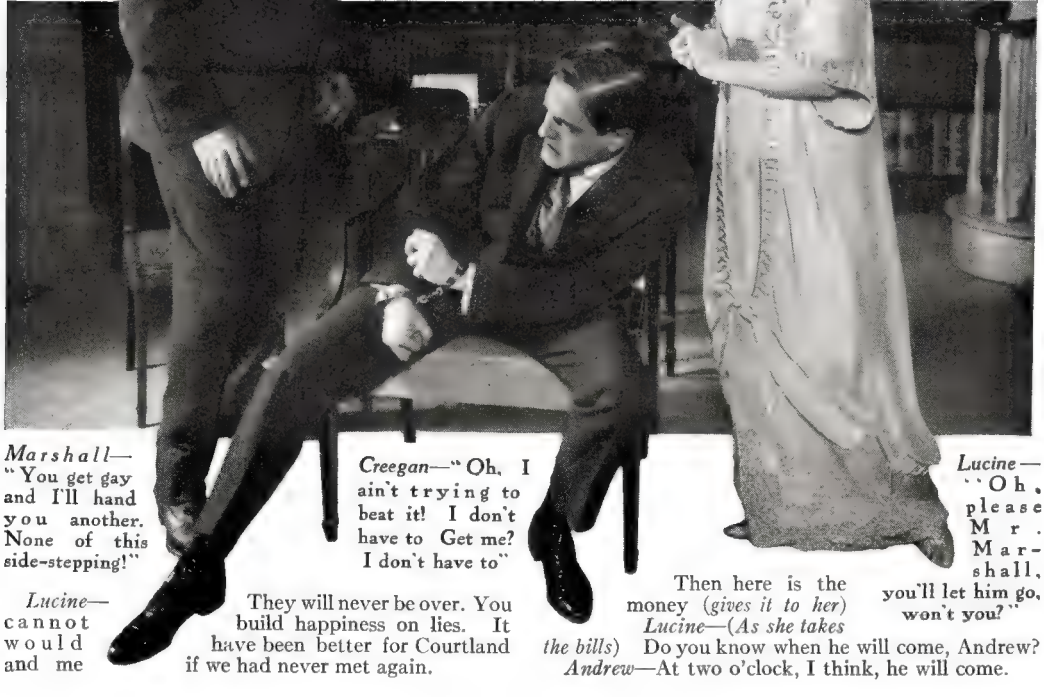
Andrew—You are sure that you would not falter at the crucial moment?

Lucine—Yes, I am sure.

Andrew—It may be that this supreme sacrifice will not be necessary, but if so—

Lucine—I shan't fail!

Andrew—Good!



Marshall—"You get gay and I'll hand you another. None of this side-stepping!"

Creegan—"Oh, I ain't trying to beat it! I don't have to Get me? I don't have to"

Lucine—"Oh, please Mr. Marshall, you'll let him go, won't you?"

Lucine—cannot would and me

They will never be over. You build happiness on lies. It have been better for Courtland if we had never met again.

Then here is the money (*gives it to her*)

Lucine—(*As she takes the bills*) Do you know when he will come, Andrew?

Andrew—At two o'clock, I think, he will come.

Lucine—To-morrow morning?

Andrew—Yes, there, by the safe.

Lucine—Oh! (*rising with suppressed sob*) Very well—I shall be there. (*Lucine exits. Left to himself Andrew looks about the room, making sure he is unobserved, then produces a black card. This he places in the book of poems on the table, in such a way that it protrudes conspicuously*)

WAINWRIGHT finds the dreaded black card sticking in the book which he had been reading but a few moments before. He is really alarmed, and questions Andrew, who cleverly shows Wainwright that he placed the card there, and at the same time indicates to him that he is indeed The Master Mind. Wainwright questions Lucine, without result, and even Marshall admits that they are helpless, and must wait for the Master Mind's next blow—which they feel will fall that night.

AT THE beginning of the third act the stage is in darkness. Lucine, in a dressing gown, is seen to descend the stairs and cross over to the room in which the safe is located. Silently Marshall follows her. Soon there are sounds of a struggle in the darkness, oaths and cries and Lucine's pleading. Marshall drags Creegan, handcuffed, into the drawing room, followed by Lucine, who, for some moments endeavors to persuade Marshall to free his prisoner, and at last—seeing no other way open—tells him that she is about to go away with Creegan.

Lucine—(*eagerly*) And now—now—you see—you'll let him go, now, won't you? You see, you must, you must, you must. (*The click of the electric button is heard. Wainwright is suddenly revealed. All turn and see him. With a moan Lucine shrinks back. Wainwright comes down slowly. He looks at Lucine a moment. She buries her face in her hands and turns away. Wainwright then turns to Marshall and speaks, quite calmly*)

Wainwright—What have we here?

Marshall—I caught this man monkeying with the safe. Guess I better get him out of this—come along, you.

Creegan—I won't go. I tell you, I wa'n't trying to crack the safe. I come here becuz the lady—

Marshall—(*throttling him*) Shut up!

Creegan—(*struggling to make himself heard*) I tell you she asked me.

Wainwright—(*to Creegan*) Who are you?

Creegan—Well, if you want to know so bad, I'll tell you. My name's Creegan, and I'm from Chicago.

Wainwright—Covering a lot of territory, aren't you?

Creegan—(*with a look at Lucine*) A guy'll go further than that to please a lady.

Marshall—Cut that out! (*hesitatingly*) Why, I caught him trying to take this money away from Mrs. Wainwright.

Creegan—It's a damn lie. She gave it to me.

Marshall—Shut up! (*He is about to throttle Creegan again, when Wainwright interferes*)

Wainwright—Marshall, leave the man alone. Lies don't hurt, if they *are lies*. (*Holds out his hand, Marshall gives him the money. He carefully examines several of the bills, evidently looking for a mark. Glances sadly at Lucine and turns back to Creegan*) Why should my wife give you money?

Creegan—(*trying to appear like a gallant man, who hates to give a lady away*) Well, I guess the game's up Gov'nor. I guess they ain't nothin' to say, except you got me'n the lady dead to rights.

Lucine—Courtland, I beg you not to ask him any more questions. Let him go—please—oh, please—let him go—Oh, for pity's sake, I can't stand it—

Wainwright—(*ignoring her. To Creegan*) Who sent you here?

Lucine—You don't know what you're doing—You don't know—you—

Wainwright—Who sent you here?

Creegan—Ah! Nobody sent me. I was invited.

Wainwright—By whom?

Creegan—Ask the lady.

Wainwright—You lie.

Creegan—I do, do I—well, take it from me, I don't. I knew her a long time before you ever did. Pipe that.

Wainwright—Indeed.

Creegan—Say, don't kid yourself. What was she doin' down-stairs by the safe at two o'clock in the morning—havin' a cup o' tea, I suppose. Huh?

AT THIS point Andrew appears, and suggests that he would like to speak to Wainwright alone. He now openly admits his identity as Richard Allen, alias The Master Mind, and brother of Henry Allen, whom Wainwright sent to the electric chair.

Andrew—For every human action worth the name, Mr. Wainwright, there is a motive. Mine was the death of my brother at your hands.

Wainwright—At the hands of the law.

Andrew—We'll not quibble over terms. It may seem odd to you—but I loved him. He was only a boy—a boy whose heart was broken. He was the only loved creature that life had left me. When he died a shameful death, I suffered. (*He has a moment's struggle with his emotion before he is able to go on*) I swore to make you suffer as I had done. So much is clear?

Wainwright—Quite.

Andrew—You presented a difficult case. You were rich, honest, intelligent. You did not speculate. Your relations with women were beyond reproach. For a time I almost despaired of you. But not quite. You went abroad. It was a simple thing for me to gain access to your house. I slept in your bed. I read your books, I searched your private papers, until one day I noticed in your study a portrait—the face of a young girl. I learned that you had painted it from memory.

Wainwright—Go on!

Andrew—I learned, too, that you were interested in the original of the portrait, that you had searched for her, but in vain. Then, I began to hope. We searched, you and I, for the same girl. And I found her. It was indeed the girl of the portrait.

Wainwright—And then?

Andrew—Her circumstances were ideal for my purposes. I desired you to marry her. But first, it was necessary to prepare her by education and experience to be your fitting mate. Well, it was done. And you married her, as I wished.

Wainwright—Yes—I married her.

Andrew—And now you have surprised her in the act of leaving the house with him. Well, with our young friend, Creegan.

Wainwright—(*with rising anger*) What do you mean?

Andrew—It's clear enough, isn't it?

Wainwright—You—(*He rushes to table, searching for the revolver which Andrew has removed. Is aghast to find it gone*)

Andrew—(*immovable and calm, producing revolver from his own pocket*) Were you looking for this? (*Wainwright sees it is no use; turns away, chagrined*) And now, Mr. Ex-District Attorney, we have here a close parallel to the case of my brother, Henry Allen; he killed his man. You would have killed me, if you could. (*Pause*) First loves are hard to forget, Mr. Wainwright, and so you see the lady is going away with our young friend, Creegan. And I am quite sure you will not venture to detain them, for in that case you would accomplish nothing but public disgrace for all concerned.

Wainwright—Do you expect me to believe that?

Andrew—Ask her, then, come!

Lucine is called in, and there is a pitiful scene in which

Andrew welcomes Lucine home after her four years abroad: "Has our little girl left her heart in Paris or has she brought it with her?"

Lucine: "Neither one. I left it here when I went away. You know that, Mr. Andrew!"

Marshall sees The Master Mind

her husband implores her to tell him that she has not planned to go with Creegan. Lucine maintains silence, but finally Wainwright suspects the truth, has Creegan brought in, and tells Lucine to take him and go. Then Lucine breaks down utterly, shows she has been acting, and discloses her love for her husband.

Lucine—Oh, Courtland, I must tell you.

Wainwright—Wait until I have dismissed the gentleman.

Andrew—The gentleman is not quite so easily dismissed.

Wainwright—What do you mean?

Andrew—What has passed is merely an incident. Now we come to the real issue.

Wainwright—Real issue? I don't understand you.

Andrew—Do you suppose that after four years of careful planning I would place the issue in the hands of a mere child. You aspire to high office, Mr. Wainwright. The opposition is strong and unscrupulous. You have threatened the corporations, they know what to expect from you. Now, if in newspapers should appear the story of certain peculiar talents of your wife's relatives, together with a sketch of your wife's life—when this little story is published—

Mrs. Blount (Dorothy Rossmore) and Walter are being browbeaten by Marshall

Wainwright—Wife's relatives? My wife's life?

Lucine—Oh, let me be the one to tell him. Please—please. It's all true about me. I let you think my name was Lucine Blount, and these awful people were my relatives. Mr. Andrew said it was the only way. Oh, I'm afraid I can't

make you see, and if I can't I shall die. But I loved him and trusted him. Why he has been a father and mother to me, and then he said he'd bring me the man I loved and that this was the only way; that if you knew I was a poor girl with a record, you never could care for me. Oh, say you see; say you do!

Wainwright—Poor child! Of course, I see; of course. But these people. Who are they?

Andrew—These are not parents of hers. Do you still imagine them to be really her parents?

Wainwright—Why not?

Andrew—Your brother-in-law is William Slocum, alias Diamond Willie.

Wainwright—Indeed!

Andrew—Your mother-in-law is Milwaukee Sadie, an ex-shoplifter, resting under indictment in Chicago in connection with the white slave traffic.

Wainwright—Nonsense! I have talked with people who knew them perfectly well!

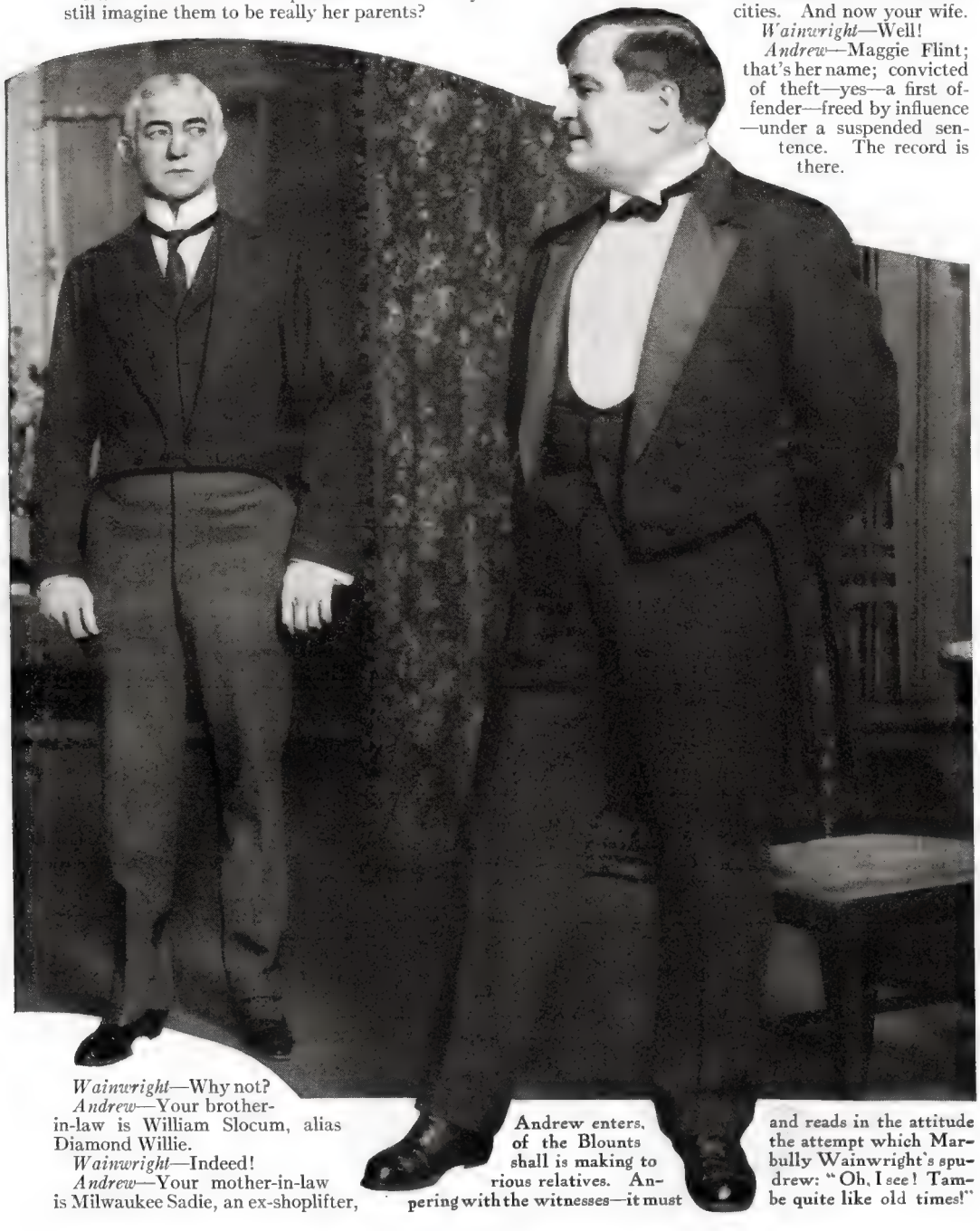
Andrew—From Laramie, yes, for the last four years, but before that?

Wainwright—And my father-in-law?

Andrew—Is Henry Morgan, alias Black Hank, a cracksman wanted in three cities. And now your wife.

Wainwright—Well!

Andrew—Maggie Flint; that's her name; convicted of theft—yes—a first offender—freed by influence—under a suspended sentence. The record is there.



Andrew enters, and reads in the attitude of the Blounts the attempt which Marshall is making to bully Wainwright's spurious relatives. Andrew: "Oh, I see! Tampering with the witnesses—it must be quite like old times!"

Lucine—But I was innocent, you know I was. You know I was.

Andrew—Yes, that's true.

Wainwright—What is your purpose?

Andrew—During your earlier career, Mr. Wainwright, you exhausted every means to further your political ambitions. Many times it meant misfortune for others, for my brother, it meant death. And now in the very moment of your success—I am going to take from you, that for which you sacrificed him.

Wainwright—You mean—?

Andrew—Your public career.

Wainwright—Nonsense.

Andrew—To-morrow will witness your retirement from public life forever.

Wainwright—You're positively insane.

Andrew—Forever. Come, come, Mr. Wainwright, when this little story is published abroad, do you suppose the people of this State will have you, you, a dupe and a laughing stock, for their Governor? And now, good morning.

Wainwright—Wait!

Andrew—Or perhaps you would prefer to hand me *now*, your resignation as candidate for Governor.

Wainwright—Must you have your answer now?

Andrew—Any time before daybreak, suppose we say five o'clock.

Wainwright—Five o'clock.

Andrew—The hour appeals to me. Five years ago about this time in the morning, my brother sat in a stone cell—waiting—waiting for the dawn that was to end his life—and so I leave you—waiting—for the dawn and me. At five o'clock, Mr. Wainwright—at five, remember!

WAINWRIGHT thinks he sees a way to escape from the crushing conditions Andrew has imposed upon him. Frightening the three Blounts into acquiescence, he sends for his friend Dr. Forbes, an examiner in lunacy, and seeks to have Andrew committed to an insane asylum as a lunatic. The attempt fails signally because of the cleverness of Andrew, who administers a stinging rebuke to the three criminal Blounts who have attempted to "double cross" him. Triumphantly he returns to Wainwright and demands his withdrawal from public life.

Andrew—(*The clock strikes five*) Five years ago today, Mr. Wainwright, at five o'clock in the morning, my brother died. Well, sir, what is your choice?

Wainwright—You leave me none, I shall retire from public life.

Lucine—Oh, no—no—

Andrew—To-day?

Wainwright—To-day.

Lucine—Oh, *my dear*—you can't—you shan't. *I* can't *let* you. Oh, let me go away instead. I can't spoil your life like this, dear. Oh, *let* me go—let me *go!* (*She sobs*)

Wainwright—What would be the use, dear? Wherever you went I should follow. There—there, dear. Hush—hush—don't you see—I can't do without you—don't you see?

Andrew—Your resignation in writing.

Wainwright—I will bring it to you. Come Lucine. (*exits*)

Lucine—Oh Mr. Andrew, am I nothing to you—nothing—don't you *care* what becomes of me? I have trusted you and loved you, and because of that I have tried to think how you could do this terrible thing to me.

Andrew—Must we go into that, now?

Lucine—Yes, we must, for I may never speak to you again. I have tried to think what it could be and now, now, I think I *know*. It is because you loved your brother so much that nothing else mattered—isn't that it?

Andrew—Yes—that's it.

Lucine—But, don't you see—don't you see—you've hated the man I love, because you think he sacrificed your brother, but now, you're sacrificing me in the *same way*. Don't you see that?

Andrew—No—no—no—I—

Lucine—(*interrupting*) You can't ruin his life, without ruining mine, too, you know. You can't, you can't. Don't you care *what* becomes of me, and you're turning my love for you into hate—you don't want that—Oh, you don't, you don't. Oh, Mr. Andrew, you're not going to tell me that hatred and not love is to rule your life and mine. You're not going to send me through the rest of my life hating you as you have hated him—you can't—you can't.

Wainwright—(*enters*) Well, is there anything more to say?

Andrew—I've hated you for years—hatred of you has been my ruling passion. All my days and all my hours have been devoted to your ruin. In this, the instant of my triumph, I hold you here in my hands, ready to crush you—

Lucine—No, no!

Andrew—But the most unlikely thing in all this world has happened.

Wainwright—What do you mean?

Andrew—That I am the greatest fool in all the world of fools. In this, the hour of victory my triumph turns to dust, the dust of the leaves.

Wainwright—I don't understand you.

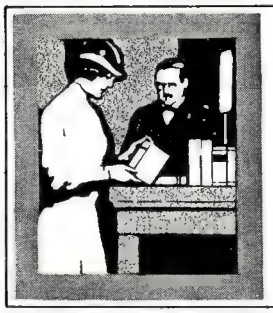
Andrew—I cannot crush you alone—I cannot crush you at all! So I open my hand and let you go. Oh, I have beaten you; but you, Lucine, have conquered me. Good-bye (*He turns to go*).

Lucine—(*running after him*) Oh, Mr. Andrew—Mr. Andrew! Then I was right all this time. You *did* love me, and you *do* still?

Andrew—I only know I cannot do you harm. Did I not tell you once there was magic in this dear old world? Well you are the magician, not I.

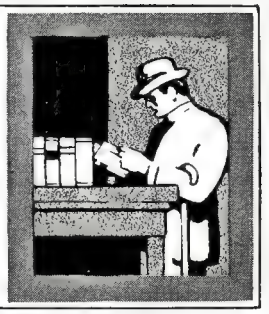
Lucine—Where are you going?

Andrew—Not back to the shadows whence I came. No—no—so be happy—be happy—and remember sometime, if you will, that after all it was I, who brought you to your happiness.



The Book of the Month

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., writes a preface for a notable work



The Ways, Wages, and Wherefore of

The Scarlet Woman

with an introduction

By John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

EDITOR'S NOTE—*A very remarkable and illuminating work is George J. Kneeland's "Commercialized Prostitution in New York City," published by The Century Company. As Chairman of the Bureau of Social Hygiene, under whose auspices the book was written, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has penned an interesting foreword, part of which is given below. Mr. Rockefeller's introductory remarks are sober, pointed, and direct. Mr. Kneeland has not attempted to produce a sensational volume, but the very nature of the appalling facts he presents make this one of the most startling expositions of the social evil ever put between the covers of a book. We give here a few of his facts just as he presents them.*

THE Bureau of Social Hygiene came into existence about two years ago, as a result of the work of the Special Grand Jury which investigated the white slave traffic in New York City during the first half of the year 1910. One of the recommendations made by the jury in the presentment handed up at the termination of its labors was that a public commission be appointed to study the social evil. The foreman of the jury subsequently gave careful consideration to the character of the work which might properly be done by such a commission and the limitations under which it would operate. In this connection, separate personal conferences were held with over a hundred leading men and women in the city, among whom were lawyers, physicians, business men, bank presidents, presidents of commercial organizations, clergymen, settlement workers, social workers, labor leaders, and reformers. These conferences led to the conclusion that a public commission would labor under a number of disadvantages, such as the fact that it would be short-lived; that its work would be done publicly; that at best it could hardly do more than present recommendations. It was also believed that the main reason why more results of a permanent character had not been obtained by the various organizations which had dealt with the subject of the social evil during the past ten or fifteen years was that most of these organizations were temporary. While active, they materially improved the situation, but as their efforts relaxed, there came the inevitable return to much the same conditions as before. The forces of evil are never greatly alarmed at the organization of investigating or reform bodies, for they know that these are generally composed of busy people, who cannot turn aside from their own affairs for any great length of time to carry on reforms, and that sooner or later their efforts will cease and the patient denizens of the underworld and their exploiters can then reappear and continue as before.

So the conviction grew that in order to make a real and lasting improvement in conditions, a permanent organization should be created, the existence of which would not be dependent upon a temporary wave of reform nor upon the life of any man or group of men, but which would go on, generation after generation, continuously making warfare against the forces of evil. It also appeared that a private organization would have, among other advantages, a certain freedom from publicity and from political bias, which a publicly appointed commission could not easily avoid.

Therefore, as the initial step, the Bureau of Social Hygiene was formed in the winter of 1911. Its present members are Miss Katharine Bement Davis, Superintendent of the New York State Reformatory for Women at Bedford Hills, New York; Paul M. Warburg, of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company; Starr J. Murphy, of the New York Bar; and John D. Rockefeller, Jr. As the work develops, new members may be added.

One of the first things undertaken by the Bureau was the establishment at Bedford Hills, adjacent to the Reformatory, of a Laboratory of Social Hygiene, under Miss Davis's direction. In this laboratory, it is proposed to study from the physical, mental, social, and moral sides each person committed to the Reformatory. This study will be carried on by experts, and every case will be kept under observation for from three weeks to three months, as may be required. When the diagnosis is completed, it is hoped that the laboratory will be in position to suggest the treatment most likely to reform the individual, or, if reformation is impossible, to recommend permanent custodial care. Furthermore, reaching out beyond the individuals involved, it is believed that important contributions may be made to our knowledge of the conditions ultimately responsible for vice, and that the methods worked out may prove applicable to all classes of criminals, thus leading to lines of action not only more scientific and humane but also less wasteful than those at present followed.

In entering upon its labors, the Bureau regarded it of fundamental importance to make a careful study of the social evil in this country and in Europe. This problem, like any other great and difficult one, can be approached only through an understanding of the various factors involved—physical, moral, social, and economic—and of the experience of other cities and countries in dealing with it. Arrangements were therefore made in January, 1912, to secure the services of Mr. George J. Kneeland, who had directed the Chicago Vice Commission investigation. Since that time Mr. Kneeland, with a corps of assistants, has been making a thorough and comprehensive survey of the conditions of vice in New York City, the findings of which are here presented.

The purpose of this volume is to set forth as accurately and fully as possible the conditions of vice as they existed in New York City during the year 1912. It should be clearly understood that the data upon which it is based are not presented as legal evidence, but as reliable information secured by experienced investigators.

In presenting the facts contained in this report, the Bureau has no thought of criticizing any department or official of the city administration. The task which the Bureau set itself was that of preparing a dispassionate, objective account of things as they were during the period above mentioned, the forms which commercialized vice had assumed, the methods by which it was carried on, the whole network of relations which had been elaborated below the surface of society. The studies involved were made in a spirit of scientific inquiry, and it is the hope of the Bureau that all departments or officials whose work this book in any way touches may find the information therein contained helpful to them in the further direction and organization of their work.

KNEELAND'S STARTLING FACTS

An effort was made to ascertain the salient facts in the personal history of 1,106 prostitutes—mostly street-walkers. The approximate accuracy or truthfulness of the facts stated may be inferred from the extent to which they are confirmed by Miss Davis's intensive study of the inmates of Bedford Reformatory. Our investigator was a woman who was regarded as extraordinarily successful in winning the confidence of the girls, with whom she associated on easy and familiar terms, and by whom she was regarded as one of themselves. Of the 1,106 women thus interrogated, 762 gave America as their native land;

347 gave New York State as their birthplace; 95 were born in Pennsylvania, 63 in New Jersey, 35 in Ohio, 26 in Connecticut. Of the 344 born in foreign countries, 107 came from Russia, 72 from Germany, 35 from Austria-Hungary, and 32 from England and Scotland. Their previous occupations include domestic service, trade, industry, commerce, stenography, school teaching. Those who are arrested come mainly from the class first named, thus confirming the results obtained by Miss Mary Conyngton, an investigator for the Department of Labor at Washington, who declares that out of 3,229 women arrested for offenses against the law, 2,606, or 80.71 per cent, claim to have followed the ordinary pursuits of women "within and outside the home." But, it must be added, the majority of those now engaged in prostitution seldom reach the Night Court or rescue homes. They are too well-dressed, too clever, and have long since learned the art of escaping the hand of the law. Of the women at large interrogated, 487 gave their occupational history; of these, it is not surprising to find that the percentage of domestic servants is lower than among 168 girls found in rescue homes, refuges, and asylums. Of the 487, there were 117 who stated that they had been or were employed in department stores; 28 were clerks in smaller stores; 72 had worked in factories; 25 gave office work; 31 said they had been or were then stenographers; 9 telephone operators; 72 had been on the stage, and 16 of these still remained in this occupation during the theatrical season; 13 declared they had been milliners; 8 were school teachers; 4 were trained nurses; 5 had sold books on commission; 4 were artists; 2 artists' models; and 1 was a translator. Seventy-nine of the 487 gave home pursuits as their former occupation; 27 of these said they had been domestic servants; 8 were nurse girls, 17 were dressmakers, 18 were waitresses, and 9 chambermaids. Five hundred and eighteen (over half) represented themselves as without regular employment, either before or after they became prostitutes and 101 refused to say what their employment had been.

In an establishment in West 28th Street —torn down during the summer to make way for a loft building—the business was so profitable in June that the keepers are said to have paid the wrecker a large sum to delay from week to week. July 9 was one of the hottest days of the year. The odors in the old house, dirty and falling into decay, were indescribable. Through the long hours the sixteen inmates sat, hot and sullen. The day before the madame had left for a resort in Sullivan County where many of her kind go during the summer months. She had placed in charge the housekeeper, who did the best she could to keep the girls in good humor and to get through the day's business. On this hot July day there were 264 customers. So the records on the cards showed the next morning as the housekeeper sat with the "boss" making up the "books." Buster served 30 of these; Babie, 27; Charlotte, 23; Dolly, 20, and so on. But the "boss" was not satisfied. "Why were not more women on the job last night?" he demanded. The housekeeper replied that they had stayed away because of the heat—they had been completely "done up" the day before. Then the fat and well-groomed owner of the business picked up a china cup and hurled it at his luckless representative, while he cursed loud and deep. "The trade must be taken care of" and if she couldn't "do it" he would get "some one who could."

It is surely no exaggeration to maintain that the evidence submitted proves that prostitution in New York City is widely and openly exploited as a business enterprise. The exploiters, the scenes of their operations, their methods, their associations, and their victims are all equally notorious. It is idle to explain away the phenomena on the ground that they are the results of the inevitable weakness of human nature: human weakness would demand far fewer and less horrible sacrifices. Most of the wreckage, and the worst of it, is due to persistent, cunning, and unprincipled exploitation; to the banding together in infamous enterprises of madame, pimp, procurer, brothel-keeper, and liquor-vender deliberately to carry on a cold-blooded traffic for their joint profit—a traffic, be it added, from which the girl involved procures at the most, with few exceptions, her bare subsistence, and that, only so long as she has a trade value.

(*Read Edwin Markham's Book Reviews in our Advertising Section*)

The Political Round-Up

Littleton, the Explicit

THE Hon. Martin W. Littleton, aforetime in the House for Mr. Roosevelt's Sagamore Hill district, went down to Boston the other day and was betrayed into making a speech. While an interesting speech, it wasn't a good speech, being of the sort that astonishes the audience without augmenting the fame of the orator. The sentiments expressed were sixteenth, not twentieth century sentiments, and Mr. Littleton coming four hundred years too late, should have avoided giving them voice.

Also, the eloquence of Mr. Littleton, considered as mere eloquence, was not in his earlier style. Rather it was in his later, Andrew Carnegie-Steel Trust style, which, while it may be a profitable, is not a popular style. Some two years ago Mr. L. journeyed happily to Europe. After rubbing his pleased elbows against those of counts, earls, and royal dukes he returned on the same steamer with Mr. Carnegie. The pair at once locked arms, not horns, and were as a brace of brothers. What the iron-master said to the word-master, or as George Borrow, talking Gypsy flash, would have put it, what the petul-engro said to the lav-engro is not of record, but Mr. Littleton —according to the word of friends and admirers—hasn't been the same man since. This last was demonstrated by his subsequent action as a member of the Shirley committee.

At Boston, since he must talk, Mr. Littleton decided to talk on the ballot. He spoke gloomily of the recent victory won by the Belgian hand-workers in their upreachings and outreachings for larger ballot rights. He insisted that "plural voting," against which they appealed, and which took a man and reduced him to the merest fraction of a man, was "the most intelligent system of voting ever known." He foresaw, too, that in this, his native land, "universal suffrage is bound to fail unless every man and woman is educated on how to use the suffrage with intelligence." He implied, rather than declared, that the name of those who are not so "educated" is legion. He quoted Hamilton to the approving effect that "the government should be run by the intellectual members of the community"—among whom he doubtless included himself and Mr. Carnegie—and wound up with a mouthful of fulsome compliment for the said Hamilton, which that dead gentleman in no wise deserved. Altogether, Mr. Littleton made a most unfortunate speech.

What has come over the dreams of Mr. Littleton? Has he grown tired as a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord, that he thus races across to the tents of the ungodly? Why should he so contradict his source and strain? Born dollarless, he uplifted himself by his boot-straps into the possession of an education. Still dollarless, he was a cow-puncher and a section-hand before becoming a lawyer. He came to New York from Tennessee by way of Texas, without so much silver in his jeans as should keep the fiends from dancing there. He rose on the pinions of his oratory, and talked himself into, severally, the offices of borough president of Brooklyn and member of Congress. Always, mind you, upon the understanding that he was—to quote from Governor Sulzer—the "peepul's friend." And now, in this most callous fashion, he goes down to Boston, denies the "peepul" thrice, and qualifies for the fleshpots along with Mr. Carnegie and the other narrowists.

Mr. Littleton should guard himself against himself. He should realize his own limitations, both mental and sentimental, and hesitate before prescribing limitations for an American suffrage. Poetical, not practical, fanciful rather than philosophical, he goes swiftly to convictions while limping painfully to conclusions. As a publicist, he is of the meteor school of statesmanship which, while it sputters and sparkles and corruscates and at times may be even said to dazzle, was never once known to shed an illuminative ray.

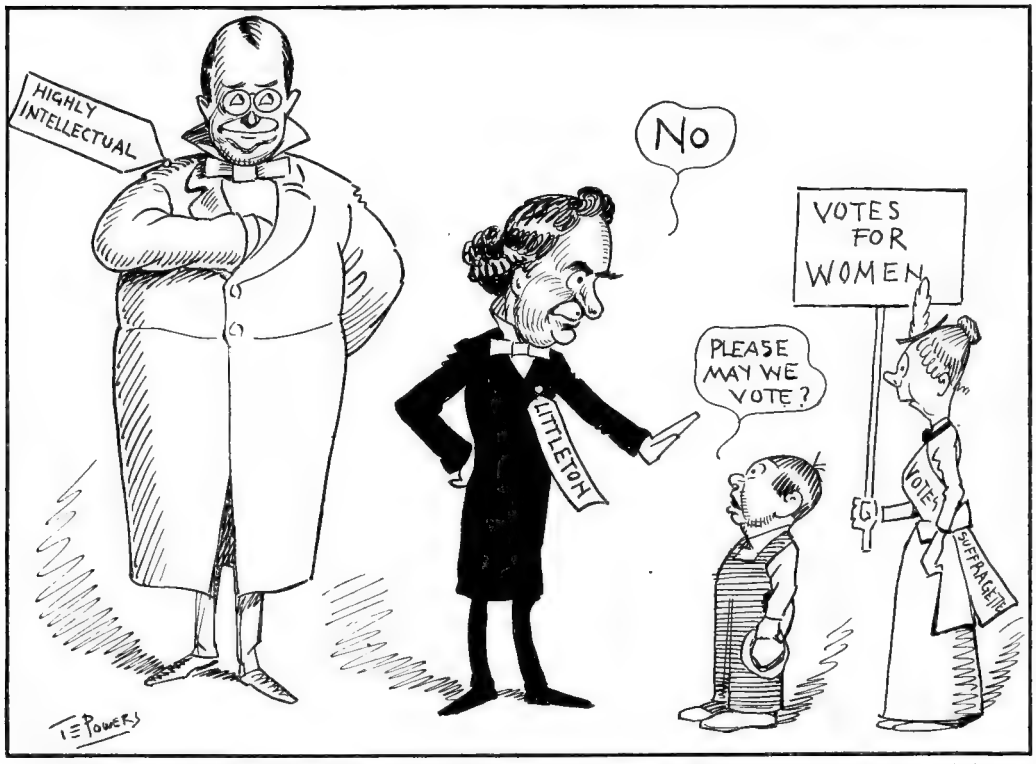
Reared down in Roane County, Tennessee, where rattlesnakes most do congregate, Mr. Littleton is easily capable of a backward jump of ten feet. This, regarded from snake standpoints, which are physical standpoints, is excellent as an accomplishment. But Mr. Littleton should not extend it. He must not take to making backward mental jumps, which land him in the leaden ranks of reaction. That Boston eloquence was not what theatrical people term a hit. Moreover, since he decided to talk as he did, he ought not to have stopped talking so soon. He was emphatic that none save the "intellectual" should be permitted to vote. But he omitted to inform a waiting world just how the intellectual sheep were to be separated for ballot purposes from the unintellectual goats.

No one has been found to applaud the Littleton oration. And scant wonder! To speak in this day and age for a restricted ballot would attract but a smallest support.

However, when all's in, what should be the harm? The best thing about Mr. Littleton is that he hasn't any followers. Not that this is against him; no shooting star has.

Founded at Albany

THREE years ago, Mr. Rockefeller appeared before Congress asking that it legalize his Foundation of $100,000,000, a Foundation intended to consolidate and uphold the Rockefeller Institute of Research, the Rockefeller Institution for the Treatment of Tuberculosis, and young Mr. Rockefeller's special Social Science organization.



Mr. Littleton—he who has talked himself into office ever as the "peepul's friend"—he has made a speech denying the "peepul" thrice: none—he was emphatic—none but the "intellectual" should be permitted to vote

Congress turned a cold and icy shoulder to Mr. Rockefeller's proposition. The members declared, in debating the matter, that the $100,000,000 was tainted. They said that it was Standard Oil money, and the action invited would be morally equivalent to compounding with a criminal for a share of the swag. Also, Congress smelled a Congo in the wood pile. It didn't like the idea of creating an unlimited money power, governed by a self-perpetuating Board of Trustees.

Congress having slammed the door in his face, the snubbed but undiscouraged Mr. Rockefeller went bowing and scraping to Albany. There he hoped, and quite naturally, to have better luck. Tammany had the legislature, Mr. Sulzer the executive chair. Would Tammany, would Mr. Sulzer, refuse to shake hands with a Rockefeller? Scarcely—as the late, lamented A. Ward would have said. And so the Foley bill, incorporating the Rockefeller Foundation, was passed; and so Mr. Sulzer signed it, precisely as Silas Wright would NOT have done; and so Mr. Rockefeller's $100,000,000 Foundation was founded at last. Moral: Go to Albany, when you have failed at Washington, to beat the devil 'round the stump.

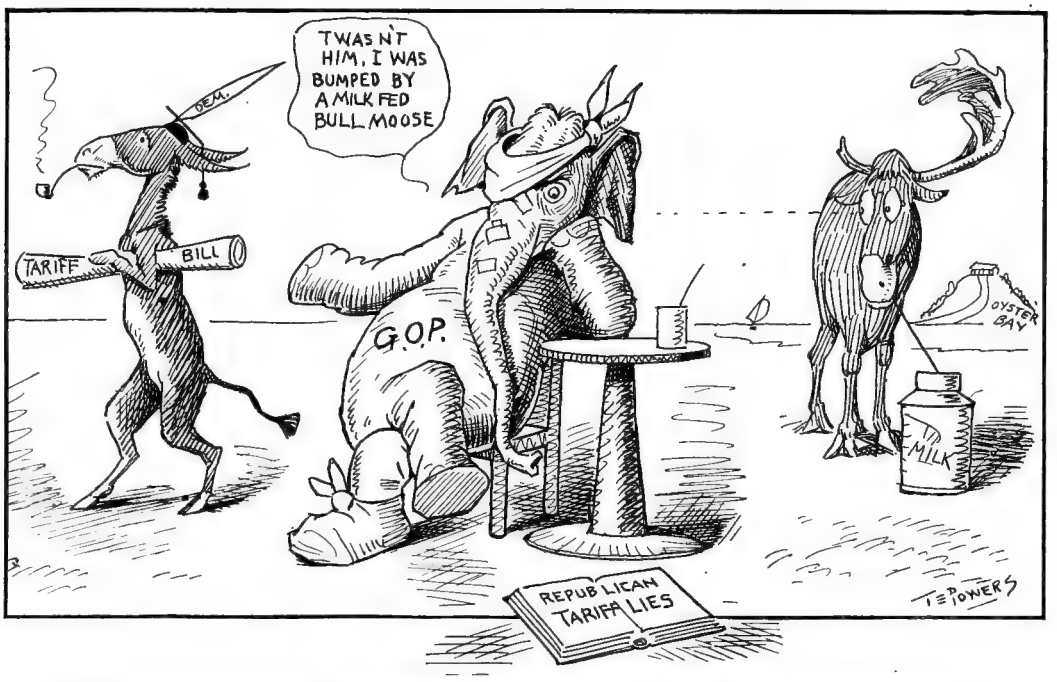
What the Past Shows

AS he goes royally waving his new scepter, Mr. Wilson must not only remember his election promises, but he must not forget a Republican past. Rightly told, the Democrats didn't win the election. The Republicans lost it, and per incident the Democrats were brought into power. If he would have his own and his party's days of power long in the land which the gods of politics have given them, Mr. Wilson must study the cause of Republican overthrow. The Republicans were cast out because of what tariff lies they told, plus their pernicious kindnesses to criminal trusts. Body and soul, they had sold themselves to Criminal Privilege in the sordid day of Hanna, and found themselves, under a flaccid Taft, too weak to work out their emancipation.

In other corners of affairs, the record of the Republicans was not altogether bad. During their sixteen years of supremacy, beginning in 1897 with Mr. McKinley, they gave the people postal savings banks, a parcels post, a Panama Canal, a single gold standard, a victory over Spain, a free Cuba, a liberal rule in the Philippines, an income tax amendment, besides opening the way for an amendment providing for the election of senators by the people. These are good things, great things, things which were demanded by the public. In spite of them, however, for their tariff and trust betrayals, the Republicans were defeated. With such the Republican record and such the Republican fate, Mr. Wilson, as to both trusts and tariff, should be able to see without glasses how vitally important it is to keep the people's faith.

Watch the Price You Pay

WHEN the tariff war is over, say in two or mayhap three months, keep your eye on the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker, and observe what those tradesmen do with their prices. If they are honest men, every item on the free list will be marked down. To the end that you be prepared to debate the point if necessary, it would be well to bear in mind that the probable free list will include wool, sugar (in 1916), meats, flour, bread, coal, boots, shoes, lumber, harness, saddlery, iron ore, milk, cream, potatoes, salt, swine, corn, cornmeal, cotton bagging, agricultural implements, leather, wood pulp, implements, leather, bibles, print paper not worth more than 2½ cents per pound, typewriters, sewing machines, typesetting machines, cash registers, steel rails, fence wire, cotton, ties, nails, hoop and band iron, fish, sulphur, soda, tanning materials, acetic and sulphuric acids, borax, lumber products (including broom handles), clapboards, hubs for wheels, posts, laths, pickets, staves, shingles. Aside from the free list, there will be a radical slash in the tariffs on butter, eggs, rice, fresh vegetables, apples, peaches, citrus fruits, macaroni, beans, mineral water, manufactured woollens, including ready-made clothing, women's and children's dresses, blankets, flannels, cotton clothing, stockings, gloves, collars, cuffs, cotton cloth, sewing silk, spool thread, and scissors. Unless "merchant" has grown to be a synonym for "crook," the changes noticed should comfortably reduce the cost of living to the 17,000,000 families collected between the two oceans.



If Mr. Wilson would have his own and his party's days long in the land which the gods of politics have given them, he must not forget that the Democrats didn't win the election; the Republicans lost it

Tariff Bills to Suit

AS the Hon. Bardwell Slote of a present Congress, Representative Payne "arose, took up the time of the House, and created great amusement." An Elijah of politics and legislation, reading dismally a Democratic future, he warned Mr. Underwood that were Congress to pass his bill and the President to sign it, the people would arise in their wrath and "drive the Democrats from power in 1916 as they drove the Republicans from power in 1912."

The alarmed even if not alarming Mr. Payne should hasten to the nearest specialist and have his powers of prophecy, not to say his reasoning powers, examined. The Republicans were driven from power for lying. Should one from that deduce a like fate for the Democrats because they told the truth? And if the latter were to be so, why should Mr. Payne care? It must be confessed that, in what counsel he gives the Democrats, Mr. Payne vastly resembles a Greek and a gift.

By way of reply to the Payne forebodings the Thirteenth Massachusetts district held a special Congressional election. Mr. Underwood and his bill were the issue. It was revision downward against revision upward, Underwood bill against Payne bill, and—although the district is a Republican district—the Democrats put over their candidate by 4148. The district is a hotbed of factories, too. All of which shows that the public knows what it wants when it wants it, however much the Payne school of tariff philosophy may be heard to sing otherwise.

Wilson's Boss-Bustings

THERE is no doubt under the sun and the constitution but what Mr. Wilson is President. Also, as such, it is safe to assume that he has duties to perform. Nor do these duties, so far as they have been understood, include a dash into New Jersey for a campaign upon local issues. Mr. Wilson—in private—explains his New Jersey dash as a dash against boss Nugent and boss Smith. These mal-influences, according to Mr. Wilson, had wrapped their evil tails about the best interests of New Jersey, and were threatening in a low-browed way to yank those best interests from their perch. Mr. Wilson rushed only to the New Jersey rescue. But—asks the honest, albeit obtuse citizen—if Mr. Wilson feels presidentially bound to fight boss Smith and boss Nugent in New Jersey, why doesn't he also feel bound to fight boss Red Devil Taggart in Indiana and boss

Roger Sullivan in Illinois? In Mr. Roosevelt's time that White House Lycurgus separated the trusts into good trusts and bad trusts. Carping critics, it is true, pretended to discover that by Roosevelt standards a bad trust was a trust which fought Mr. Roosevelt, while a good trust was a trust which saw that the White House couldn't get along without him. Does Mr. Wilson paralleling Mr. Roosevelt's trust partition separate the bosses into good bosses and bad bosses? And are Roger Sullivan and Red Devil Tom good bosses because they supported Mr. Wilson in Baltimore, and Boss Smith and Boss Nugent bad bosses because they didn't?

The "White Peril"

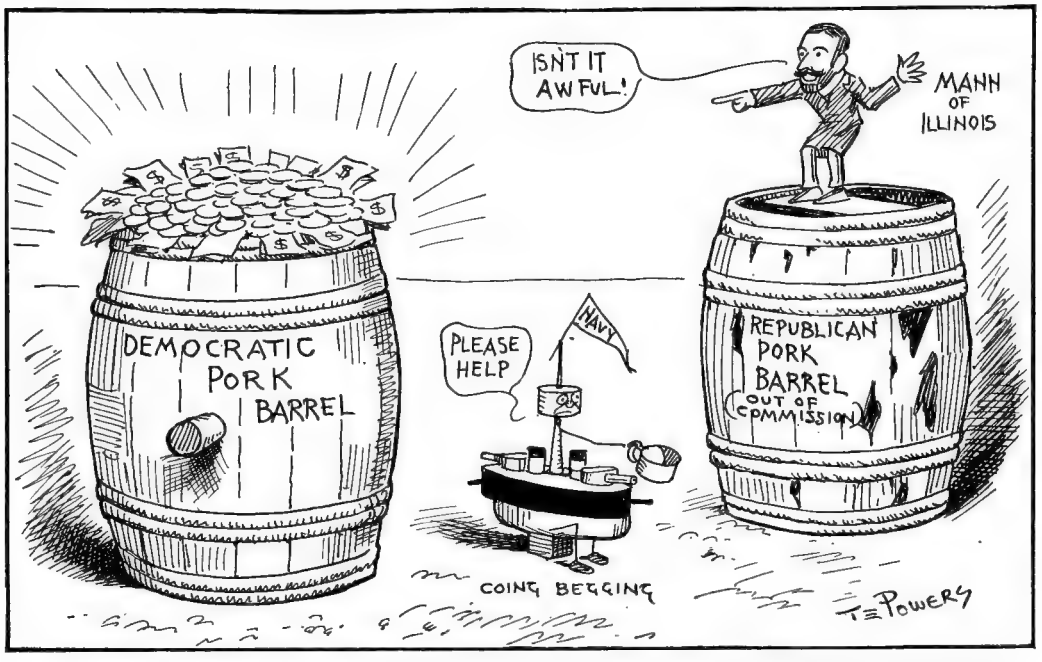
THERE is merit and crying wrong at the back of this wail. The Porto Ricans complain of our star-spangled rule in their island as oppressive, not to say extortionate. It would seem the Porto Ricans are suffering from a form of tropical Tammany Hall, and that Washington is aiding the organization. Also, if it lead to anything, it will lead either to robbery, or bloodshed, or both. Let it be so. It will but nicely match the story of our race. We are the robber race—the Attilas. For centuries we have gone from east to west devouring the earth. Folk talk of the "Yellow Peril." If they will consult the records they will see that the West never threatens the East successfully, and that the great peril is the "White Peril." It is but natural, as we pursue our westward march, that we should jump sidewise at the feeble Porto Ricans and devour them. It is Kismet! There was a peace conference the other day. Mr. Carnegie said he was for peace, Mr. Abbott said he was for peace, everybody said he was for peace. And down deep under each instinctive belt it is to be feared that they all — prevaricated. Everybody was for peace, while nobody really wanted it or expected it. Were one looking for hypocrisy one wouldn't have to leave the country. However, on with the Porto Rican dance! Let us oppress and take life, if we may only oppress and take life at a profit. The blood of an alien is of no more national importance than so much pokeberry juice, whereas his money is good in the bazaars.

Pork Knows No Party

GUILTY of pork-barrelism, as the Democrats confessedly have been, still the Republicans are in no good shape to point the finger of accusing scorn. Upon a principle set forth in a proverb which tells of pots and kettles, the Republicans should remain mute. From 1897 to 1910, the country labored through thirteen Congressional years of unchecked, unchallenged Republicanism. Was the pork barrel unheard of during that long and interesting period? Did Republicanism shy at a deficit, halt at the name of "Economy"? Between 1897 and 1910 didn't Republican voracity pork-barrelize the sundry civil bill from $29,812,000 to $117,942,000?—didn't it pork-barrelize the Rivers and Harbors bill from $16,245,000 to $29,190,000? Briefly, and by way of bunching one's hits, wasn't the total cost of government, during that fat stretch between 1897 and 1910, pork-barrelized by a hungry and conscienceless Republicanism from an annual $469,494,000 to $1,044,401,000? And now, led by the milk-white Mann, crying "Deficit!" come these same Republicans, pork-fat through their own thirteen iniquitous years of pork-barrelism, to shake mournful heads over the riot and extravagance of a Congressional Democracy. The Democrats have sinned the sin of the pork-barrel, but who, pray, among the Republicans is entitled to cast the first stone at them?

Poor Old Father Knick

THE great city of Greater New York has issued $45,000,000 of new bonds. The bonds bear 4½ per cent. interest, and the Morgan offer was par. Talk of your Coal Oil Johnny! Sing of your drunken sailor! New York City should offer a far better subject. She owes $1,122,000,000. Her interest charges are double the interest on the National debt. It amounts to over $40 a yearly head for population to run the town. With a police force at $16,000,000, it costs half as much more to prosecute it for grafting. Upon a house worth $15,000 the tax is $300. Every family of five bears an annual burden of $49.55 merely to meet the city's charges for interest and sinking fund. Do you marvel that the cartoonists draw Father Knickerbocker broken, tottering and bent? They should add a ball and



The Democrats have sinned the sin of the pork-barrel, but who, pray, among the Republicans is entitled to cast the first stone after the iniquitous Republican years of pork-barrelism? And yet, there is milk-white Mann, pointing the finger and crying aloud, "Deficit!"

chain to his respectable leg as representative of that billion and more of bonds.

Income Taxes 'Cross Seas

SPEAKING of tariffs and taxes, some glimpse may be gained from the following as to what happens in an income tax way to gentlemen over the water.

In Austria: the exemption is $240. The lowest rate is .06 per cent., the highest 5 per cent., and the rate rises as the income increases. An income of half a million would pay nearly $25,000, or 5 per cent. There are exemptions for the crippled, the blind, the Emperor, diplomats, and soldiers.

In New Zealand: Incomes up to $1,500 are exempt. Incomes above $6,500 pay 5 per cent.

In Japan: A $500 income is taxed $17.25 or nearly 4 per cent. A $100,000 income is taxed $20,250, or more than 20 per cent.

In Great Britain: On incomes of $15,000: 3⅜ per cent. on $9,200, and close to 6 per cent on $5,000; $800 are exempt. Unearned income pays about 6 per cent., with a super tax of 6 per cent. on incomes above $25,000. There is special exemption of $50 for each child under sixteen.

In Germany: Income taxes vary with the States. In Prussia $225 is exempt. The rate averages 3 per cent., but large incomes pay 5 per cent. on the larger part. In Bavaria a $20 unearned income pays a 30-cent tax. Saxony taxes a $100 income 24 cents.

Tax-scientist Underwood believes that the income tax as planned will total roundly $100,000,000. The weight of learned judgment, however, runs to the effect that the intake will be twice that figure.

Peace to the Death

THE Sacramento legislature passed the anti-Japanese legislation which so paled the cheek of President Wilson and the New York *World*, and Governor Johnson signed it. Which gives American mankind a chance to congratulate Mr. Johnson and the Sacramento legislature upon knowing their own business and attending to it. Secretary Bryan, in his Pecksniffian attempts at interference, didn't come off so well. He received no one's applause save his own. Also, his assertion that "there'll be no war while I'm Secretary of State" was as bumptiously empty as a drum. It is left not to Mr. Bryan, but Congress, to declare a war for this country, and upon that point Mr. B. is referred to the Constitution—that solemn document which, like the Sybilline books, is so greatly venerated while never read.

Since California has decided that no alien shall buy and own her land, the Japanese are asking for treaty permission to become citizens. There's no danger of such permission being granted. However much Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan might be willing to take the Japanese to their bosoms, a recent poll of the senate proves that such a treaty would be instantly knocked on the head.

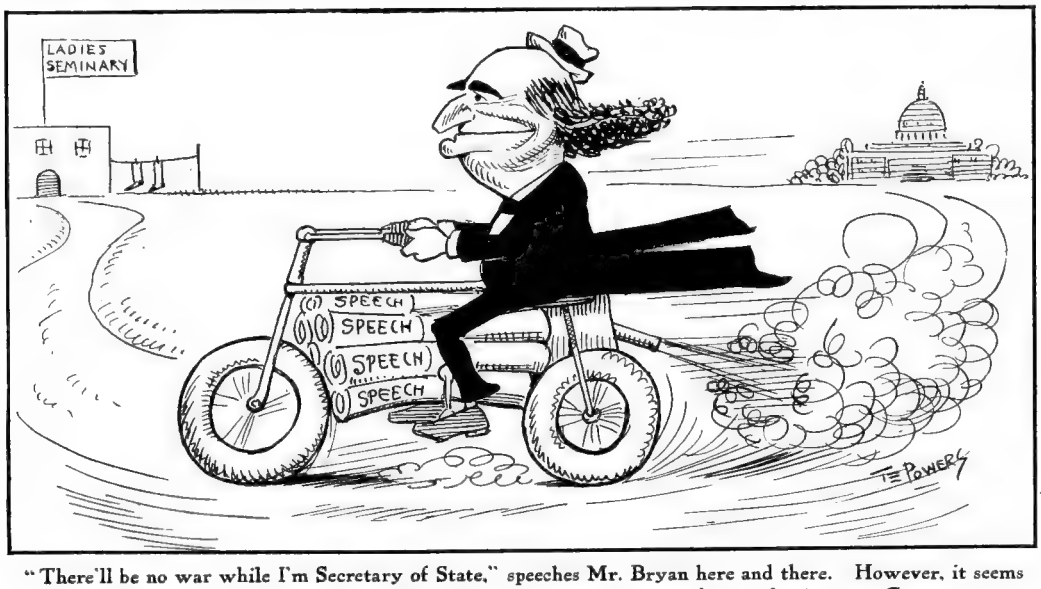
The Senate is right; Mr. Wilson, Mr. Bryan, and a whining *World* are wrong. The Japanese are more to be feared in peace than in war. The outcome in event of their trying the grim experiment of war with us is easily foreseen. But to let them peacefully bore into the foundations of our society would be a widely different business. The Japanese would rust us, corrode us, eat into our heart. They would weaken us, and might one day bring us down. More nations have been peace-conquered than war-conquered, have fallen before the dollar than before the sword.

Timorists, whose capacity for fear is in excess of their capacity for reason, need have no alarms. Japan is not going to war with us. England is even now advising her not to arouse the sleeping Yankee dog. As to the American nature, England is demonstrating that she knows more about it than Mr. Bryan. While the latter is telling us that the Japanese "are highly sensitive," England is whispering into Japan's yellow oriental ear that, however sensitive the Japanese may be, the Americans are even more so.

There will be no war, can be no war. One requisite of war is gold. It costs money to shed blood. The Japanese pay $71,000,000 a year interest. The United States pays but a yearly $22,000,000 interest. Say "War!" and Japan couldn't borrow a dollar. Say "War!" and the United States could borrow all the money in the world. And the United States, when it comes to a nose-count, is twice as big as Japan. Also, whatever fearfuls may think or say or feel upon the subject, the American is the better man.

As to a navy, the business reduced to tonnage shows the United States with 763,132 tons against Japan's 471,962.

No, forsooth; there's never the chance of Japan going to war with us, and the hare-hearts may therefore cheer up. We've got too many men, too many guns, too much money, too much credit. Also, we make money so much faster than does Japan, that the future—from Japanese standpoints—looks even more hopeless than the past. Our foreign trade for the present fiscal year will be $4,254,000,000, Japan's but $495,000,000. Japan will look hurt; and, encouraged by Mr. Bryan, who says, "There'll be no war while I'm Secretary of State," she may even look fierce. In expressing her feelings, however, Japan will be careful not to go beyond looks.



"There'll be no war while I'm Secretary of State," speeches Mr. Bryan here and there. However, it seems that Congress, not Mr. Bryan, would declare war if there were any, just as, for instance, Governor Johnson signed the anti-Japanese bill—with the voice of Mr. Bryan to the contrary

Finance

Americans Will Become a Nation of Thrifty Investors

By B. C. Forbes

YOU can now buy $10 bonds.

New York City has taken the lead in bringing the highest grade of security within reach of the most modest purse. The results that will flow from this innovation cannot be fully grasped. It should, and probably will, mean that Americans, like the French, will become a nation of thrifty investors.

In France the peasants can buy safe bonds of very small denomination, but in lordly, opulent, big-scale America nothing less than $1,000 bonds used to be issued, so indifferent to small investors were our railroads, our industrial corporations, and our other large borrowers.

So keen, however, has become the struggle for capital all over the world that even the proudest applicants for funds—governments, states, municipalities, railroad systems, and trusts—are anxious to cater to those who have saved, not thousands, but hundreds or even tens of dollars. Of late, $100 bonds have come into vogue.

And now New York City is making a specialty of $10 bonds. In offering recently a block of $45,000,000 bonds stress was laid upon this fact that: "Bids may be made for as small an amount as $10 and in multiples of $10." The sale attracted no fewer than 475 bids representing an aggregate of $76,000,000.

This was in striking contrast with the result of many other municipal bond sales. In one month more than fifty municipalities failed to dispose of bond offerings.

The New York City issue carries 4½ per cent., and the average price paid was only slightly above par—that is, a $100 bond brought only a fraction more than $100—so that the yield was about 4½ per cent.

Now, 4½ per cent. is more than savings banks pay, and the risk is absolutely negligible. While those whose nest egg is very tiny cannot do better than place it in a strong, carefully-managed savings bank, the advisability of buying a good bond should be seriously considered by those who have accumulated several hundred dollars or more. On $1,000 the difference between 3½ per cent. and 4½ per cent. is $10 every year. Not much, do you say?

The difference in twenty years, at compound interest would lay the foundation for a nice savings account for your son or daughter. One thousand dollars at 4½ per cent. compound interest become $2,000 in less than sixteen years, whereas money at 3½ per cent. takes more than twenty years to double itself. And remember that thrift begets thrift. Just as "nothing succeeds like success," nothing stimulates saving like saving. You cannot begin a day too soon. The Government one day may imitate European nations by adopting old age pensions, but what self-respecting, healthy person would compare the satisfaction to be derived from his own savings with the feeling that would accompany a dole from the national purse.

The buyer of one bond wants to obtain another as soon as he possibly can. Two $100 bonds paying 4½ per cent. bring $9 a year. Five paying 5 per cent.—as many sound bonds do—net $25 each year, and, of course, this $25 interest helps to get another bond.

For beginners in the investment field

the bonds of important cities are very attractive provided the yield is not too low. It is not necessary to accept appreciably less than 4½ per cent., while in the West a return that reaches nearer 5 per cent. can be obtained without undue risk.

HEARST'S MAGAZINE has commissioned one of the most influential municipal bond bankers in the United States to select what he regards as the best five issues, and these are presented in an accompanying tabulation on page 159.

Do You Invest or Speculate?

THE investor buys for income.

The speculator buys for fluctuations in quotations.

The investor seeks to avoid risk.

The speculator "takes a chance."

The investor in a safe bond is not hurt by temporary declines in the market price; his income is sure as long as the bond runs, and he can get full face value for it when it matures.

The speculator who does not pay outright for his purchases—and nearly all stock speculation (as well as real estate and other speculation) is done on margins—may lose every dollar overnight if some calamity befalls.

The bond investor's profits are limited. He buys for safety and fixity.

The speculator's profits are not limited. He buys for possibilities and changes.

The investor, to use a Wall Street phrase, buys securities he can "sleep with."

The speculator prefers something he can "eat with."

Investment should be practised by all persons of ordinary means.

Speculation should be left to those who can afford to incur risks and to lose money, to those who have special opportunities for gathering and analyzing basic information, to those whose regular duties do not call for much time or thought—for speculation is insidious; it excites, it ennervates, it distracts attention from other matters, it often unbalances judgment, it sometimes develops into a mania and ends in disaster. "There are two classes of people who should not speculate," said a wise man; "those who can afford it, and those who can't."

These observations are prompted by a tirade received from a New York correspondent, a man of education, who scolds me in no gentle language for not inciting all sorts of speculation, for not giving HEARST'S MAGAZINE readers "tips" on how to get rich quick, for writing stuff fit only for kindergarten investors, and of no use to those who want to gamble. He also scornfully points out that bonds have declined in price during the last year and condemns me for having advocated this form of investment.

I regret that bonds, in line with all varieties of securities, have sagged and do not show paper profits to buyers. But investors buy for income, as I have pointed out, and safe bonds have not stopped paying interest, have they? Moreover, I believe the downward movement is near its end and that well-selected bonds purchased now will increase in market value before many moons.

As for "tips" on get-rich-quick schemes, my learned friend must look elsewhere. Such "tips" are freely advertised by the unscrupulous. HEARST'S MAGAZINE is not catering to "suckers," as the tipsters expressively and significantly call their gullible clients.

World-wide Scramble For Gold

THE United States is defenseless when European powers start a raid upon her stock of gold. This year there has been an extraordinary scramble for the precious metal that makes or unmakes nations when war stalks abroad.

America has been a loser.

The bank of France has bought gold from New York just as she would buy wheat or steel or cotton. She has paid a stiff price for every ounce—not less than a premium of $10,000 on every shipment of $2,000,000, and latterly much more. In four months she took upwards of $35,000,000 without showing signs of being nearly satisfied.

America was and is helpless. There is no machinery, no method of preventing the wholesale loss of gold to foreign countries. We are the only important nation that cannot exercise control over its supply of gold We are at the mercy of others.

Britain is protected by the Bank of England. That wonderful institution can pay any premium necessary to keep at home the millions of dollars of new gold arriving weekly from South Africa and minor fields. She can also control the price of

money by raising her rate for discounting bills.

The Imperial Bank of Germany can also throw obstacles in the way of gold exports. For months the Fatherland, like France, has been arbitrarily accumulating gold, drawing upon London. The German Emperor is reported as having summoned the bankers of Berlin during the Moroccan trouble and asked if the country had enough gold to enable her to go to war.

"No," he was told.

"Gentleman, when next I ask this question I shall expect a different answer," he is quoted as having replied in high dudgeon.

And now Germany is zealously accumulating an enormous "war chest," a mass of gold to be laid aside exclusively for war purposes.

The United States Treasury holds the greatest accumulation of gold the world has ever known—just over a billion and a quarter dollars. This is more than all the gold mines on the face of the earth could produce in two years! The total gold yield last year was about $480,000,000 of which, by the way, India absorbed $135,000,000. In twenty-five years the production has exceeded the amount mined in the preceding three and a half centuries.

The following table gives the principal stocks of gold held by the United States Treasury and the central banks of Europe:

	1913	1912	Change
U.S. Treasury	$1,250,000,000	$1,205,000,000	+$45,000,000
England	185,000,000	200,000,000	— 15,000,000
France	650,000,000	650,000,000	
Germany	250,000,000	225,000,000	+ 25,000,000
Russia	800,000,000	750,000,000	+ 50,000,000
Austria	250,000,000	265,000,000	— 15,000,000
Italy	235,000,000	210,000,000	+ 25,000,000
Totals	$3,620,000,000	$3,505,000,000	+$115,000,000

The United States lost some $60,000,000 gold to foreign countries during the first five months of this year. There was no one, no body, no institution to say "stop!" America is the only absolutely free gold market in the world. Every foreigner who can put up enough merchandise or credit can help himself to any amount.

It is more than time our currency and banking system were reorganized.

Help to stir up sentiment on this subject, for a proper currency bill would do more to bring prosperity than all the laws that have been passed in a decade. Conditions cry aloud for action.

SECURITIES INVESTORS SHOULD CONSIDER

How To Invest $5,000 in High-Grade Municipal Bonds.

	Yield
$1,000 New York City 4½'s, due 1963	4.50%
$1,000 Los Angeles 4½'s, due 1951	4.50%
$1,000 San Francisco 5's, serial	4.75%
$1,000 Cleveland 4¼'s, due 1931	4.50%
$1,000 Jersey City 4½'s	4.40%
Average yield	4.52%

GILT-EDGE STOCKS

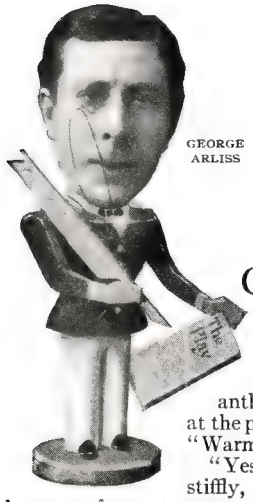
	Dividend Rate %	Price About	Yield
Louisville and Nashville	7	133	5.27
Great Northern Ry. Pfd.	7	126	5.55
Pennsylvania R. R.	6	110	5.45
Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Pfd.	7	135	5.11
General Chemical Co. Pfd.	6	105	5.71

GOOD STOCKS

	Dividend Rate %	Price About	Yield
Baltimore and Ohio Com.	6	98	6.12
Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Com.	6	99	6.06
Reading Com.	8	160	5.00
Atlantic Coast Line Com.	7	121	5.79
Northern Pacific R. R.	7	114	6.14

(Read the Financial Bureau in our Advertising Section)

The Anecdotal



GEORGE ARLISS

GEORGE ARLISS, the English actor who has won over America, was in a café the other day; as he took his menu card he looked up pleasantly and quite respectfully at the pretty waitress to remark: "Warm day, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is," she answered stiffly, evidently on her guard because of recent newspaper accounts of working girls' temptations, "and so was yesterday, and my name is Ella, and I know I'm a little peach and have pretty blue eyes, and I've been here quite a while and like the place, and I don't think I'm too nice a girl to be working in a café; if I did I'd quit my job; and my wages are satisfactory; and I don't know if there is a show or dance in town to-night, and if there is I shall not go with you, and I'm from the country, and I'm a respectable girl, and my brother is cook in this café, and he weighs two hundred pounds, and last week he wiped up this floor with a fresh $50-a-month traveling man who tried to make a date with me. Now, what'll you have?"

Arliss dropped back limply in his chair. "I'm not very hungry," he said; "a cup of coffee and a sandwich will do."

JAMES C. McREYNOLDS, the newly appointed attorney-general, tells this one: "They were talking of a Populistic orator. 'I wonder what he'll do now?' said one.

"'What's the matter with him?'

"'He has lost his reason,' replied the other.

"'Oh, that won't hurt him any in his business, so long as he retains his voice.'"

SECRETARY M'REYNOLDS

SIR CECIL ARTHUR SPRING-RICE

SIR CECIL ARTHUR SPRING-RICE, the British Ambassador to this country, is a good story-teller.

"Souvenir hunting," he relates, "as practised by many women, is certainly deplorable. Spoons, knives, forks, plates, photographs, and even snippings and bits of gowns and coats are taken by the souvenir fiend regardless of the damage.

"Not so long ago, I was talking with a well-known woman about a certain other woman of great personal attractiveness. I remarked that I understood that the attractive creature was a confirmed souvenir collector. 'I do not mean a kleptomaniac, you know,' I explained.

"'Oh, I understand perfectly,' the woman replied, looking at me in a curious way, 'She is just what I should describe as the ultra of souvenir collecting. I am in a position to speak with authority, too. You see,' she went on, 'this woman made a week-end visit to my country home some years past, and I discovered her tendency for collecting souvenirs then.'

"'Indeed!' said I, 'You missed your silverware?'

"'Oh, no,' she replied, calmly, 'My husband!'"

PAUL RAINEY, the noted hunter, tells this one: "A party of travelers in Africa were on an exploring expedition and ran out of supplies. They came upon a native hut, but found it empty and nothing visible in the eating line except several strings of mushrooms suspended from the rafters to dry. For lack of anything else more substantial, they stewed these and made a meal on them.

"In a short time the owner of the hut, a powerful native chief and warrior, appeared. He greeted the travelers in a friendly manner, gave a glance around the hut, and immediately set up a howl of despair.

"'They are gone!' howled the native chief, 'Evil spirits have stolen them!'

"'What is it that is gone?' inquired the man.

"'Those, those!' shrieked the chief, pointing to the cut cords on the rafters.

"'Why, no evil spirits took them,' said the man, 'We came here very hungry and we ate them. We will pay you.'

"'You ate them?' gasped the terror-stricken chief.

"'Yes, yes,' impatiently replied the explorers, 'We ate them—the dried mushrooms.'

"'Oh, oh,' cried the chief, 'you fools! Why, you've eaten the ears of all the enemies I killed in battle.'"

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW tells of the little daughter of a very intimate friend of his youthful days. "She used to call me 'Uncle,' for we became great chums. Then I went away for some time, and during my absence I raised a luxuriant crop of whiskers.

"After returning home, I visited my friends, and again saw the little girl. She, however, made no demonstration toward saluting me with a kiss, as

had been her custom. 'Why, dear,' said the mother, 'don't you give Uncle a kiss?'

"'Why, mother,' replied the little girl, with the most perfect simplicity. 'I don't see any place.'"

VICE-PRESIDENT MARSHALL was approached by one senator who said of a certain fellow senator: "I'm going to kill him one of these days!"

"Don't!" protested the Vice-president. "Bribe his valet to sew a peacock's feather to the seat of his trousers."

"Well?"

"Why the senator is so vain he will break his neck trying to look at it."

PAUL RAINEY

G. BERNARD SHAW

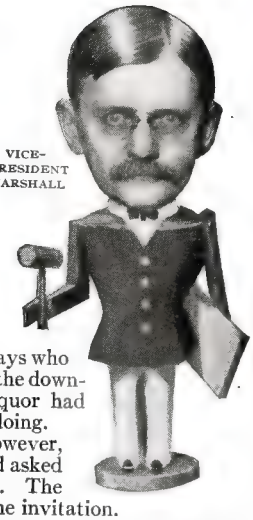
ISRAEL ZANGWILL is never at a loss for a good retort when it is needed as a rebuke to some tactless person who is making a nuisance of himself.

At dinner one evening a young man, who was a confirmed globe-trotter, was monopolizing the conversation, so much so that the other diner's were exceedingly bored. He was dwelling upon the loveliness of the Island of Tahiti and the marvelous beauty of its women.

At last Mr. Zangwill, who was present, ventured to inquire if he noticed anything else worthy of mention in connection with the island.

The young man, resenting the interruption, looked at Mr. Zangwill for a moment, and then replied: "Yes; what struck me most of all was that there were no Hebrews and no pigs to be seen there."

"Indeed, is that so?" exclaimed Mr. Zangwill, in no wise disconcerted. "Then if you and I go there together we shall make our fortunes."



VICE-PRESIDENT MARSHALL

SENATOR O'GORMAN, of New York, tells the following story. "A wealthy Westerner met a friend of former days who was rather evidently on the downward path. Plainly, liquor had been the cause of his undoing.

"The Westerner, however, wished to be friendly and asked the man to have a drink. The friend gladly accepted the invitation.

"Leading the way into a café the Westerner said to the bartender: 'Two straight whiskeys, please.'

"The derelict moved quickly to the bar, and said in an eager and decisive tone of voice: 'Give me the same!'"

HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY, illustrator and noted portrayer of girl types, was walking down the street one afternoon when he was overtaken by a pet dog that began to snap at his heels. Its mistress made no effort to call it off so he turned and gave the dog an admonitory kick.

"Brute!" cried the woman, "to kick a little defenseless animal! That little creature is a pet, and is not accustomed to such treatment."

"I beg your pardon, madam," replied Mr. Christy. "I did not mean to hurt your dog. But you should have called him off."

"He would not have hurt you," replied the woman in a grieved tone. "He is a pet."

"I did not care to be bitten by, him nevertheless, madam," returned Mr. Christy. "I am somewhat of a favorite at home, myself.

(C) ELLIOTT & FRY

ISRAEL ZANGWILL

SENATOR O'GORMAN

Why Women Lack Health, Grace and Beauty of Form

By Andrew H. Hamilton

THE average woman of today lacks in Health, Grace and Beauty of Form because she is ignorant of the requisites of health and knows no more about her body than a child. Instead of exercise which would give her grace and health, she confines herself to housework or such simple duties as tend to destroy the freedom of bodily movement, stiffening and aging her when she is scarcely out of her teens.

Health is a matter of conforming to the laws of right living. True grace of movement is the result of thorough bodily control—of making housework, or any work, an aid in securing this, instead of the cause of losing it. Beauty of Form is something that can be attained by anyone who will study and apply the knowledge gained. This has been proven in many different ways.

I have seen women, corpulent and without shape, restore the graceful lines of youth by devoting a few minutes daily to the care of their bodies. I have seen others, many pounds under weight, angular and lacking in everything attractive, regain their normal weight and a beautiful figure. Stories of marvelous recoveries of health are no less frequent.

Women should realize that health and beauty can never be obtained and kept except through the observance of Nature's laws. Miss Kellermann, known the world over as the "Perfect Woman" and most wonderful dancer and diver on the stage, is a most striking example of what may be accomplished by properly directed exercise and sane living.

You must have heard her story—how as a weak, puny and deformed child she was compelled to wear braces upon her legs. Had she been content to live on in this way, she probably would be a burden on someone today instead of the Perfect Physical Woman. She might now be living on, hopelessly wondering why she was denied the health which was her birthright.

What she has accomplished was not the result of any great new scientific principle for health or development The wonderful change was wrought by keeping before her the fact that every human body has the power within itself to be healthful and beautiful, if help instead of hindrance is but given it.

The great difficulty with which one must contend, is to select the real from the mass of contradictory theories and principles which have been expounded by over-enthusiastic or unscrupulous persons.

It took a number of years and involved a great many disappointing and discouraging experiences, but in the end she indubitably proved that a woman can be absolutely what she wills. She has proved that if one is too thin, too fleshy; if she is over or under-developed in any part of her body, the proper system will bring parts to perfect proportions. She has demonstrated that it is possible to develop the back of one's arm without affecting the front, to develop one side of the neck, one hip or one limb, without affecting the other. This is one of the most interesting and wonderful features of Miss Kellermann's methods, and, in all likelihood, is due to her wonderful knowledge of anatomy.

Volumes have been written on various methods for developing the figure and attaining health and beauty, but the most interesting and attractive book I have ever read is one written and published by Miss Kellermann herself, entitled "The Body Beautiful." This book contains many photographs of Miss Kellermann and others, showing correct and incorrect carriage, how the body may be built up or reduced to normal, symmetrical lines, and various chapters dealing with every phase of health and body building.

No woman vitally interested in self-advancement can afford to miss this little book, for it means the complete revitalization and reorganization of her body. To those addressing Miss Kellermann, Suite 107H, 12 West Thirty-first Street, New York City, enclosing two cents, to cover postage, she will gladly send a copy of this book free.

If you are one of the women who would make the most of yourself, physically and mentally, send for this book immediately while the edition lasts. Prove for yourself that it is not necessary to suffer physical ailments, or deficiencies in appearance or figure, and that it is possible to remold yourself and enjoy a higher plane of living. *(Advt.)*

Ready When You Stop

A food immediately ready for use. Add a little cream (or milk) and a sprinkle of sugar.

It is put up in double sealed packages—impossible of contamination from dust or moisture.

Post Toasties

the deliciously toasted bits of wafer-like corn are the food for picnics, auto tours and any kind of trips—and for the home.

Its convenience does away with a lot of bother to whoever prepares the meals.

The delightful flavor of Post Toasties makes new friends every day—and

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

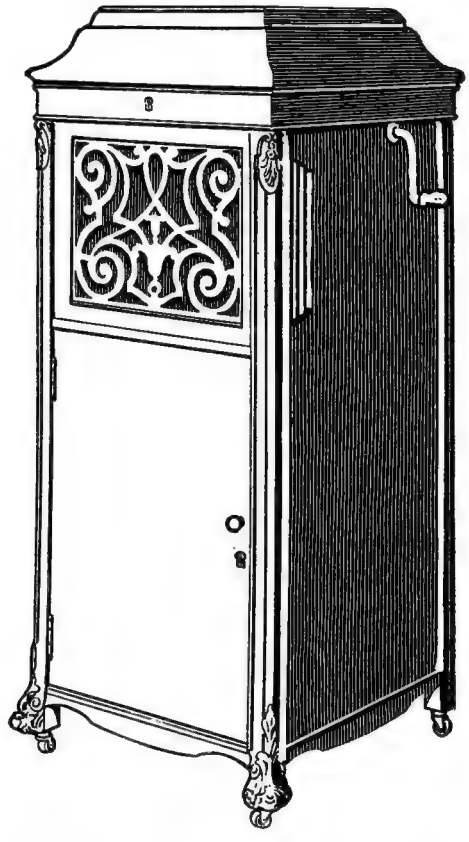
Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

You will want to hear more of the

Blue Amberol Records

as soon as you've heard the first

In tone they are finer and clearer than any other records made. They are more lifelike.



Play them once or play them 3,000 times and the result is the same, for Blue Amberol Records can't wear out. What's more, they are practically unbreakable. They are musical and mechanical triumphs. Your dealer will be glad to play them for you or we'll send particulars.

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc., 26 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J., U. S. A.

No-Rim-Cut Tires

11% Less This Year

No-Rim-Cut tires are costing us now about 11 per cent less than last year.

And all this saving goes, as always, to users of these tires.

So here is another economy. You have saved all rim-cutting by these new-type tires. You have saved by the oversize. And now you save 11 per cent on price.

How It Happens

Only part of this saving is due to lower rubber. That is largely offset by higher fabrics, higher cost of labor.

The net saving here, in our opinion, warrants five per cent reduction. Some makers say it warrants none.

Our major saving comes through multiplied output. We owe that to users of these tires, and it shall go to them.

Last year's output of Goodyear tires exceeded our previous 12 years put together.

To meet this demand, which has grown like a flood, we have built modern factories, equipped with the latest machinery.

Now we have by far the largest tire plant in the world. By far the largest output. Our capacity is close to 8,000 motor tires daily.

It is this quantity saving which has mainly caused this 11 per cent reduction.

What It Means

Since this reduction, no standard tires of any type cost less than No-Rim-Cut tires.

Some old-type tires—the hooked-base clinchers—last year cost you less. But 23 per cent of those tires become rim-cut.

Tires just rated size cost less last year. But our 10 per cent oversize, under average conditions, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

So No-Rim-Cut tires, at their higher cost, were by far the cheaper-per-mile tires. They were so much the cheaper, per mile, that they came to outsell every other tire.

Now they cost nothing extra, so the savings are clear. Who can think it wise, under such conditions, to buy old-type clincher tires?

Hundreds of thousands of experienced motorists have come to No-Rim-Cut tires. And legions more come monthly.

They are coming because of mileage figures, because of lower upkeep.

They have ended rim-cutting. They are getting extra capacity. And now they get a lower price. Are not those the things you seek?

Ask any user what they mean to him, and you'll adopt them, too.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO.

No-Rim-Cut Tires
With or Without Non-Skid Treads

10% Oversize

Always the Lowest

No equal tires will ever cost less than Goodyears. None will ever cost less per mile.

This is how we know it:

The largest output means the lowest cost. And No-Rim-Cut tires are, more and more, bound to outsell all others.

Modern factories, with the latest machinery, greatly cut cost of production. And the sensational demand for these new-type tires has forced this new equipment.

Then we cling to small capitalization. We have not one dollar of watered stock on which holders are looking for dividends.

About Profits

Then we sell these tires on a minimum margin. Every lessened cost means a lessened price.

To assure you of this, we advertise our profits. In times past they have run about 8½ per cent, and we do not expect to exceed that.

So it ought to be clear that no maker can give more than Goodyears give for the money.

Lower Prices

There will always be tires which will sell for less, and lesser tires which sell at equal prices. Tires may be made at even half our cost.

But the real cost is the cost per mile. And that is lowest in the highest grade of tire.

We spend on Goodyears every penny which can lessen cost per mile. One process alone, which others don't use, will cost us this year close to one million dollars.

Night and day, on a tire testing machine, we are constantly comparing one tire with another on a mileage basis.

On our department of research and experiment we spend $100,000 yearly—just to get more mileage.

Our materials are the costliest, our processes the most expensive known.

So we don't skimp Goodyear tires. We only make sure that you get more for each dollar than in any other tire that's made.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO.

No-Rim-Cut Tires
With or Without Non-Skid Treads

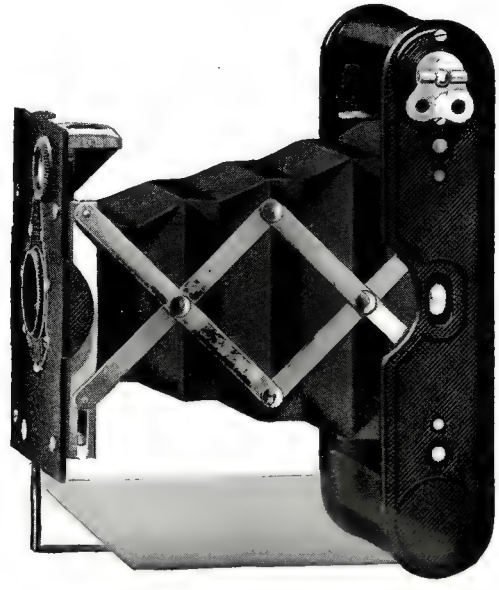
Write for Goodyear Tire Book — 14th-year edition. It tells all known ways to economize on tires.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire
We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

(1139)

The Vest Pocket



KODAK

Literally small enough to go into the vest pocket (or a lady's handbag)—big enough to bring home all outdoors—-a miniature in size, but lacking nothing of Kodak efficiency or simplicity.

Has Kodak Ball Bearing shutter with iris diaphragm stops, meniscus achromatic lens, Autotime scale and brilliant reversible finder. Loads in daylight with Kodak film cartridges for eight exposures. A fixed focus makes it always ready for quick work. Lustrous black metal finish.

Pictures, 1⅝ x 2½ inches. Price, $6.00

Catalogue at your dealers, or on request. Free.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

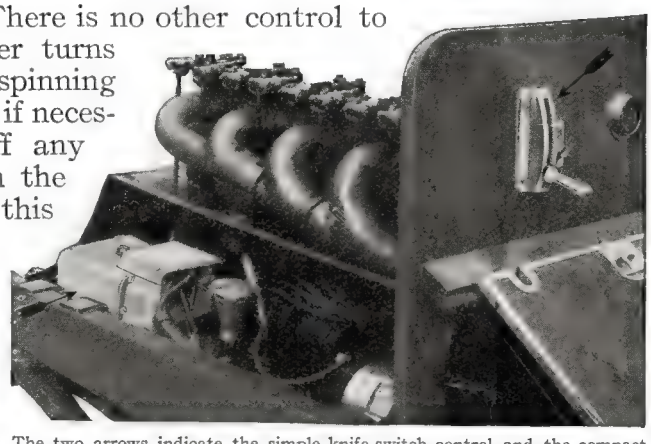
KNOWN AS THE SIMPLEST STARTER
RECOGNIZED AS THE MOST EFFICIENT

DYNETO-ENTZ

Electric Starter and Lighting System

Throw on the switch. There is no other control to bother with. The starter turns your engine immediately, spinning it rapidly for half an hour if necessary. Shut the gas off any time and starter will run the car. In crowded traffic this feature is invaluable.

No button to press. No complicated controls. No gears to mesh. No Ammeter, Voltmeter or any dial to watch.



The two arrows indicate the simple knife-switch control and the compact DYNETO-ENTZ motor-generator unit. This simplicity means that you may be able to install the DYNETO-ENTZ on your old car, and that you surely want it on your new car.

Study These Features of Simplicity

The DYNETO-ENTZ System is composed of a motor-generator (with only one moving part) an ordinary 3-point blade switch, one storage battery, lighting switch and simple wiring. Requires practically no attention from the operator for maintenance. The only care you have to give the outfit is to occasionally replenish the electrolyte in the storage battery.

Throw on switch and leave it on. When your car attains a speed of 10 miles, the DYNETO-ENTZ Unit changes from Starting Motor to a Storage Battery Generator. This change is accomplished without the aid of automatic devices, without any attention from the driver. When the car drops below 10 miles an hour, the DYNETO-ENTZ changes back to a Motor, assisting the engine and preventing stalling. Storage Battery is so constructed that it cannot be injured by overcharging, doing away with complicated automatic outfits.

Unlike most electric starters, the DYNETO-ENTZ, being so compact a unit, can be installed by individuals on many cars now operating. Garage men and mechanics have made installations for individuals on Cadillac, Stoddard-Dayton, Pierce, Peerless, Lozier and many others. If it can be properly installed on your old car, it will surely give satisfaction. Any manufacturer can install it on your new car.

DYNETO-ENTZ Standard Equipment for the Franklin and the White Cars.

With the DYNETO-ENTZ on your car, you cannot stall the motor.

Full Particulars and Descriptive Matter Furnished on Request.

THE DYNETO ELECTRIC CO. Dept. H, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Plant Devoted Exclusively to the Manufacture of Starters and Lighting Systems.

"Please, Mother"

"Mayn't I have some Kellogg's for tea? Those were so good I had for breakfast."

Mother has but one answer to that. Her experience teaches her that the family never tires of the Kellogg flavor and—how tame and flat the imitations are!

Getting a Kellogg breakfast or supper is so easy, too—just shake the fresh, golden flakes out of the box and pour milk or cream over them. A little re-crisping in the oven sometimes helps.

Look for the Signature

W. K. Kellogg

NABISCO
Sugar Wafers

Nabisco Sugar Wafers meet every demand for a dainty dessert confection. Whether served with ices, custards, fruits or beverages, they are equally delightful. The sweet, creamy filling of Nabisco—the delicate wafer shells—leave nothing to be desired. Truly are they fairy sandwiches.

In ten-cent tins; also in twenty-five-cent tins.

ADORA:—Another dessert confection of enchanting goodness. Alluring squares in filled sugar-wafer form.

FESTINO:—A dessert sweet, shaped like an almond. A shell so fragile and toothsome that it melts on the tongue disclosing a kernel of almond-flavored cream.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

"Who Wants to Cook in Hot Weather, Anyway?"

"There, there's something you can make for Rob and the children, even if you can't cook. Who wants to cook in hot weather, anyway? Jell-O doesn't have to be cooked. Isn't it lovely?"

JELL-O

desserts are not only easy to make and "lovely," but they are the finest of summer dishes.

In hot weather you find your appetite craves something *different*—something pleasantly tangy or tart—something that will taste good and "hit the spot."

Fruit itself does not satisfy that peculiar craving as cool, sparkling, delicious, fruity Jell-O does.

Seven flavors of Jell-O: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.

Each in a separate package, 10 cents, at any grocer's.

The famous "Six Cooks" Recipe Book will be sent free to all who write and ask us for it.

The Genesee Pure Food Co., Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.

The name JELL-O is on every package in big red letters. If it isn't there, it isn't JELL-O.

There is Beauty in Every Jar

MILK WEED
THERE IS BEAUTY IN EVERY JAR
Ingram's Milkweed Cream
FOR
TAN FRECKLES, SUNBURN, REDNESS, PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS, ECZEMA & ALL SKIN ERUPTIONS & BLOTCHES. MAKES THE SKIN SOFT SMOOTH AND VELVETY. IS DELIGHTFUL TO USE. PREVENTS CHAPPING & ROUGHNESS. IS READILY ABSORBED.
FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.
PROPRIETORS
WINDSOR, CANADA
DETROIT, MICH.

Your Beauty Made Proof Against Sun and Wind

By the use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream any woman can have the very essence of all beauty—a pure and clear complexion, a soft, unblemished skin. With

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

you need not deny yourself the wonderful benefit of fresh air—the tonic of sun and wind. You can get out in the open, shielded from tan, sunburn, and freckles, by the protection of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Preserves Good Complexions
Improves Bad Complexions

Let Us Prove to You the value of Ingram's Toilet Specialties by a personal test; write us yours and your druggist's name and address and receive through him, free, our box of samples. Or enclose 10 cents and we will mail them direct.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM COMPANY
Windsor, Ontario **89 Tenth Street, Detroit**

Ingram's Velveola Souveraine
Face Powder

is Powdered Perfection for the complexion. It adheres even when the skin is warm and moist. Price 50 cents at drug stores or by mail, postpaid. A handsome Vanity Box FREE with Ingram's Velveola Souveraine.

You're "The Picture Of Coolness" In B. V. D.

TRIFLES don't nag you—heat doesn't fag you in Loose Fitting, Light Woven B. V. D. You're not chafed and confined, as in tight fitting underwear. You *joy* in the feeling of *muscle-freedom*, as well as in the *coolness* of B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, or Union Suits. Comfort and common sense say "B. V. D."

To get *genuine* B. V. D. get a good look at the *label.*
On every B. V. D. Undergarment is sewed
This Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S, Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries.)

Insist that your dealer sells you only underwear with the B. V. D. label.

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.50 the Garment.

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U.S.A., 4-30-07.) $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 the Suit.

The B.V. D. Company,
New York.
London Selling Agency:
66 ALDERMANBURY, E. C.

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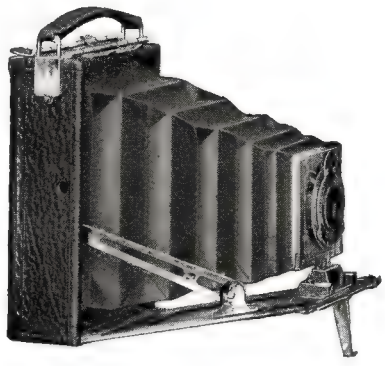
The B.V.D. Company.



You can get good pictures just as soon as you get a

PREMO

You need no previous experience, no technical knowledge. Step into the dealer's to-day and see for yourself, how easy Premos are to load and operate, how light and compact, and how altogether desirable.

This picture is from a negative made with the Premoette Jr. No. 1, a marvelously compact little camera which will slip into any pocket, or a lady's handbag, and costs but $5.

And then there are the Film Premos No. 1, just as simple to operate, but making larger pictures —3¼x4¼, $10.00; 4x5, $12.50; 3A (post card size), $12.50—and many other models ranging in price from $1.50 to $150.00.

Get the new Premo catalogue

A book that no one interested in photography should be without. It describes the many Premo advantages fully—the daylight loading Film Premos, the Premos that take films or plates with equal facility, the Premo Film Pack and tank developing system.

It's free at the dealer's, or will be gladly mailed to any address on request.

Rochester Optical Division
Eastman Kodak Co. Rochester, N. Y.

From a Premoette Jr. No. 1 Print
Actual Size

The Perfect Food Tonic

The tonic effects of choicest Saazer Hops and nutritive, tissue building properties of the best American Barley are scientifically combined in—

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S

Malt-Nutrine

TRADE MARK

The Perfect Food Tonic

Easily assimilated by the weakest stomach.

Leading physicians everywhere recommend ***Malt-Nutrine*** to nursing mothers, the aged, infirm and convalescents.

It prevents nausea from train or sea-sickness.

Malt-Nutrine Declared by U. S. Revenue Department a Pure Malt Product, Not an Alcoholic Beverage. Contains 14½% Malt Solids $1\frac{90}{100}$% Alcohol. Sold by Druggists and Grocers.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Her Beauty Has "Palmolive Protection"

THE modern girl subjects her complexion to extreme tests. She is out in the sun, the wind and the rain. She takes long motor trips over dusty highways. Yet she keeps her skin soft, smooth and beautiful.

Palmolive protects her complexion. She knows that famous beauties, 2,000 years ago, used Palm and Olive oils, and that nothing else since has been found to surpass them. She knows that these oils soothe irritations.

She knows we blend them into Palmolive by our own process, which greatly increases their efficiency.

Palmolive is more than mere soap Hard milling makes it lasting and economical. 15c a cake.

B. J. Johnson Soap Company, Inc., Milwaukee, Wis.
Canadian Factory: 155-157 George St., Toronto, Ont.

PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO makes the hair lustrous and healthy and is excellent for the scalp. It rinses out easily and leaves the hair soft and tractable. Price, 50 cents.

PALMOLIVE CREAM cleanses the pores of the skin and adds a delightful touch after the use of Palmolive Soap. Price, 50 cents.

N. B.—If you cannot get Palmolive Cream or Shampoo of your local dealer, a full-size package of either will be mailed prepaid on receipt of price.

When You Go to California

—for you will go, within the next two years, if only to see the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in 1915—you will need a guide and appreciate a friend.

To all the people of Central and Northern California

is more than a mere newspaper—it is an institution upon which Californians have learned to rely in every contingency.

It is this universal usefulness that has developed for The San Francisco Examiner:

The largest circulation of any morning or evening newspaper west of St. Louis.

The largest circulation of any newspaper in America selling for five cents.

More than double the circulation of any other San Francisco morning newspaper, and

More than double the combined Sunday circulation of all other San Francisco papers.

Californians have learned that almost any service may be expected of The San Francisco Examiner. No hesitancy is shown in utilizing every resource at its command, and this attitude of the people has been encouraged by The Examiner's endeavor to fulfil every requirement made upon its time, its influence and its sources of information.

You, who now contemplate California from afar, soon will be enjoying, within its boundaries, the prosperity, productiveness and hospitality for which the State is famed.

A preparatory course of reading on California's possibilities will equip you better to make the most of your opportunity, either as settler or sightseer, when you reach California.

For 1912, The San Francisco Examiner consisted of nearly twelve thousand pages —over one-third more than its nearest rival.

This immense library of down-to-the-minute information on California is available to you for eight dollars a year, and proportionately for six or three months.

But the services of The San Francisco Examiner are available to you regardless of whether or not you are a subscriber.

For any information concerning California, or for any other requirement in which The San Francisco Examiner can be of assistance, write to the address below. If your needs can be met by The Examiner itself, they will be—if not, your wants will be taken care of by capable persons to whom your communications will be referred.

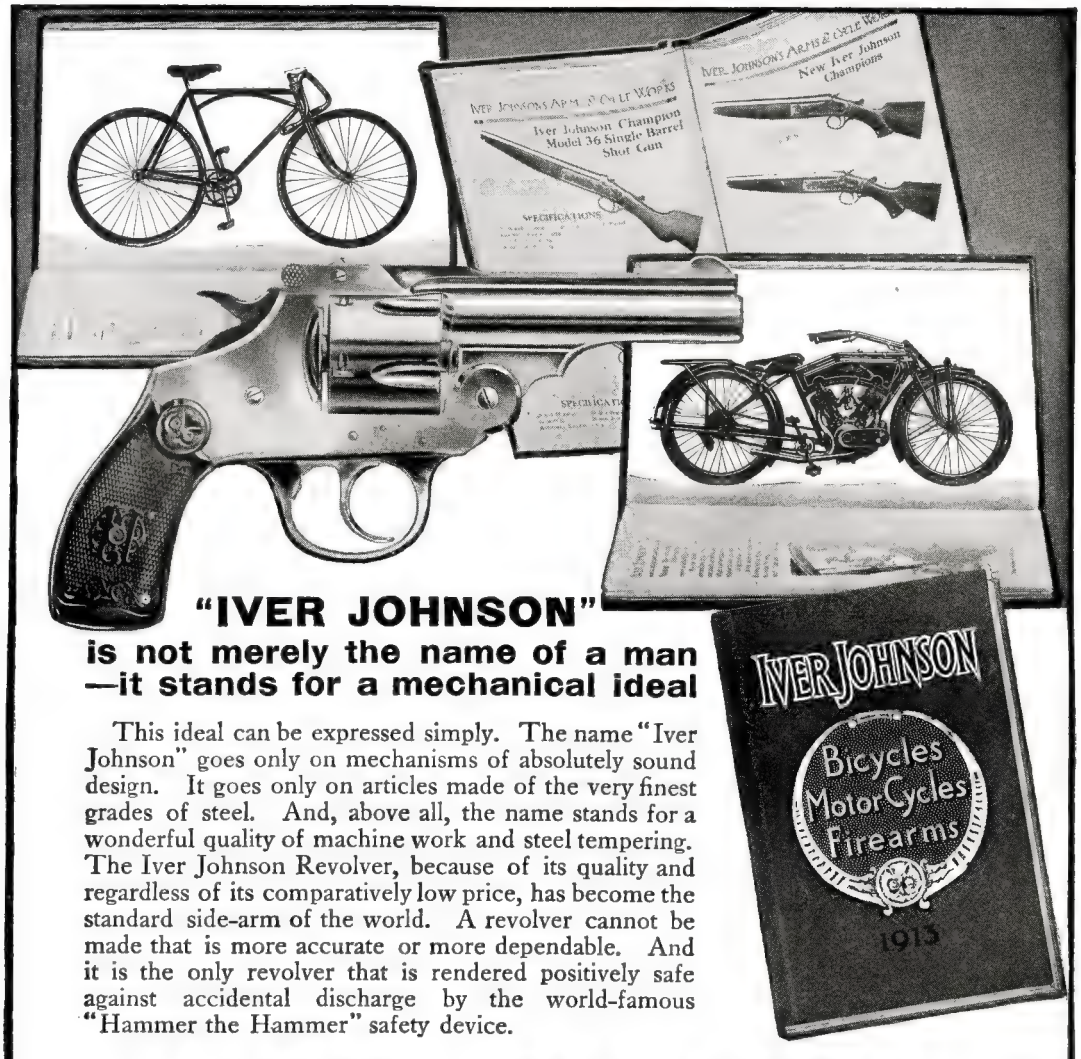
Keep in mind this feature of The San Francisco Examiner—SERVICE; and when you arrive in California you will be glad to resume relations with the greatest paper in the West.

Send seventy-five cents for a month's trial subscription—the two dollars will follow every quarter thereafter without further suggestion. Single copies five cents.

Circulation: Daily Over 110,000; Sunday Over 213,000

The San Francisco Examiner

Hearst Building San Francisco



"IVER JOHNSON"
is not merely the name of a man —it stands for a mechanical ideal

This ideal can be expressed simply. The name "Iver Johnson" goes only on mechanisms of absolutely sound design. It goes only on articles made of the very finest grades of steel. And, above all, the name stands for a wonderful quality of machine work and steel tempering. The Iver Johnson Revolver, because of its quality and regardless of its comparatively low price, has become the standard side-arm of the world. A revolver cannot be made that is more accurate or more dependable. And it is the only revolver that is rendered positively safe against accidental discharge by the world-famous "Hammer the Hammer" safety device.

IVER JOHNSON

The Iver Johnson Bicycle, even when good bicycles were the rule, was a leader; today it stands alone. It is without fault—the finest type of bicycle that has ever been produced and possibly the best that ever will be produced.

The Iver Johnson Motorcycle must be understood in mechanical detail before you can compare it to others. But it's a machine you ought to know all about before you make a selection. In the motor alone there are over thirty advanced ideas which have won the approval of engineers.

And now about our book: It contains 70 pages of interesting facts about our revolvers, shotguns, bicycles and motorcycles. Tells how they are made and why they are so good. It is bound in stiff board covers, in conventional library form, and is profusely illustrated. It is free to those who are interested.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS

New York, 99 Chambers St.
San Francisco, Phil. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market St.

158 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.

With an ordinary lens you will generally have ordinary pictures — and ordinary failures

But with a better lens you can do the better work you have wanted to do — and save yourself the expense and disappointment of wasted films.

Bausch and Lomb-Zeiss TESSAR LENS

is made to give you much greater opportunities for getting clear, sharp negatives even in weak light—when an ordinary lens would give you but a dim result. And its great rapidity enables you to catch, without the unwelcome blur, pictures of the most quickly moving objects. The Tessar is produced with the greatest scientific care—is absolutely accurate, and will make "all the difference in the world" in your work.

If you are interested in better results, send for literature.

Bausch & Lomb Optical Co.
603 ST. PAUL ST. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

3 GRIZZLIES IN UNDER 1 MINUTE

Feb. 10, 1913—Writing to tell you how pleased I am with the .280 Ross Last season in Cassiar, B. C. I went after 13 head and bagged the lot, a ranges varying from 60 to 500 yards in 27 shots. My bag consisted of 3 Black Bear, 4 Grizzlies, 2 Goat, 2 Cariboo, 2 Moose. In my estimatio

there is no rifle to compare with the "Ross .280."

The balance is perfect, the action fast and smooth while the flatness o trajectory quite does away with the judging of distances.

I shot a goat at over 500 Yards with exactly same Sigh

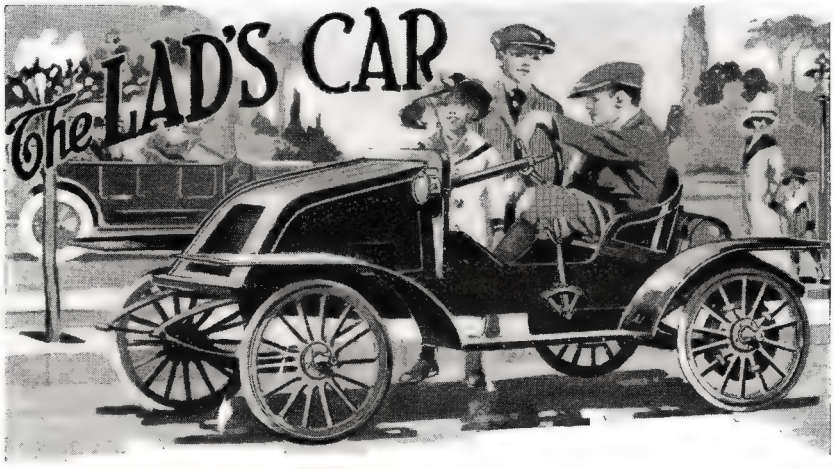
that I take at 100 yards. The 3 grizzlies were killed in under one minute Cluny C. Luke, Alberni, B. C. *(Extract letter to Ross Rifle Co.)*

$55.00 The "Ross" .280 High Velocity is now retailed i New York City, duty paid for $55.00 and the Ros .280 Ammunition, with copper tube expanding bullet, patented specially adapted for it, at $7.50 per 100.

Get one NOW for your next trip. If your dealer cannot sho one write for illustrated catalogue

ROSS RIFLE CO., Dept. M-5, QUEBEC, Canada

Wholesale Agents for U.S.: POST & FLOTO, 14 Reade St., New York City.



The American Boy's Cycle Car

Have you seen it? Would you like to have one? **Send 20 cents today for illustrated booklet with blue print and drawings, telling how to build and operate your own car.**

Special Inducements to FIRST BOY In Each Town

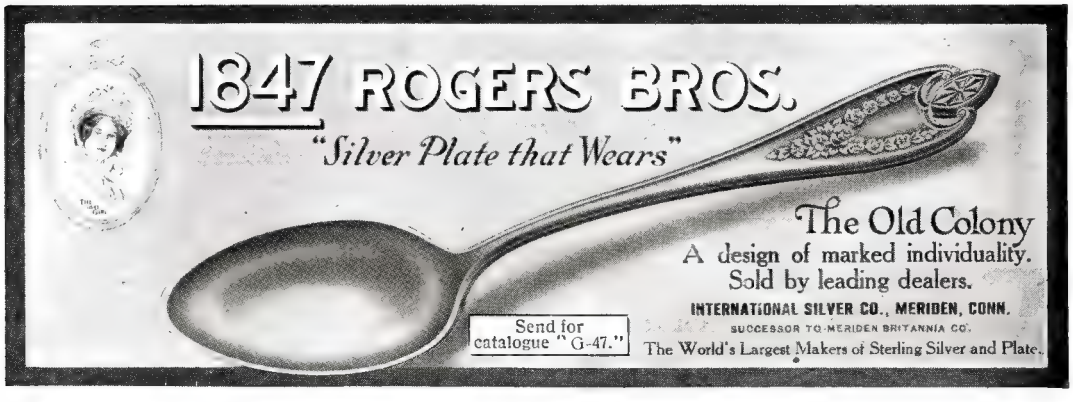
Under the racy hood is a full 5-horse-power, four-cycle engine. The wheels are twenty-two inch with wood spokes and solid rubber tires, steering is standard rack and pinion type.

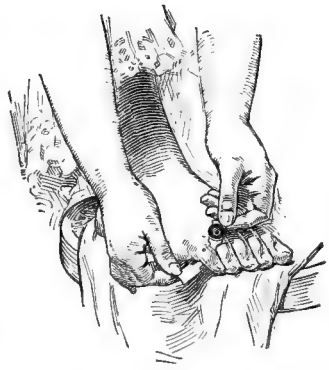
We have no agents, we sell the parts or the car complete.

Send 20 cents today for book and we will help you to build or own at once The Lad's Car.

NIAGARA MOTOR CAR CORPORATION

Department H-2 - - - - - **Niagara Falls, N. Y.**


1847 ROGERS BROS.
"Silver Plate that Wears"
The Old Colony
A design of marked individuality.
Sold by leading dealers.
INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.
SUCCESSOR TO MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.
The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate.
Send for catalogue "G-47."



All Such Corns

Can be Ended in Two Days

Apply a little Blue-jay plaster.

Right from that moment the corn becomes comfortable.

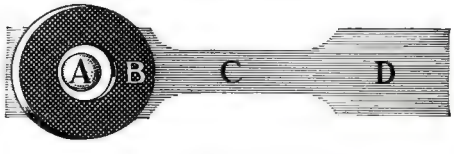
Then the B & B wax begins to loosen the corn, and in 48 hours the whole corn comes out.

The chemist who invented Blue-jay studied corns for years. And his method is now employed on a million corns a month.

No pain, no soreness, no discomfort. The way is gentle and results are sure.

Don't pare corns. Don't apply liquids. Don't use ancient methods in these scientific days.

You can end the corn forever in this simple, modern way. Try it on one corn.



A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B stops the pain and keeps the wax from spreading.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package
Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Bitter Root Valley *offers you* Health, Freedom and Fortune!

YOU want a Fortune! Every normal individual wants one—if the fortune can be had *honestly* and without sacrificing the other factors that make life worth while. *Real* fortune, to every right thinking man or woman, isn't measured *solely* in dollars. A *generous competence,* combined with *health, independence* and *ideal environment* in which to *live* and be *happy,* make up the sum total.

Five Thousand Dollars a Year

net income from ten acres of matured apple and cherry orchard in the *frostless* and *wormless* Bitter Root Valley with a *home and six months vacation* annually in one of the most magnificently endowed natural environments on the Creator's footstool, with *golf links, hunting, fishing and mountain climbing* and with neighbors of culture, education and refinement—is the opportunity we offer you.

We believe you will *investigate* this opportunity because this appeal for investigation is directed to broad-minded and sensible readers, living in an age of scientific progress which has made the impossible of yesterday the reality of *today.* This is *not* an offer of something for nothing. It *is* an opportunity for you to make an immensely profitable compact based on mankind's partnership with nature. *We are now growing more than three thousand acres of fruit trees, one to three years old, for satisfied customers who would not consider selling their orchards at a large advance over their cost.*

$5,000 Yearly For Life From Ten Acres

A Bitter Root Valley apple orchard bears commercially in its fifth year. Ten acres, fully developed, should be capable of returning you during early maturity, strictly net, a profit of $2,000 to $5,000 yearly. Beginning with the 10th year from planting, judged by experience of others, 10 acres should net you *an income of $5,000 yearly and employ only half your time.*

If you have a fair-sized income now and are willing to improve your condition, *you do not need much capital* to possess one of these big-paying orchards.

Our Proposition and Plan

briefly stated is this: We will sell you a CHOICE 10-ACRE **PLANTED and GROWING** ORCHARD, best standard varieties apples and cherries—*with the Company's definite written contract* to care for and develop your orchard under expert horticultural supervision for five full growing seasons from date of planting, including all land taxes and irrigation charges. You may, if desired, assume personal charge of your orchard at any time and secure a refund.

The land should easily become worth, conservatively stated, in fair comparison with other improved land, $1,000 an acre. There is a clean profit to you of 100 per cent on a 5-year investment to count on at the outset. Only a $300 cash payment required now to secure your orchard tract—balance in easy payments divided over a ten year period. Your payments for the first few years are practically ALL the cash outlay you will have, as *your orchard tract should meet all payments falling due while in commercial bearing period and yield you a handsome profit besides.* Our reservation plan provides for *inspection of the land by you,* and your money back if dissatisfied.

INVESTIGATE by using this coupon TODAY

BITTER ROOT VALLEY IRRIGATION CO.
848-850 First National Bank Building, Chicago, U. S. A.
Robert S. Lemon, General Sales Manager:
Please send me full information concerning your Riverview Orchard Tracts in Bitter Root Valley.
Write your name and complete address plainly on the margin below

Thin Model 17 Jewel Movement

25-Year Guaranteed Gold-Strata Case

Send for This Watch On 7 Days' Free Trial

To Hearst's Magazine readers who mail coupon below at once we will send this beautiful "Thin Model" 25-year guaranteed gold-strata watch, on 7 days' approval without one cent in advance —but YOU MUST BE QUICK.

This superb Watch is indeed a triumph in the art of watch-making. The photograph above shows the actual size of the Watch. The movement is the famous 17-jewel Illinois Movement which has no superior throughout the entire world. This Watch is not only a perfect time-keeper, but the graceful thin model gold strata case lends it a beauty and distinction which will make it a constant joy to you every time you look at it.

Payments—Only $2 a Month

This is the greatest "watch value" in America, but we do not ask you to take our word for it. Our plan is to send you the Watch on approval so that you can see the Watch itself, examine it carefully and wear it for a week before paying us any money or obligating yourself in any way. We do not want you to send us one cent now. Just fill out and mail coupon below and we will then send you the Watch carefully packed, express prepaid. After you have worn this beautiful Watch a week, if you decide to keep it, you may send us only $2 cash and then $2 a month for 10 months thereafter. But if the Watch is not satisfactory and you do not wish to keep it, then you may return it to us "express collect." So, you see, **you take absolutely no risk.**

Free Monogram Offer

To those who mail coupon below promptly, we offer to engrave by hand, their initials on the back of this watch in exquisite ribbon monogram letters. So then, if **you** answer promptly, you may have **your own** initials handsomely engraved by hand on the back of this superb watch, **free of charge.** Jeweler's regular charge is from $1.50 to $2.00, but if you are prompt, we will do it for you **FREE.** This is a great opportunity—one that you must not miss. **Tear off and mail coupon at once.**

LACLEDE WATCH CO.
1127-29 Pine St.
St. Louis, Mo.

LACLEDE WATCH CO.
1127-29 Pine St.
St. Louis, Mo.

Send me for examination, your 17-jewel 25 year guaranteed gold-strata Watch, express prepaid. If the Watch is satisfactory I will send you $2 as first payment and $2 a month thereafter until your special price of $22 is paid. If the Watch is not satisfactory and I do not wish to keep it, I will notify you within 7 days and the Watch is then to be returned at your expense, as offered Hearst's Magazine readers. (NOTE: Print initials you wish engraved in monogram, on edge of coupon. If you prefer back of the watch wrought in special floral design instead of monogram, write us to that effect.) (6-13.)

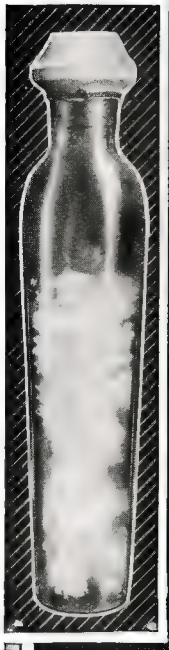
NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Cow's milk should be modified with Eskay's Food

Study these photographs. They show why it is necessary to modify cow's milk for infant feeding.

The bottle on the left shows what happens when plain cow's milk comes in contact with the gastric juice of baby's delicate stomach. These tough, cheesy curds are most irritating and indigestible.



The other bottle shows the condition of baby's stomach when ***Eskay's*** has been added to cow's milk. Notice the soft, fine, easily-digested flakes and absence of curds.

Eskay's, added to fresh cow's milk, makes the ideal substitute for mother's milk. It solves the all-important nursing problem.

If your little one is not thriving, his food should be changed immediately. Put him on *Eskay's.* See him started on the road to health.

TEN FEEDINGS FREE.

Smith, Kline & French Co., 468 Arch Street, Philadelphia

Gentlemen: Please send me free 10 feedings of Eskay's Food and your helpful book for mothers, "How to Care for the Baby."

Name .....

Street and Number .....

City and State .....

The New Marlin

Now ready! For rabbits, woodchucks, crows, hawks, foxes and geese, get this superb new Model 27 Marlin. It's the only repeating rifle in the market using the popular .25 Rim-Fire cartridge.

The .25 Rim-Fire cartridge is almost as well and favorably known as the .22 Short. It has power enough so that it is used very successfully on deer; so accurate it is extensively used in target work; and so cheap **you can use it freely without counting the expense.**

Unless you wish to use center-fire cartridges and reload your shells, you will find this .25 Rim-Fire Marlin repeater the most convenient, most economical and satisfactory repeating rifle obtainable for medium game and target requirements.

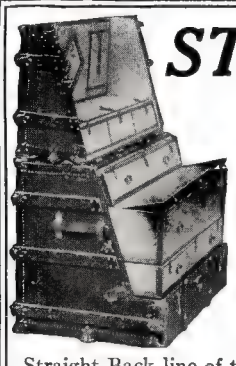
Ideal Hand Book tells all about reloading cartridges. Mailed for 6 cents in stamps.

This new rifle is our popular Model 27 repeater adapted to the .25 Rim-Fire cartridge. It has the quick, smooth-working **"pump" action** and the modern **solid-top and side ejector** for rapid, accurate firing, increased safety and convenience. It has **take-down** construction; action parts removable without tools; it's easy to keep clean. Has Ivory Bead front sight and Rocky Mountain rear sight; 8 shots at one loading. Price, with 24-inch round barrel, $13.15; with octagon Special Smokeless Steel barrel, $15.00.

Send 3 stamps postage for new catalog showing complete line of Marlin repeaters, rifles and shotguns.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
25 Willow Street **New Haven, Conn.**

STRAIGHT BACK TRUNKS



Either "Dresser" or "Wardrobe," Give the Maximum of Convenience and Durability.

THE Straight Back Dresser Trunk has smooth sliding drawers. Everything is in plain sight; no rummaging. Holds as much as a box trunk, with ample space for everything. The straight back allows placing close to wall, saving room. Thousands use them instead of dressers.

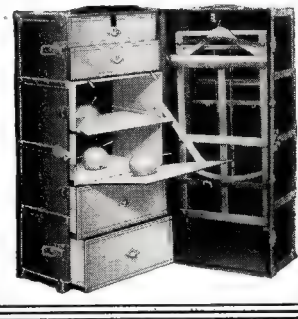
The corners and clamps are extra strong and are riveted on. Workmanship and material are of the very best. Built solidly and carefully in every detail. No other trunk of its size on the market can give you as great a capacity or so much travel comfort. Do not buy until you investigate the Straight Back line of trunks.

STRAIGHT BACK WARDROBE TRUNKS

One half is a Wardrobe with hangers for coats, trousers, waists, dresses, skirts, overcoats, etc. The other half is a Dresser, with large, easy sliding drawers; a place for articles of all sizes, including large hats.

There is no pressing of suits or trousers at your journey's end if you use the Straight Back Wardrobe Trunk. Everything is ready to wear. These trunks are made of 3-ply lumber, hand riveted; they are light, strong and handsome.

We carry a full line of Wardrobe, Dresser, Steamer, and standard types of ladies' and gentlemen's trunks, suitcases and bags.



Send today for free illustrated catalog with description and pictures.

Save on every sort of luggage by buying from us at our very low net prices.

THE STRAIGHT BACK TRUNK CO., 1903 Hoag St., Toledo, Ohio

ICY-HOT Bottle or Carafe

This Bottle Keeps Its Contents Ice-Cold For 72 Hours Or Steaming Hot 24 Hours

On every outing—yachting, motoring, hunting, fishing, picnicking or traveling—take along an ICY-HOT Bottle or two filled with the hot or cold beverages you will need when preparation is impossible.

ICY-HOT CARAFE takes place of unsanitary water bottle and pitcher—ideal for night use—can be hung in tilting bracket attached to wall at bedside and refreshing drink obtained without leaving bed.

ICY-HOT Jars and Ice Cream Pails—Pints, 1 or 2 quarts—wide mouth. Keeps all kinds of food, stews, oysters, vegetables, etc., hot without fire—desserts and ice cream cold in sanitary glass container—***without ice.***

No Limit To Their Usefulness

Keep baby's milk warm and sweet all night, right by the bed, ready for feeding at any time—or keep the invalid's hot stews, broths, etc. hot—or cold drinks, cold—in the sick room, always ready to serve—without delay for preparation. No chemicals, no bother, just fill bottle and cork it.

ICY-HOT Leather Luncheon Case, Jar, Bottle and Lunch Box

Absolutely Sanitary

Neck of each bottle extends over neck of metal case—liquids touch only glass. Bottle thoroughly protected against breakage. Can be instantly removed, sterilized or cheaply replaced if broken.

Pints $1.00 up. Quarts $2.00 up.

Write for FREE Booklet fully describing ICY-HOT Bottles, Jars and Luncheon Cases. Look for name ICY-HOT on bottom.

Accept No Substitute
No Bottle Just as Good

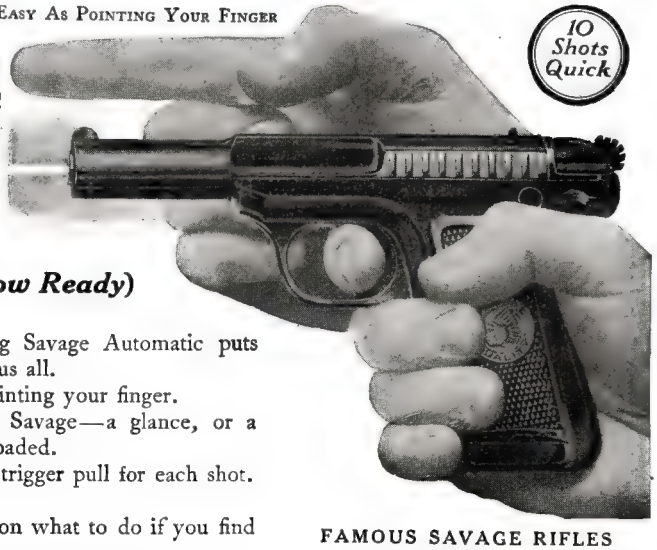
ICY-HOT BOTTLE CO., Dept. H Cincinnati, O.

ICY-HOT Carafe Quart, 3 Pint, 2 and 3 Quart Sizes

AIMS EASY AS POINTING YOUR FINGER

Burglars Make Cowards of Us All

(New 380 Calibre Now Ready)



THE 10 Shot Quick-as-Lightning Savage Automatic puts a *steel back bone* of boldness in us all.

Why? Because it aims easy as pointing your finger.

Your wife won't be afraid of the Savage—a glance, or a touch of the indicator tells her if it is loaded.

The only ten shot Automatic. A trigger pull for each shot. 32 and 380 calibre.

Send 6 cents in stamps for booklet on what to do if you find a burglar in your house.

A Savage *'phoned for today* means a home *unafraid tonight.*

SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY, 97 SAVAGE AVENUE, UTICA, N. Y.

FAMOUS SAVAGE RIFLES

The "Imp"

The Most Talked of Gun in America

The remarkable 22 Savage high power rifle that shoots cartridges of high concentration with Savage efficiency. Post yourself. Write us for information about the "Imp" today.

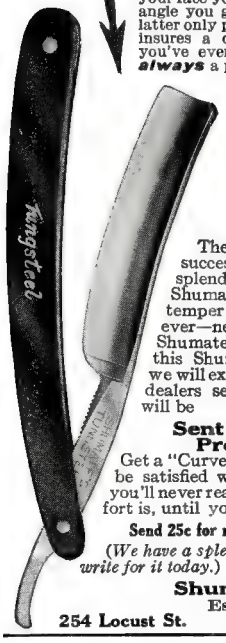
THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

$2.00

This Curve

***makes* you shave right**

Even though you hold this razor straight on your face you get a sliding stroke: if held at an angle you get a ***double*** sliding stroke. The latter only possible with a curved blade, which insures a cleaner and smoother shave than you've ever experienced before. Shaving is ***always*** a pleasure with the celebrated



"Curved"
Shumate
Tungsteel

The ***curved blade*** feature is a ***proven*** success. Thousands of men who have splendid razors say that the "Curved" Shumate excels them all. Its fine 6-temper Sheffield steel edge will last forever—never need grinding. The "Curved" Shumate is ***Guaranteed for Life.*** If this Shumate ever proves unsatisfactory, we will exchange it at any time, free. 30,000 dealers sell Shumates—if yours doesn't it will be

Sent to You Prepaid for $2.00

Get a "Curved" Shumate today sure—you may be satisfied with the razor you are using, but you'll never realize what superlative shaving comfort is, until you've used this "Curved" Shumate.

Send 25c for rust proof chamois lined razor case.

(We have a splendid Proposition for live dealers—write for it today.)

Shumate Razor Co.
Established 1884
254 Locust St. St. Louis, Mo.

Our Gem Book

fully describes and illustrates the beautiful jewelry made from

GENUINE TURQUOISE

SYMBOL OF LUCK AND PROSPERITY

Exquisite Turquoise Rings, Pins, Brooches, La Vallieres, Ear Drops, Cuff Links, etc. Rare Gems of Unsurpassed Beauty.

Direct from our Mine to You

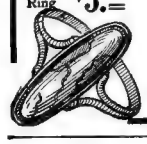
Save Wholesale and Retail Profits

This Genuine Turquoise Gold-filled Scarf Pin **$1**

FREE Pkg. Jeweler's Cleaning Sawdust, Full Directions for Cleaning Jewelry, Useful Ring Measure and Beautifully Illustrated Book in Colors ***"FROM THE MINE TO YOU"***

Most interesting gem book published. Write Today —A Postal Will Do.

This elegant solid gold genuine Turquoise Ring **$3.50**



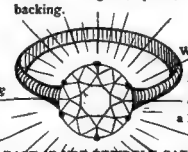
A $10 DIAMOQUI LOOKS LIKE A $300 DIAMOND

The DIAMOND'S DOUBLE

Diamoqui

(Guaranteed Forever)

Not an imitation—but the wonderful synthetic gem. Contains no glass, paste, foil, or backing.



Will stand every Fire, File and Acid Test like a Diamond.

YOUR MONEY BACK IF NOT ENTIRELY SATISFIED

MOQUI GEM CO.
323 S. SPRING ST., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

This Girl Was Born With Club Feet

Gertrude Snyder, thirteen years old, daughter of Robert Snyder of Natrona, Pa., was born with Club Feet and was brought to this Sanitarium in May, 1911. The position of her feet at that time is shown in the left picture, while the position and condition of her feet at the present time, after treatment at this Sanitarium, is shown in picture on right. ***The Correction was made without Chloroform, Ether or any General Anaesthetic. Plaster Paris was not used.***

Write Mr. Snyder about this for he will be glad to tell you of his experience. The

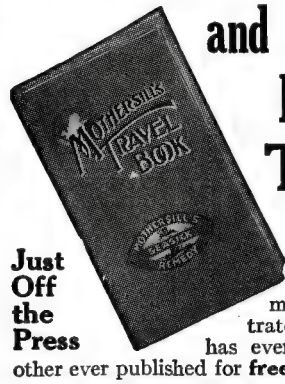
L. C. McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium

is a private institution, devoted exclusively to the treatment of crippled and deformed conditions, especially of children and young adults.

Write us freely regarding Club Feet, Spinal Disease or Deformities, Infantile Paralysis, Hip Disease, Bow Legs, Knock Knees, Wry Neck, etc., and we will send you descriptive literature and advise you fully. Ex-patients as references everywhere.

The L. C. McLain Sanitarium
925 Aubert Ave, St. Louis, Mo.

Send for This Interesting and Instructive Book on TRAVEL



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Just Off the Press

We expect a greater demand for this 40-page, illustrated booklet on travel, than has ever been known for any other ever published for **free** distribution.

Mothersill's Travel Book tells you what to take on a journey and what not to take—how to pack and how to best care for your baggage and gives exact information as to checking facilities, weights, etc., in foreign countries—gives tables of money values—distances from New York—tells when, who and how much to "tip." In fact this booklet will be found invaluable to all who travel or are contemplating taking a trip in this country or abroad.

Published by the proprietors of the famous **Mothersill's Seasick Remedy** as a practical hand book for travelers.

This edition is limited, so we suggest that you send your name and address at once and receive a copy. (A postal will bring it.) Please address our Detroit office for this booklet.

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414 Henry Smith Bldg., Detroit, Mich.
Also at **19 St. Bride Street, London, England.**
Branches in Montreal, New York, Paris, Milan and Hamburg.

SUMMER HOSIERY COMFORT

Knox-Knit gives greater wear with cool summer comfort than any other 25-cent hosiery in the world. Its fine fabric is light but strong; suitable for all season wear. Darnproofed heels and toes. No seams to rip or rub sore spots. Guaranteed without time limit. You get absolute wear satisfaction or new hosiery any time.

KNOX-KNIT

for men, women, boys and girls is dyed with an antiseptic dye that positively can't injure the feet or the material. All the stylish colors. The beautiful luster is in the yarn, and is never affected by perspiration or washing.

If your dealer does not carry Knox-Knit send us his name and $1.50. Then we'll ship you an introductory order of six pairs, Parcel Post prepaid. We will also send, **FREE**, our latest booklet, **"The Hole Darn Family."**

KNOXVILLE KNITTING MILLS CO.,

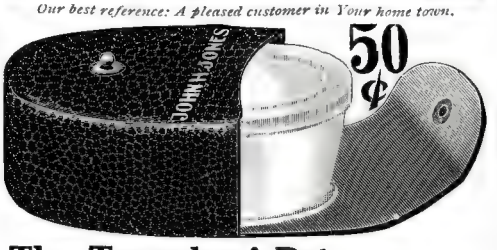
Manufacturers, Gill Street, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

Seamless KNOX KNIT Hosiery

WITH YOUR NAME IN GOLD

GUARANTEED LEATHER GOODS

Our best reference: A pleased customer in Your home town.



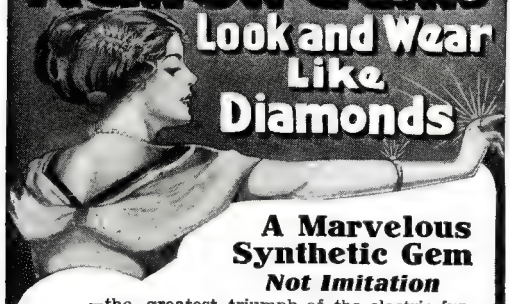
The Travelers' Pet—Our non-rustable light-weight best satin finish aluminum, 4 joint collapsible **DRINKING CUP**, 2⅞ in. high when extended and 2½ in. wide at the top—with sanitary aluminum cover. Will hold a "good, long drink." The case is made of the **Finest** black seal grain leather and closes with snap button fastener to size 1¼ x 2¾ x 2¾ in., taking up but very little space in your pocket, suitcase or satchel. Very suitable as a **Birthday Present**; highly appreciated as a gift to a friend and just the thing for yourself, when you take your next trip, if you haven't a drinking cup. Sold under our well-known **GUARANTEE and priced exceptionally low at 50c with any name heavily stamped on case or flap in gold letters FREE.** Such goldstamping alone usually costs from 25 to 35c elsewhere—while we place **A Beautifully Gold Engraved Name** on every order **FREE.** All shipments made by insured parcel post, thus safeguarding our customers against loss. Your money cheerfully refunded if not satisfactory. **Postage Stamps Accepted.** Emblems of leading fraternal orders stamped in gold for 25c extra. Write for 7th annual free catalog of our full line of **Guaranteed Leather Goods**—it will save you money. Correspondence solicited in reference to quantities of **Leather Novelties** for **Advertising Purposes.**

U. S. LEATHER GOODS CO., N 240-2-4 N. Clark Street CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Pioneers of The Exclusive Leather Goods Mail Order Business

See page 35

Rémoh Gems Look and Wear Like Diamonds



A Marvelous Synthetic Gem

Not Imitation

—the greatest triumph of the electric furnace. ***Will cut glass***—stands filing, fire and acid tests like a diamond—guaranteed to contain no glass. Rémoh Gems have no paste, foil or backing—their brilliancy is guaranteed forever. One-thirtieth the cost of a diamond. These remarkable gems are set only in 14 Karat Solid Gold Mountings.

Sent On Approval Anywhere In U. S.

—your money cheerfully refunded if not perfectly satisfactory. Write for our 4-color De Luxe Jewel Book—yours for the asking. Address

Rémoh Jewelry Co., 616 Washington Ave., St. Louis

Do You Know

That **PURE** and **FRESH**

SODAWATER

May be

Made at home in a Minute

with this ***"Prana"***

SYPHON

by simply screwing down into the Syphon head one of

These

CARBONETS

A child can make fruit drinks and ice cream sodas, or sparkle milk, cider, iced tea, grape juice, etc., at 7c per full quart.

Hygienic because it has a removable top and may be cleansed thoroughly before refilling with PURE FRESH LIQUIDS of your selection.

Write for our P. S. Book of recipes for delicious, cooling summer drinks and the name of the nearest "PRANA" dealer.

"PRANA" CARBONIC SYPHON COMPANY
211 WYLLIS BUILDING - - NEW YORK CITY

No Other Cow Like the Jersey

You never met a Jersey owner who did not take pardonable pride in his Jerseys and in telling you all about their excellent performances.

"Jersey milk" means the richest and most nutritious milk, because of its larger proportion of butter-fat and other milk solids; and its wholesomeness as food for old and young is unsurpassed.

When you begin to compare cows, you reach one conclusion: there is no other cow like the Jersey for the DAIRY, for the FARM and particularly for the FAMILY.

Let us send you demonstrated facts about Jersey supremacy. It will interest and convince you.

"Jerseys—always."

THE AMERICAN JERSEY CATTLE CLUB
324 W. 23d St., New York City

VOSE
PIANOS

The **tone, touch** and **magnificent wearing** qualities of the **VOSE** Piano are explained by the exclusive patented features, the **high-grade material and superb workmanship** that enter into their construction. The **VOSE** is an ideal Piano for the home. Over 70,000 sold. Delivered in the United States free of charge. **Satisfaction guaranteed.** Liberal allowance for old pianos and time payments accepted.

FREE—If you are interested in pianos, let us send you our beautifully illustrated catalog that gives full information.

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO. 171 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

FAMOUS WHEELING SMOKES

From Factory Direct To You

Smoke a few. If you're not more than satisfied, return the rest at our expense. We'll refund your money promptly.

I-SEE-CO., Jr., 6 in. panatela stogie, box of 50, $1.00.

I-SEE-CO., Sr., 6 in. panatela stogie, extra quality, 50 to the box, $1.50.

SLENDORA XX, a 6 in. thin model, light stogie for short smoke, a decided novelty, box of 100, $2.00.

SLENDORA XXX, same size as above, but extra fine quality box of 100, $3.00.

HAVATOBA—A big, clear Havana cigar, panatela shape, 5¼ inch, equal to any 10 cent cigar you ever smoked. $5.00 per hundred, packed 50 in a box.

If you prefer to try samples first, send us twenty cents. We'll send you a special insured package of the four varieties of stogies, and the Havatoba clear Havana cigar. Also a handy leatherette pocket pouch for your stogies, and an interesting booklet on Wheeling stogies.

References: Any Wheeling bank, Dun's or Bradstreet's.

ISENBERG CIGAR CO.
10½ Fourteenth Street **Wheeling, W. Va.**

As Much and More than 1/2 Saved
On Unredeemed Pledges Diamonds and Watches

Examine—If Satisfied, Pay—If Not, Return.
We Ship, Privilege of Examination

Before buying a diamond or other jewelry let us *prove* by satisfied buyers the tremendous savings in our prices under dealers, mail order, retail or even wholesalers.

Our Big Bargain Bulletin tells the whole story—how as "Headquarters for Loans" for over 60 years, we have advanced money on fine diamonds, watches, etc. Our investment but a fraction of their real value. Thousands of unredeemed pledges—the necessity for disposing of which is a real reason back of the amazingly low prices. Send for your free copy of Bulletin.

No. 251684—Solitaire full cut genuine blue-white diamond of good size in genuine platinum scarf pin. Try to match it at $15 to $20. Unredeemed price..... **$7.75**

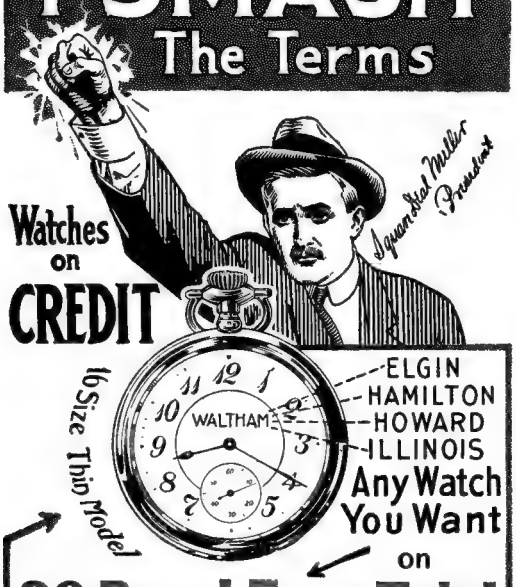
No. 248465—Solitaire perfect cut blue-white diamond 1—⅛, 1/32 Kt. guaranteed weight in lady's ring. Try to match it at $300. With guaranteed loan of $125. Unredeemed price **$147**

No. 339876—The celebrated Hampden Railroad Watch, 21-jewel Special Railway fully adjusted in genuine 20-year Gold Filled case, prime condition. New; you'll pay $35 to $45. Unredeemed price..... **$14.00**

Money-Back Guarantee We pay expressage and run all risk of pleasing you in the examination. Your money back if any article should not be *perfectly satisfactory* to you, even though exactly as represented. This guarantee backed by our $750,000 capital. *Sixty years* in one location is proof of our reliability.

Jos. DeRoy & Sons
Smithfield Street **1608 DeRoy Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.**
References: Farmers' Deposit National Bank, Marine National Bank, Dun's, Bradstreet's.

I SMASH The Terms



30 Days' Free Trial

No Money Down

Express Prepaid in Advance by Me

That's the way I smash terms. That's the reason why I am doing the greatest credit watch and jewelry business. I am "Square Deal" Miller and I trust the people.

I do business on your terms, send you what **you** want. Suppose it is a watch. I have it for you, **no money down,** express prepaid by me, and a full month to carry it in your pocket. **That's the test that tells.** All these watches

Guaranteed 25 Years

Now for Business: Send me your name and address and I will send you my

Costly Catalog FREE

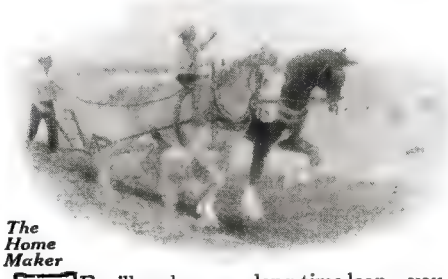
I want you to have our catalog. It is a gem, it illustrates all kinds of valuable watches, diamonds and jewelry on the easiest and most liberal terms ever offered.

You Take no Chance My terms are made to suit your convenience. I assume all the risk, you are the sole judge of value and quality. I prepay the charges, trust you, give you the easiest, best and squarest terms and live up to my title as "Square Deal" Miller. Write for this catalog today and get a letter from me that will make you a friend of mine from the start.

"Square Deal" MILLER, Pres.

MILLER-HOEFER CO., 171 Miller Building, Detroit, Michigan

Get Your Canadian Home From the Canadian Pacific



The Home Maker

WE will make you a long-time loan—you will have 20 years to pay for the land and repay the loan—you can move on the land at once—and your Canadian farm will *make you independent.*

20 Years to Pay

Rich Canadian land for from $11 to $30 per acre. You pay only one-twentieth down—balance in 19 equal annual payments. Long before your final payment comes due your farm will have paid for itself over and over. This advertisement is directed only to farmers or to men who will occupy and improve the land.

We Lend You $2000 for Improvements

The $2,000 loan is used only for erecting your buildings, fencing, sinking well and breaking. You are given twenty years in which to fully repay this loan. You pay only the banking interest of 6 per cent.

Advance of Live Stock on Loan Basis

The Company, in case of approved land purchaser who is in a position and has the knowledge to take care of his stock, will advance cattle, sheep and hogs up to the value of $1,000 on a loan basis, so as to enable the settler to get started from the first on the right basis of mixed farming. If you do not want to wait until you can complete your own buildings and cultivate your farm, select one of our Ready-Made farms—developed by C. P. R. Agricultural Experts—with buildings complete, land cultivated and in crop, and pay for it in 20 years. We give the valuable assistance of great demonstration farms—free.

This Great Offer Based on Good Land

Finest land on earth for grain growing, cattle, hog, sheep and horse raising, dairying, poultry, vegetables and general mixed farming, irrigated lands for intensive farming—non-irrigated lands with ample rainfall for mixed and grain farming. These lands are on or near established lines of railway, near established towns.

Ask for our handsome illustrated books on Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta—mention the one you wish. Also maps with full information *free.* Write to-day.

O. E. THORNTON, *Colonization Agent*

Canadian Pacific Railway

Colonization Department, 112 W. Adams St., Chicago

FOR SALE—Town lots in all growing towns—Ask for information concerning Industrial and Business openings in all towns.

THE Keeley Cure

For Liquor and Drug Users

A scientific treatment which has helped half a million in the past thirty-three years, and the one treatment which has stood the severe test of time. Administered by medical experts, at the Keeley Institutes only. For full particulars write

To the Following Keeley Institutes:

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Marion, Ind.
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Buffalo, N. Y.
Greensboro, N. C.
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Oklahoma City, Okla., 918 N. Stiles St.
Philadelphia, Pa., 812 N. Broad St.
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MONUMENTS

ENDURING AS THE PYRAMIDS

THE dignity of **bronze** and the fidelity with which it reproduces the sculptor's slightest touch, give it artistic supremacy over stone. It is ever-enduring, and no possibility of mildew, moss-growth, cracking or crumbling. Our memorials have been used for forty years and stand every test. Less expensive than granite. We deliver anywhere. Write now for free art booklet of designs and prices. State approximate cost desired.

"I have replaced over 200 stones with White Bronze. In no instance has the White Bronze failed to give satisfaction."—H. W. Green, Mich.

Reliable Representatives Wanted

MONUMENTAL BRONZE COMPANY,
391 Howard Avenue, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

3 IN ONE CONQUERS DUST

Hundreds of City Hospitals and Public Schools discarded feather dusters because they scatter dust *and germs.* Why should *you* not dust the easy, sanitary, right way, too—the dustless 3-in-One way?

Put a little 3-in-One on a piece of cheese cloth. Then wipe your mantel, buffet, piano, dining table, any varnished or veneered surface. Every single atom of dust collects on the cheese cloth. None can fly around.

3-in-One is absolutely free from grease or acid. Positively will not leave any residue on furniture to rub off and injure the most delicate dress fabric. Will not discolor or stain the finest wood work.

3-in-One is the all-around Household oil. Lubricates perfectly locks, clocks, sewing machines, and everything that needs oiling. Cleans and polishes furniture and fixtures in the most satisfactory way. Prevents rust on all metal surfaces, indoors and out.

Free Oil For You. Write today for a generous *free bottle* and the *free* dictionary that is so helpful to housekeepers. Get both now!

Sold at all good stores in 3 size bottles—10c—25c—and new size ½ pint for ½ dollar.

LIBRARY SLIPS ONE IN EVERY PACKAGE

3-IN-ONE OIL CO.
42CDM Broadway NEW YORK

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Imperial Sanitary Flooring

Because it is fire-proof, water-proof, smooth, durable, handsome and inexpensive.

Ideal for factories, restaurants, stores, office and public buildings as well as kitchen, pantry and bath room in private homes.

Can be affixed over any firm foundation, old or new wood floors, concrete or hollowtile. Easily laid in a plastic state, it hardens in a few hours, leaving a smooth, warm, non-slipping surface without cracks or crevices to collect dust and dirt.

Full information and sample on request.

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OF
SELLING GOODS BY MAIL

is the most remarkable method of selling the world has ever known. It is reducing the selling expense—is increasing the turnover—is getting more business for men everywhere.

It has sextupled the sales of Merchants and Manufacturers by opening the way for them to sell BY MAIL a thousand customers in the time it would take a salesman to call on and sell one

I have analyzed the conditions and made deductions from actual experience and am prepared to show every man who will be shown **that Selling by Mail with the Parcels Post, presents possibilities almost beyond comprehension.**

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If you wish to better yourself, or increase your business, or open a Mail Order department or start a Mail Order business I CAN HELP YOU. Send for this literature and my proposition NOW before you forget it.

SEND FOR IT BEFORE YOU DO ANOTHER THING.

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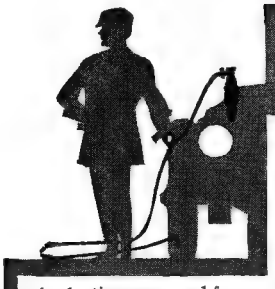
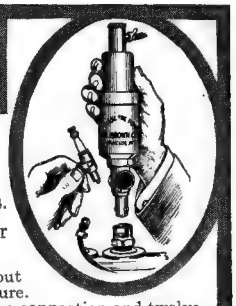


Let Your Motor Do The Work



If you saw a man trying to pull an automobile along the street you would think him crazy, wouldn't you? Yet dozens of people perspire and strain using a hand pump trying to fill a big automobile tire to a pressure of 60 or 80 pounds.

Get a BROWN IMPULSE TIRE PUMP and let your motor do the work.

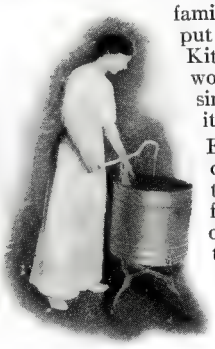
It takes about thirty seconds to take out the special B'Co plug and put in the tire pump and from one to four minutes to fill your tires with pure cool air to the right pressure. Fifteen dollars buys the outfit complete. Pump, spark plug, recording gauge, self-opening valve connection and twelve feet of air hose.

Ask your dealer or write us to-day.

BROWN COMPANY, 216 Bellevue, Syracuse, N. Y.

USE THIS WONDERFUL DISHWASHER FOR THIRTY DAYS FREE

This is the Kitchenette Family Dishwasher—the machine that will wash and sterilize the dishes used by any family in a few minutes. No need to put your hands in water. The Kitchenette Dishwasher does the work for you. It is so easy and simple that a child can use it, and it is rigidly guaranteed.



Every Housekeeper should have one at once. We don't ask you to buy it until you have used it for 30 days and proved to your own satisfaction that it will do the work.

The Kitchenette Dishwasher has been tested and approved by the Good Housekeeping Institute of New York City.

We ship you a Kitchenette Dishwasher with freight charges prepaid. Use it for 30 days; then if you want it, take advantage of the cash discount or pay on our easiest of easy payment plans. If not as represented we will take it back at our expense.

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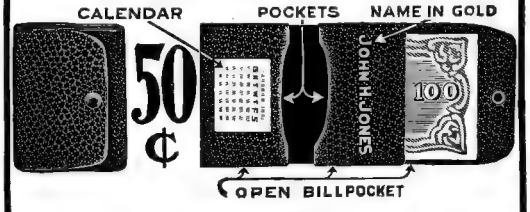
Address.....

WITH YOUR NAME IN GOLD

GUARANTEED LEATHER GOODS

Our best reference: A pleased customer in Your home town



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See Page 31

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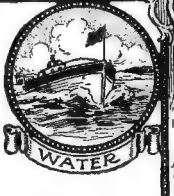

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Amount $2000—6% Int. payable semi-annually.
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Glass fillers for Pints 85 cents; for Quarts $1.50; for Carafes $2.50.

The lower price is made possible by our immensely increased manufacturing facilities at THERMOS-ON-THAMES, where seven acres are given over to our magnificent new factory.

THERMOS keeps fluids hot 24 hours; keeps them cold 72 hours. At home, on foot, a-rail, or aboard ship, THERMOS makes its comfort felt during every waking hour. It keeps baby's milk refrigerated, free from bacteria and out of reach of the deadly, germ-laden house-fly. Keep a THERMOS filled with iced-water by your bedside these hot nights.

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If the name THERMOS is not plainly stamped on the bottom it's a counterfeit.

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Buckles are furnished either in applied silver on bronze or the monogram will be engraved on oxidized silver—as you wish. Satisfaction guaranteed. Special prices to Clubs or Schools ordering in quantities.

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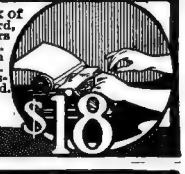

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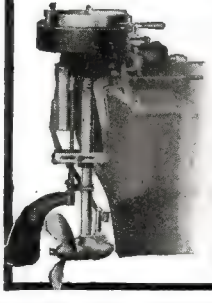

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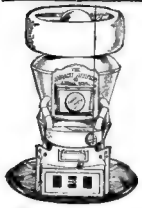

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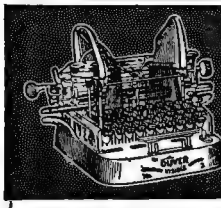

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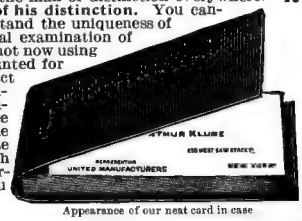

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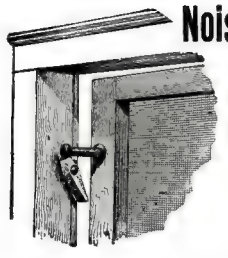

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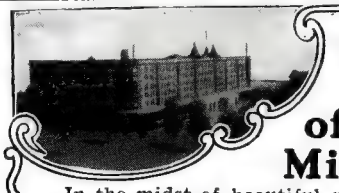

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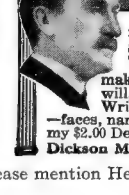

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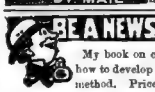

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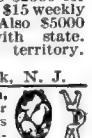

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Hearst's Magazine · No. 381 Fourth Ave. New York

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

The Tortoise and the Hare

"WHAT a dull, heavy creature," says the Hare, "is this Tortoise!" "And yet," says the Tortoise, "I'll run you for a wager." "Done," says the Hare, and then they ask the Fox to be the judge. They started together, and the Tortoise kept jogging on, till he came to the end of the course. The Hare laid himself down midway and took a nap; "for," thought he, "I can catch up with the Tortoise when I please." But it seems he overslept himself, for when he came to wake, though he scudded away as fast as possible, the Tortoise had got to the post before him and won the wager.

Slow and steady wins the race.

Did it ever occur to you that Æsop, the slave, who lived five hundred and seventy years before Christ, had solved the problem of personal investment for the modern better than any amount of learned discussion of finance could do? The fable of the Tortoise and the Hare answers a large proportion of all the questions which come to this Bureau.

A good bond bearing 5 per cent. interest is a comparatively easy thing to find and requires no special or trained intelligence to recognize it, provided the purchase is made through a reliable firm. There are many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of such bonds to choose from and once purchased they require no further care. Now if such a bond for say $1000 is retained for five years, and all the interest paid upon it is placed in the savings bank at compound interest, at the end of five years the bond will have earned about $275. In other words in five years the bond will earn for you more than 27 per cent.

The readers of this Bureau are daily writing to ask if some mining stock, or shares in an oil well, or undeveloped real estate, or shares in a company to exploit some new invention are good investments. Now most of these readers are by no means ignorant or wholly unsophisticated. They know perfectly well that the stock they are about to buy is not paying dividends and may not pay dividends for several years. But they fondly hope and expect that when it does begin to pay, all the lost time will be made up. This theory of the Hare is responsible for nearly all the investment tragedies, and they are very many indeed, which have come to my notice.

A well known concern is exploiting an invention, which its promoters believe will eventually drive the telegraph companies out of business. Perhaps that is true. I do not know. But I do know that for five years this concern has been selling stock to more than ten thousand investors, and that not only are no dividends being paid on the stock, but the earnings are as yet negligible. But suppose the company is in position to pay a dividend in, say, another five years. It will have to start right at once with 60 per cent. in order to give the stockholders as much as if they had bought a 5 per cent. bond five years ago!

The man or woman who buys stock with the expectation of a big ultimate profit, and in the meantime receives no interest, needs to do two things: first let him read Æsop's fable about ten times until he has memorized it, and then let him turn to almost any almanac and study the compound interest table. He will find that even as small a sum as one dollar placed in the bank at 4 per cent. interest will in ten years have earned forty-eight and a half cents. Perhaps there are mining and oil well stocks which after waiting ten years will pay 48 per cent. dividends, but there are more of them which will have disappeared from sight altogether after ten years.

The fact is that an investment upon

(*Continued on page 50*)

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Price to yield about 6%. Sold outright or on Small Payment Plan. Send for Circular X 320.

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"The Hundred Dollar Bond House"
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Farm Mortgages As An Investment

WRITE to any leading banker or financial editor about the merits of well placed first farm mortgages.

They yield a higher rate of interest than many other forms of investment. They are absolutely dependable.

This is nowhere more true than in South Dakota, a fertile and prosperous section of the northwest. Returns average 5½ and 6%.

We have over $3,300,000 active loans on our books and a record of never having had an investor lose a dollar.

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A reference book which should be in the hands of every mother of growing-up children

It is not feasible for parents to make personal investigation of the multitudes of colleges and schools. As an aid we have published a Register of Endorsed Schools and Colleges.

It gives the results of our Educational Director's personal visits and careful investigation. Detailed information regarding the location, classification and annual charges of hundreds of places may be gleaned from it.

Before any college or school may be listed in this booklet, complete data about it must be filed with us. In addition, it must be endorsed by its patrons along the lines of efficiency, scholarship, healthfulness and equipment.

Be sure to send for this booklet—it is free—it is invaluable to anyone seeking a residential boarding school for a girl or boy. Address

The Educational Register, Dept. H,
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE,
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

The Financial Bureau

(*Continued from page 48*)

which no dividends or interest are paid for a number of years must return an abnormal profit, when it does begin to pay, merely in order to average a fair return. The tortoise works silently and slowly, but he gets there simply because he works incessantly.

After all, there is no surer way of doubling one's money than by investing in and holding on to conservative securities already paying interest or dividends at a moderate rate. For not only must the non-paying stock return enormous sums when it does begin to pay after a lapse of years, but also in the meantime the owner runs the ever present risk that it will never pay anything.

If you are uncertain whether to buy an established, seasoned bond which pays moderate but regular interest, or to take a chance on something that promises a big return in the future but gives none whatever now, just remember that the relentless forces of simple arithmetic are working day and night on the side of the slow and steady investment and against the one that takes a chance on everything or nothing.

THE SAFETY OF STEEL PREFERRED

Question:—Will you please state how safe United States Steel, preferred, is, as I have one hundred shares. Also what effect will the dissolution of the company have on the stock?—Miss A. M., Ontario, Canada.

Answer:—You ask a difficult question when you inquire as to the effect which a possible dissolution of the United States Steel Corporation will have upon the preferred stock of that company. No one can predict the results of the breaking up of a great corporation; but you will notice that the other large combinations dissolved under the Sherman Law have fared very well. Still, one cannot draw positive inferences from these cases. The Steel Corporation is much more heavily capitalized than were the Standard Oil and American Tobacco Companies. Consequently, its stocks would not be likely to advance so rapidly in case of dissolution.

About the only definite fact to tie to in this case is that the earnings of the Steel Company are so vast that it is difficult to believe the preferred stock will not earn its dividend for years to come. In 1912 after paying the preferred dividend the company had earnings remaining of thirty million dollars. Out of this it paid 5 per cent. on its huge issue of common stock. Here you see is a tremendous amount of slack to be taken up before the preferred stock is endangered. Finally, it may be said, that the Steel Corporation has such a command over many branches of its industry that it hardly seems likely that any amount of tariff revision or trust busting will endanger the preferred stock, however much it may cut into the half billion of common stock. Thus, while it seems probable that the preferred stock will continue to pay dividends, there is at the

(*Continued on page 52*)

A Comprehensive List of Bonds

Legal for Savings Banks and Trust Funds

as well as

A Selected List of Railroad and Industrial Bonds

may be had by sending for our latest Circular SH. Many of the bonds included in this circular have been purchased extensively by banks and insurance companies and are equally well adapted to the needs of the private investor.

A. B. Leach & Co.

Investment Securities

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You do not tie your money up indefinitely when you invest in—

6 PER CENT :: :: CERTIFICATES

They run for two years and are then payable on demand or the investment may be continued at the rate of 6% as long as desired.

Interest payable in semi-annual installments, January 1st and July 1st.

First mortgages on improved real estate are your security. Back of every dollar invested there is two dollars security.

Your money is intrusted to men of unquestionable integrity who have for 18 years guided the affairs of this company—And never once in all that time has there been a delay of a single day in the payment of interest or the repayment of principal.

Write for booklet telling more about our institution.

Calvert Mortgage Company

1076 Calvert Bldg., Baltimore, Md.

6%

July Investments to Net 6 Per Cent.

FUNDS available at this time should be invested to secure safety and the highest consistent rate of interest.

A-R-E Six's, the 10-year Gold Bonds of the American Real Estate Company, provide this combination. They are based on the extensive ownership of New York real estate, and have paid 6% for more than a quarter of a century, returning to investors more than $11,000,000 in principal and interest.

New York City real estate has increased steadily in value for nearly three centuries and creates millions of new wealth every year. The path of rising values has always extended northward, as the City grew and its transportation lines were built in that direction.

This Company's holdings are located along rapid transit lines, in the direct path of the City's growth, and in the extension of its business it offers to investors its 6% Gold Bonds, in these two convenient forms:

6% Coupon Bonds

For those who wish to invest $100, $500, $1000 or more for immediate income. Offered at par. Interest payable semi-annually by coupons.

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For those who wish to save and invest systematically a part of their income. These Bonds are purchasable by annual instalments of $25 or more, which earn 6% compounded annually, and mature $1000 or more at a given time.

Printed matter and map of New York City, fully explaining these Bonds and the business on which they are based, will be sent on request.

American Real Estate Company

Founded 1888 Assets $27,202,824.19

Capital and Surplus $2,188,805.50

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BE PROTECTED AGAINST

ACCIDENT

BY A

$10 Combination Policy of the ÆTNA

NO SEASON has a monopoly of accidents, but summer outings by motor, by railroad, by boat—summer sports of every kind—furnish new hazards against which you need protection. $10 invested now will give you protection this summer, and until summer comes again.

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The above amounts increase Ten Per Cent. each year for five years, without additional cost.

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No Medical Examination Required, except in Massachusetts.

The Accumulations, Double Benefits and Life Insurance provided by this Ten Dollar Combination make possible the payment of $3,250 at a cost of less than 3 Cents a Day, in addition to Weekly Indemnity for total or partial disability from accident, provided you are engaged in a "Preferred" rate occupation.

Send in the Coupon at once in order that you may have this protection this summer before you go on your vacation.

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE CO. Hearst's
(Drawer 1341), Hartford, Conn.

I am under 55 years of age and in good health. Tell me about Ætna $10 Combination. My name, business address and occupation are written below:

The Financial Bureau

(*Continued from page 50*)

same time no reason why the price of the stock may not suffer a considerable decline, as it has often done in the past.

PUBLIC SERVICE BONDS

Question:—Please let me have your opinion of the following named bonds as investments for a woman with a few thousands to invest: North Jersey Street Railway 4's, 1948: Elizabeth and Raritan River Railway 5's, 1954; Public Service Corporation General 5's, 1959.—(Mrs.) G. A. C., N. J.

Answer:—All the bonds you inquire about are issued against property of the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey or its subsidiaries. The 4 per cent. bonds of the Northern Jersey Street Railway Company are a very strong underlying issue of the street railway system of the Public Service. They are amply secured by earnings and followed by a large number of other securities, thus occupying a strong position. The general 5's of the Public Service Corporation itself, which, as you probably know, is the holding company for all of the concerns in this system, are generally regarded as strong bonds, although not so close to the property as the first named issue. They were sold, however, by the leading banking firms of the country and are secured by a large number of safeguards.

We cannot give you as much information regarding the Elizabeth & Raritan River 5's because we do not find the earnings of this company listed separately. The bond may be very good, but we would prefer not to express an opinion upon it until a statement of earnings is forthcoming.

FARMING IN MEXICO

Question:—I wish to know whether you are able to give me any information regarding a plantation company in Mexico, whose literature I send you. The head office of the company is in Pittsburgh, Pa.—C. D. R., Winnipeg, Canada.

Answer:—We regret that there is no information available in regard to the plantation concern which you inquire about. It is a very difficult matter to secure information in regard to these "farming in the tropics" enterprises. As a general principle it does not seem wise to invest in land at such a great distance. By asking your banker in Winnipeg, or if you do not keep a bank account, asking some friend who does to make the inquiry for you, you could get a line upon the reliability of the men in the company.

But even if the promoters are reliable, that fact does not necessarily make the investment a good one. Farming is a business which cannot be done well by proxy, and this is especially true in the tropics where labor conditions and the question of markets and transportation are so different from those in northern countries. The only way in which you could be sure that this investment would turn out well would be to examine the land yourself and make quite sure of all the statements which the company makes.

There is no place in the world where land and mortgages upon land are more desirable investments than in Canada. In view of this fact it does not seem either conservative or necessary for you to go so far afield. We believe that you can do fully

(*Continued on page 54*)

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To those who take advantage of this direct-sales introductory offer we will give a FREE CONSULTING MEMBERSHIP certificate entitling holder to consult with our Legal Experts and obtain free advice and counsel upon any and all questions of law.

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And Cuticura Ointment. No other emollients so pure, so sweet, so speedily effective. No others do so much to promote and preserve skin health and hair health, from infancy to age, or do it so economically. Unrivaled for the toilet, bath and nursery, giving comfort and satisfaction every moment of their use.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere. For sample of each, with 32-p. book, free, address "Cuticura," Dept. 133, Boston.

TENDER-FACED MEN

Should shave with Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick, 25c. Makes shaving a pleasure instead of a torture. Liberal sample free.

The Financial Bureau

(*Continued from page 52*)

as well and probably better near at hand where you can see the land and be sure it is as represented.

A FEW STANDARD OIL STOCKS

Question:—What do you think of the following Standard Oil subsidiaries as a "buy": Southern Pipe Line, Indiana Pipe Line, and Ohio Oil? All are selling considerably higher than par. However, do you believe they are too high at present prices, both for investment and speculation? F. L. H., Ohio.

Answer:—Most of the stocks of the old Standard Oil Company have proved very profitable to their owners and many of them possess enormous value. Extra dividends of several hundred per cent are. of almost daily occurrence. Nevertheless there is so little information available in regard to these stocks that only persons of considerable business experience should deal in them.

Such information as we give you is obtained from a reliable source, but owing to the general attitude of these companies in withholding information we cannot guarantee any statements. The difficulty with the two pipe lines is that the Interstate Commerce Commission is quite likely to reduce their rates if it wins a test case now pending. Moreover neither of these companies has issued a report for many years. Thus while their stocks may possess great value, yet the purchase of them except by "insiders," is an extremely hazardous form of amusement.

The Ohio Oil Company is in a different class. Its recent financial statement shows an enormous surplus, and there has been considerable buying of the stock. Of course we do not know whether the price will continue to go up, and all we can say is that from its statement the company appears to be enormously rich.

WESTERN PACIFIC BONDS AND OTHERS

Question:—Do you consider Western Pacific 5 per cent. bonds, now selling around 80, safe and conservative investments? Any suggestions of a bond that will yield from 5 per cent. to 6 per cent. will be appreciated.—H. G. J., California.

Answer:—We certainly do not consider the 5 per cent. bonds of the Western Pacific Railway a safe and conservative investment. These are distinctly speculative bonds.

We think many bonds, well secured, yielding 5 per cent. or somewhat more, are to be had in your own state. Among these opportunities are such concerns as the Pacific Gas & Electric Co., Pacific Light & Power, and the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Co. The bonds and notes of the Portland Railway, Light & Power Co. are also very high grade investments.

You ask for a list of safe bonds which yield 6 per cent. Such bonds are difficult to find. A bond which has many strong features are the 4½ per cent. debentures of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Powder Co., the "Powder Trust," and these may be obtained to return about 5¾ per cent. One of the strongest of the bituminous coal companies, the Consolidation Coal Co., recently put out through banking houses of the highest standing an issue of bonds which return 6 per cent.

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The "Wizard" Vacuum Sweeper

does what others ought to do. It not only absorbs every particle of dust and loose dirt that is in your rugs and carpets, but—by means of a rotary brush—(which is **used only when needed)** picks up pins, threads, crumbs, etc. that should be taken up, but are not, by cleaners depending on vacuum only.

A Perfect Cleaner at a Very Low Price

Don't envy the woman who owns a high-priced electric cleaner. Be wiser, more economical, buy the "Wizard" which truly cleans by just running it over your rugs and carpets. The price? Write for full particulars today. **We guarantee to save you money.**

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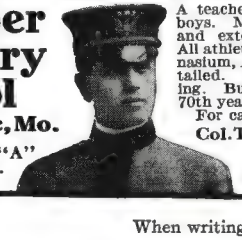

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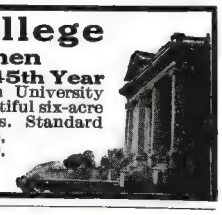

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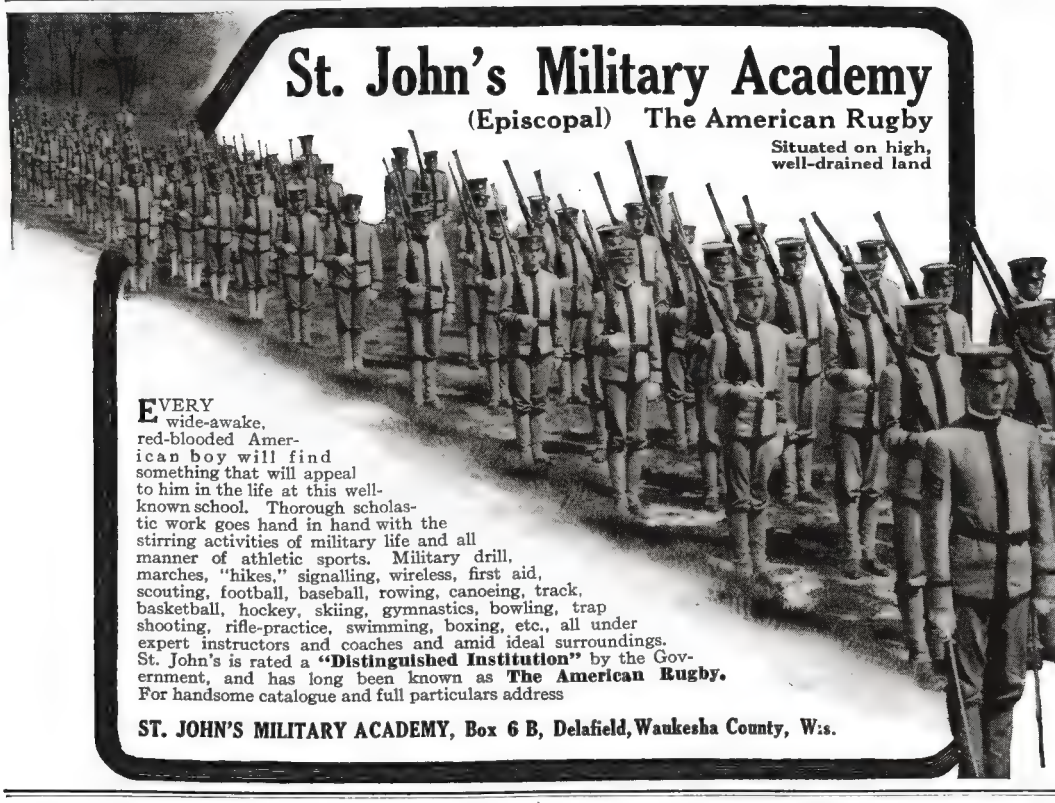

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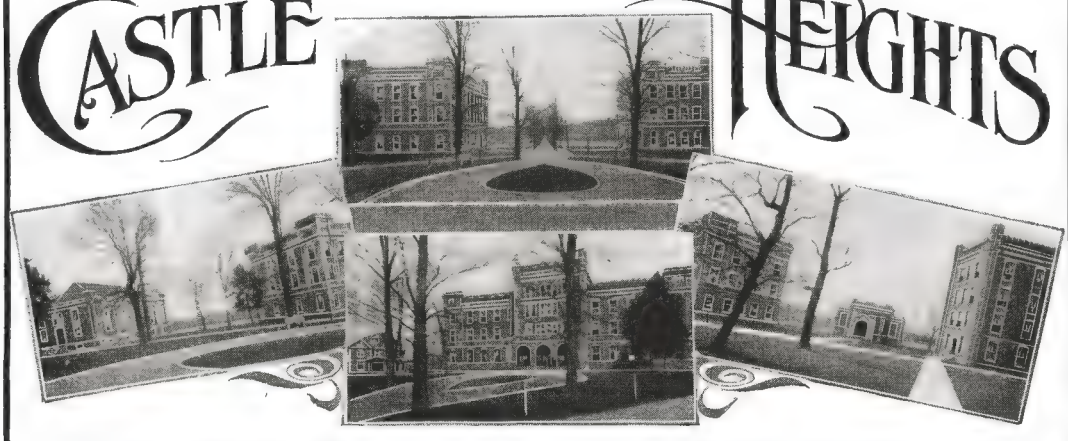

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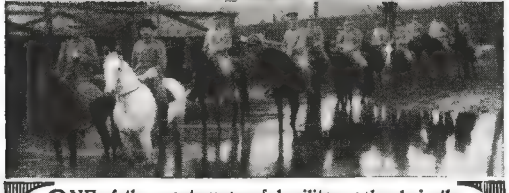

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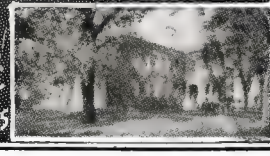

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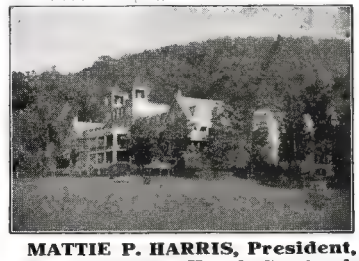

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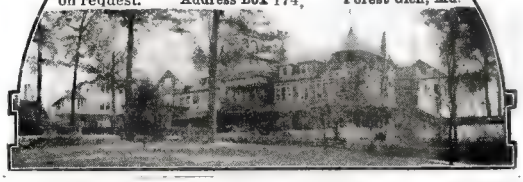

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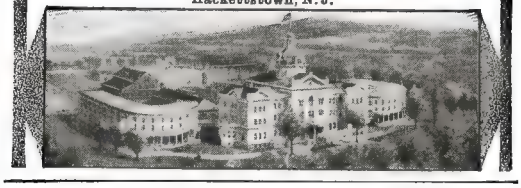

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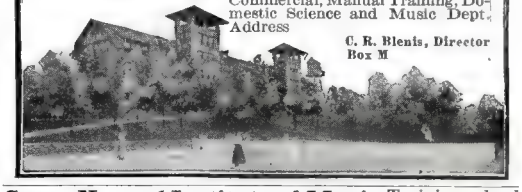

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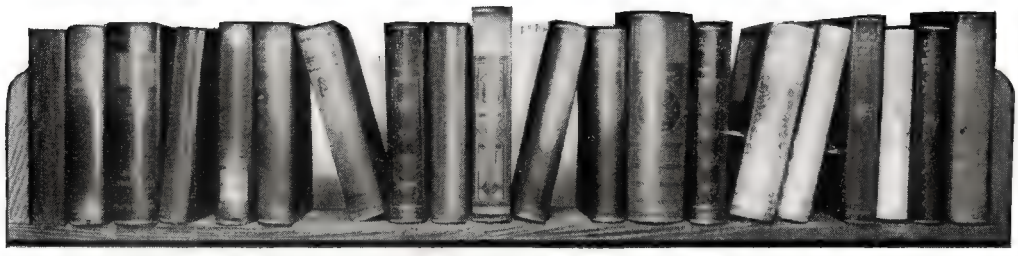

The Best New Books

by Edwin Markham

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Information concerning any book or its publisher, mentioned in this department, will cheerfully be furnished to readers who will send in their inquiries

Summer Novels

V.V.'s Eyes is the second novel, by Henry Sydnor Harrison, author of *Queed*. It is a book that deserves a more telling name. "The Gulf Between" (a phrase from the first chapter) or "The Works of Heth," would have pleased me better. But, whatever the name, this is a story quite "worth the trouble of your reading," as they say in Spain.

Mr. Harrison, like every other novelist not burying himself in the sands of the past, feels the social stir of to-day—feels the cleaving forces that are making over the old leaf-mould of the years into the new fecund soil of civilization; and he writes with the sincerity that comes from knowing and believing, writes with a pen poised for style as well as a heart inclined for truth. Without any preachment of problems, he shows a young society woman and her ambitious, almost carnivorous, mother draining the lives of a factory-full of workers in order that they (the two idle and elegant parasites) may be delicately fed and clad, may be wafted softly on the rose-leaves of life.

He shows the final awakening of the girl through the faith of a young man, who flung aside the luxuries of existence to help uplift the disinherited. Incidentally there are a dozen little dramas of love and life involved, and some clever characterization is brought out. This is another of the strong and unfearing tales now coming out of the South. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

AN unusual and alluring out-of-door novel is *Tamsie*, by Rosamond Napier. With its entangled love stories and twisted mysteries, it gives us the best glimpse of gipsy life since George Borrow's books. It holds the savor of gipsy thinking and feeling—primitive enough as we see by the meager "lingo." It portrays the animal love of ease and cunning, the smouldering savagery, the dense superstition.

Side by side with the gypsy element of the story runs the trend of smug and satisfied country life in England, as well as the wider life of modern research. Curiously we watch the learning reflected from the probings and the peerings of the archeologist in Egypt, and come to see the immense probability in the theory that these gypsies are a remnant of an Egyptian tribe still a-wandering. For these superstitious vagrants have the same traditions and theory of life and death that the savant painfully deciphers among the tombs and tomes of Egypt. A book out of the usual in "attack" and in human import. (George H. Doran Co.)

IN Italy, at Milan, and at Assisi, is laid the scene of Harold Elsdale Goad's thoughtful novel *The Kingdom*. In outline it tells of a young man of modern Italy who has taken religious vows because the girl he was to marry falls in love with his friend.

We trace the spiritual struggle of this meditative, deeply-religious man as he weighs the modern thought, especially as he weighs the mad Nietzschian vagaries against the authentic verities of the soul. He finds at last with Dante that "in His Will lies our peace."

Like St. Francis he is at last "delivered from the multitude of reasons," by giving up all reasoning for the mystic faith, by accepting the dogmas and duties of his order in a sort of intellectual vision. He passes thus into a psychical realm where the restless reasonings are left behind, and where he feels merged into the deep mystery of nature, at one with the Unseen and the Ineffable.

To my mind this reach toward the mystic is only one-half of the balanced life. For it leaves the brain neglected, leaves it an icy and empty cavern, just as excessive intellectualism leaves it a heated and whirling furnace. The true life is a union of the rational and the mystical, a union of reason and feeling. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

THE CREEPING TIDES, is the title of a story of that section of New York City known to the inner circle of lovers as Greenwich Village. The story takes its name from a phrase in John Masefield's Tragedy of Nan, and the book is dedicated to Masefield, "because years ago, when shipwrecked in New York, he drifted to harbor among the old streets of Greenwich Village." An English soldier with "a past," and a woman also trying to hide from the world, are woven into this brisk story which, with its involutions in this quaint environment, will give you a pleasant, not o'er-poignant hour. As Greenwich Village had an "old home week" this spring, the book is timely. (Little, Brown & Co.)

(*Continued on page 68*)

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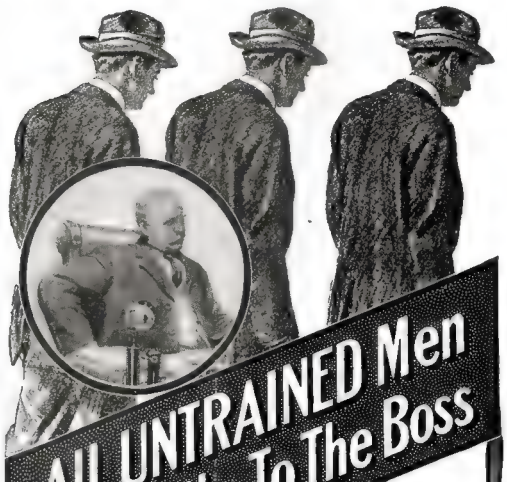

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New Books

(*Continued from page 66*)

J. C. Snaith, author of *The Principal Girl*, goes into a new field in *An Affair of State*. He gives, in brisk conversational give-and-take, a story of England in the hands of the Liberals. A self-made minister with a merely pretty wife from the nobility, another lady of high degree and much political insight, her snobbish, back-number-minded husband, together with a butler who helps to make history—these are the characters working back of the spectacle of law and Parliament. Many issues of the time are swept in, and one imagines real folk behind the mask of fiction. (**Doubleday, Page & Co.**)

"Alas, how easily things go wrong!" *In Brass Faces* you will be pleasantly harrowed by the plight of Robert Gilmour as narrated by Charles McEvoy. This young man of most honorable intentions, courteously offers to assist a lovely and forlorn damsel named Iris; but instead of receiving gain or gratitude he is hounded by a woman detective as "the perpetrator of the Pimlico Outrage," and hailed to jail. Mystery overlaps mystery through five days of dizzying adventure; but at last virtue is vindicated, and we leave Robert with Romance looking rosily in his direction. (**Houghton Mifflin Co.**)

In Another Moment names a story of a stage-struck country girl among the perils of the Great White Way in New York. On the verge of reckless ruin she is saved by believing a young man who foils a determined follower, a shark whose prey is pretty actresses. All the "stage-color" seems believable; but both the downfall and the uplift, as well as other situations are not well-enough muscled under the draperies. The results do not seem to grow; motive and action are not equalized. Climaxes are arbitrarily imposed by the author, not by the inevitable nature of things. (**Bobbs-Merrill Co.**)

Oliver Onions in his strange novel, *In Accordance with the Evidence*, has struck a new note. He shows a mystery story being built up, step by step, by the criminal to an unbreakable wall that is never pierced by the public. The reflected light on the seemingly undoubtable insanity of the cunning and cautious murderer (who considers himself only an innocent avenger) is a careful piece of psychology. Not a cheerful book, though a clever one. (**George Doran Co.**)

As an example of the old-fashioned literary offering of the South, one looks curiously into *Devota*, the last of Augusta Evans Wilson's long line of romances, now republished with an ardent appreciation by T. C. De Leon. This line of early best-sellers began with *Vashti* and *St. Elmo*, and was the war-time reading of thousands in camp and home. (**Dillingham Co.**)

A Makeshift Marriage, by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds, centers around a man's falling in love with his own wife. She is a lady with the moth-soft name Astrid, a young woman whom the hero has married for spite but comes to value for her elusiveness and alluringness. (**Hodder & Stoughton.**)

A Candid Adventure is another setting forth of the artistic temperament. Anna Coleman Ladd who wrote the Renaissance story *Hieronymous Rides*, shows her present hero a young artist swayed between a New England woman and a Polish model. A story told with distinction of manner, but not

(*Continued on page 70*)

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New Books

(*Continued from page 68*)

with any plunge into the heart of the reac
(Houghton Mifflin Co.)

Topham's Folly is a motley history of a pl English family from the viewpoint of the life-l servant of the house, Mary Ann. In her old when she has seen the elders of the family buried the younger all married and gone, and has s good and evil each bring forth their fruit, Mary A (living on as care-taker in this old home, yet "ne alone," she says) evokes into the present again vanished and populous past now more real to than the quiet present. One gets from the soi what plodding and altogether unpretentious pa the feel of the changes and chances of life, and sense of tears in mortal things. (John Lane Co.)

A first novel always gets a loving look from a bo sifter. George D. Stiles in *The Dragoman* shows vention, action, color, but does not achieve gr characterization. An American accompanied by daughter is taking a cargo of war supplies up Nile. An Englishman seeing this suspects trou and plunges into the situation. A Moslem ins rection, the dream of a new Messiah, Anglo-Eg tian relations, are all strands of the braiding, al which glint with young romance. (Harper Bros.

The House of Shame, by Charles Felton Pidg author of *Quincy Adams Sawyer*, is a story of a plu marriage in the Mormon Church. The writer f strongly in regard to the institution of plural m riage, and tells his distressing story in a hope furthering an amendment to the Constitution wh shall make uniform regulations concerning marri and divorce. (The Cosmopolitan Press.)

Henry Kempton, a second novel by Evelyn Br wood, author of *Hector Graeme*, gives us anot novel of soldier-life. In South Africa, in an fashionable regiment, the unconventional hero w the Victorian Cross and comes back to the lady degree who first put military ambition into commercial mind. Brightly told, and touches ma moods and places. (John Lane Co.)

Gettysburg Fifty Years After

THE fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Gett burg will be held this year at Gettysbu Mrs. LaSalle Corbell Pickett, widow of the hero that terrific combat, has in her book *The Bugle Gettysburg*, conjured up the mood and meaning that fateful three days. Mrs. Pickett reconstru the event from old memories and from old lett written in camp and on the march before and af the battle. This wife of the great Southern g eral (whose romance is one of the sweetest blosso of the war) felt and lived through the crisis, and intense emotions are communicated to us. (F. Brown.)

Elsie Singmaster once lived in Gettysburg, a she has taken into her blood the atmosphere a imprint of the great conflict that raged on t field during those fierce and fateful summer da of the awful battle. She has gathered from own imagination and from the memory and hear of neighbors and from the reminiscences of veter a sheaf of little dramas that picture those days doom from a new angle of vision—from the s

(*Continued on page 72*)

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Sold by Stationers, Jewelers, Druggists on 30 days' trial. Prices $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $5.00 and up. Write for catalog and two little books of pen wit.

THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO.

276 Conklin Bldg., Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.

New York: 33-35 W. 42nd St.

Boston: 59 Temple Place

Chicago: 700 N. American Bldg.

TRADE MARK Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

It Fills Itself

New Books

(*Continued from page 70*)

of the women and children at home on the bloody field. A book of unusual situations and setting forth. (The Century Co.)

John Luther Long (author of *Madame Butterfly*) sends out a novel called *War* which revives again in this anniversary year the hopes and fears of half a century ago. The book, however, is not of the gory side of war, but of the hearths and homes of Maryland, sending out their soldiers and receiving them home again in long pine boxes or in tattered gray. An old German tells his story in his kindly way, and makes us hear the words and songs above the cannon roar. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

Short Stories

DO you like a story that "goes," stopping only that Laughter may witch-hazel the stitch in her side? Then pick up Alfred Henry Lewis's recollections of Wolfville, called *Faro Nell and Her Friends*. A lexicon-wrenching dialect it is, in which the Wolfvillian utters himself; and everybody's name is nicked into a symbol of his origin or aspiration. But things happen with kinetoscopic tempo, and each man and woman is sketched in character. The Funeral of Old Holt, with the hearse-horse racing a horse of the funeral train is worth a pint of pepsin as an after-dinner solace. (Dillingham Co.)

In *Wallingford in His Prime*, George Randolph Chester continues the chronicle of his well-known Get-Rich-Quick crook working the confiding public. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

Did Stockton's Spook Do It?

A CURIOUS book of short stories and letters called *The Return of Frank Stockton* comes to us purporting to be from the deceased Frank R. Stockton. The material is said to be received from the Other Side through the pen of Miss Etta de Camp, a spiritualistic medium. In 1909 Miss de Camp got a message from Stockton saying that he had some stories for her to write for him, as her mind-force had the same vibrations as his. He declared that his brain must be relieved, as then he could progress further on the spirit-plane A pain behind her ears was to be her signal to write.

Stockton in these alleged dictations allows no criticism from the medium; asks her only to make her mind a blank. He insists that the stories be published under his own name and that his estate get ten per cent. of the profits. He assures her that he prefers writing stories to trying to "master the mysteries of the harp"; and one of the stories, by the way, tells of the difficulties in learning to use wings!

Glancing through the stories one finds them quite clever of plot but weak in character drawing, using the frame and verbiage of types instead of the structure and language of real persons. The workmanship seems amateurish and the fun sometimes forced and rude. Stockton's directions to the medium speak continually of the humor that is coming, but the most humorous thing about the book is the naïve disclosure of the old-fashioned obsolete heaven of harps and wings.

Miss de Camp says if Stockton didn't write these tales she wants to know who did, for she herself cannot write save only in her trance condition. My feeling about this trance business is that it is a good thing to let alone. (Macoy Pub. House.)

The New York Evening Journal is read by more families of means and refinement than any other New York newspaper.

GLOVE FACTORIES
LEIGH AND WESTBURY
ENGLAND

MARK CROSS
LONDON

LEATHER FACTORIES
LONDON AND WALSALL
ENGLAND

LONDON NEW YORK BOSTON

AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

MARK CROSS COMPANY

210 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

April 11, 1913

New York Evening Journal

Bway & 59th Street

City

Gentlemen:

In view of the splendid results we have obtained from the Journal as an advertising medium, we are increasing our space for the coming year from 15,000 to 20,000 lines.

We feel sure that this increase will more than repay us in results.

Yours faithfully

MARK CROSS COMPANY

F. Kincaid

ADV. DEPT.

F.K

ALL WILL ACKNOWLEDGE the fact that the Mark Cross Company, 210 Fifth Avenue, New York City, is a very successful and reliable firm, and the above letter proves without question that advertising in the New York Evening Journal is profitable to high-class enterprising firms.

"Nothing Succeeds Like Circulation"

THIS magazine pays writers and artists the highest prices paid by any publication in the world to tell its readers what is good and what is true.

With every issue the number of readers becomes greater and more reliant upon the accuracy and integrity of its contents. Already a vast number of readers depend upon it for information of all kinds. In fact, Hearst's Magazine is becoming an exceedingly important international institution.

Our solemn duty, therefore, in making the information absolutely accurate and authentic, will be recognized by everybody. We likewise feel a deep sense of responsibility for the character of the advertising pages.

Hearst's Magazine has determined that the advertisements shall be as near absolute accuracy and genuine truthfulness, as care and conscience can make them. In view, then, of this definite and determined policy, advertisers will save time and trouble by accompanying their advertisements with sufficient proof, absolutely to establish any statement of facts, or else indicate in what way such statements can be both promptly and perfectly verified. After all advertisements have been found to be in strict accord-

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A United States Senator

built this room (shown below) in his home in the mountains of Virginia. He used Utility Wall Board throughout the house. It was put on by local country carpenters who never had handled a wall board job. He was so *well pleased* that he is now using Utility Wall Board in a new addition to his home. This senator used wall board in preference to higher priced wall linings. (Name on request.)

UTILITY WALL BOARD is a tough, fibrous, moisture-proof board—in sheets of convenient lengths and widths, and is adaptable to every type of building construction. It is easily cut with a saw and is nailed direct to studding and ceiling joints. Be sure to write for the Utility Book and free samples.

THE HEPPES COMPANY, 4521 Fillmore St., Chicago, Ill.

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ance with the truth, as far as truth can possibly be determined, the advertisements will be guaranteed and will receive the Stamp of Approved Advertising.

Hearst's Magazine trusts this policy of accuracy and sincerity will prove of benefit; bringing both advertiser and reader into a closer and more confident relationship.

A special scrutiny will be exercised in respect to financial advertising. Only houses on whose reputation we have every reason to rely will be accepted. Our endeavor is to accept only the offerings of reliable securities. If specific advice regarding any investment is desired, we suggest inquiring of our Financial Bureau before making an investment.

Any suggestion or criticism for the improvement of our service is not only requested but earnestly desired, and if adopted will be suitably rewarded.

Feel perfectly free to write your suggestion

Address, Advertising Manager, Hearst's Magazine, 381 Fourth Ave., New York

Read page 74 preceding

The BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM

COME TO BATTLE CREEK

ONE week of enjoyable health-building at the Battle Creek Sanitarium is worth many weeks of formal amusement at the seashore or fashionable resort. To the jaded business man, to the woman grown weary of social demands, to all who seek refreshing rest and diversion, the Sanitarium affords an ideal resting spot.

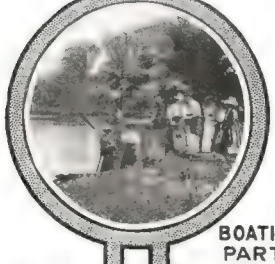
Here everything is scientifically planned for rest, recreation and health improvement—you eat, sleep and live daily for health in a wholesome, health-winning environment. Beautiful expanses of shaded lawn, picturesque lake views and the delightful climate for which Michigan is noted all combine to make Battle Creek the favorite spring and summer resort.

TENNIS COURT

The outdoor life, swimming, golf, tennis, volley ball, riding, driving, motoring, sailing, tramping these and many other pleasant outdoor recreations are encouraged by the most abundant facilities and favorable conditions.

GOLF COURSE

In addition to these many unique advantages, guests have always at hand the special medical advice and service for which this institution is famous throughout the world. There is nowhere to be found a more complete and extensive equipment of means for diagnosis and treatment. All the most recent scientific forms of hydrotherapy, electrotherapy, mechanotherapy, diathermy, radium, medical gymnastics, electrical exercises, the anti-toxic dietary and all other effective curative measures are applied by over three hundred specially trained physicians and nurses.

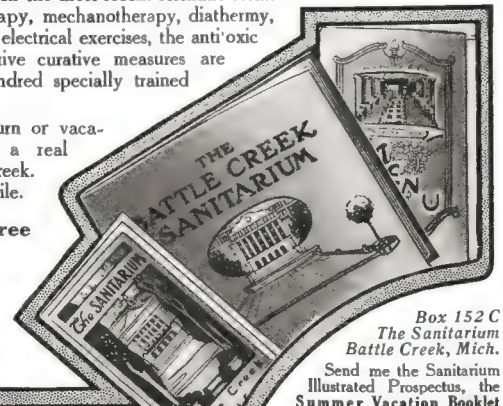


BOATING PARTY

If you are planning a sojourn or vacation, get the facts about a real "rest" vacation at Battle Creek. Get back to nature for a while.

Send For These Free Booklets

A copy of the Sanitarium Illustrated Prospectus, **Summer Vacation Booklet** and copies of Battle Creek Sanitarium Menus will be mailed on receipt of coupon. Tear off and mail it today.



Box 152 C
The Sanitarium
Battle Creek, Mich.

Send me the Sanitarium Illustrated Prospectus, the **Summer Vacation Booklet** and copies of Menus, FREE.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

John Burroughs,
the distinguished naturalist and author, writes
"I am sure I have been greatly benefited by Sanatogen. My sleep is fifty per cent better than it was one year ago, and my mind and strength are much improved."
Hall Caine,
the dramatist, writes:
"My experience of Sanatogen has been that as a tonic nerve food it has on more than one occasion benefited me."
Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.,
the eminent novelist-statesman, writes from London:
"Sanatogen is to my mind a true food-tonic, feeding the nerves, increasing the energy, and giving fresh vigor to the overworked body and mind."

And Sanatogen offers YOU the same welcome help

YES, the same help that has won the sincere endorsements recorded above—and thousands from other famous people—who tendered their voluntary written tributes because they have experienced personally Sanatogen's beneficent, grateful upbuilding effects.

And, if you find your nervous system has given way under too strenuous demands—if you lack vigor and strength — with digestion impaired, sleep disturbed—if your daily food no longer nourishes properly—Sanatogen holds out this same welcome aid to help you regain that which has been lost.

Over 18,000 physicians have written of their confidence in Sanatogen. They have seen how naturally and truly its food and tonic elements reconstruct blood and tissue, impart vigor and endurance to the run-down anemic—how it aids digestion and instils strength and endurance—and how it does these things naturally and gratefully.

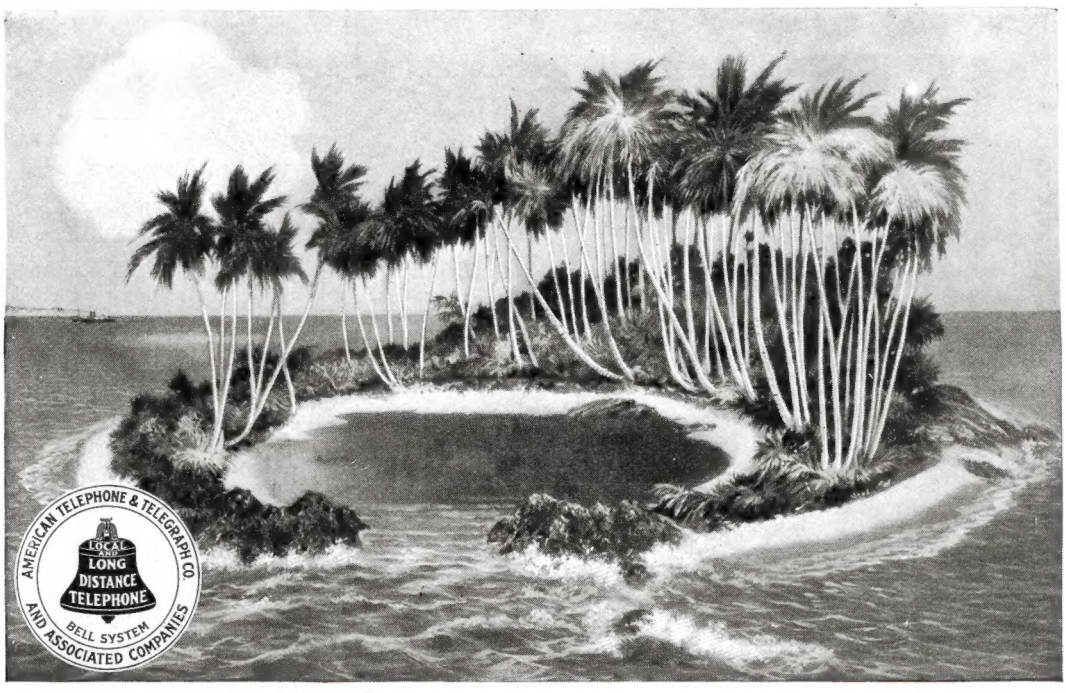
And *you* have the word of these 18,000 physicians that Sanatogen will help YOU gain renewed vigor, health and strength.

Write for a Free copy of "Nerve Health Regained"

If you wish to learn more about Sanatogen before you use it, write for a copy of this booklet, beautifully illustrated and comprising facts and information of the greatest interest.

Sanatogen is sold by good druggists everywhere, in three sizes, from $1.00

THE BAUER CHEMICAL COMPANY, 34-M Irving Place, New York



Coral Builders and the Bell System

In the depths of tropical seas the coral polyps are at work. They are nourished by the ocean, and they grow and multiply because they cannot help it.

Finally a coral island emerges from the ocean. It collects sand and seeds, until it becomes a fit home for birds, beasts and men.

In the same way the telephone system has grown, gradually at first, but steadily and irresistibly. It could not stop growing. To stop would mean disaster.

The Bell System, starting with a few scattered exchanges, was carried forward by an increasing public demand.

Each new connection disclosed a need for other new connections, and millions of dollars had to be poured into the business to provide the 7,500,000 telephones now connected.

And the end is not yet, for the growth of the Bell System is still irresistible, because the needs of the people will not be satisfied except by universal communication. The system is large because the country is large.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy ***One System*** ***Universal Service***

Just Out!

"Inlay Enamel" Monograms

Here is one of the exquisite new "inlay enamel" monogram cases that you may get on this great special offer. Your own initials handsomely inlayed in any colors of enamel you select.

Here is another superb "inlay enamel" monogram case. Only one of the dozens you have to choose from. Scores of other handsome designs—all shipped to you on this great special offer.

The latest idea in watch cases. Superbly beautiful. Your own monogram in handsome enamel design, (many designs to choose from) inlaid in the superb gold strata case. The newest thing—just conceived and offered *direct* to you.

The Burlington Special

The masterpiece of the world's watch manufacture—the watch that keeps time to the second. A perfect timepiece for the discriminating buyer who wants the **best** at a fair price.

Your Choice of Scores of Cases

Open face or hunting cases, ladies' or men's sizes. These can be had in the newest ideas:

Block and Ribbon Monograms
Diamond Set
Lodge Designs
French Art Designs
Dragon Designs
Inlay Enamel Monograms

Our Special Offer

Right now for certain special reasons you may get the superb Burlington Special *DIRECT* at the rock-bottom price—**the same price that even the WHOLESALE jeweler must pay.** You may secure one of these superb timepieces—a watch of the very latest model, the popular new, thin design, adjusted to the second, positions, temperature and isochronism—19 jewels—at the rock-bottom price—**the same price that even the wholesaler must pay.**

$2.50 a Month at the Rock-Bottom Price

$2.50 a month for the world's most superb timepiece? The easiest payments at the rock-bottom price—the **Rock-Bottom** price. *To assure us that everybody will quickly accept this introductory direct offer, we will allow cash or easy payments, just as you prefer.*

No Money Down

We will ship this watch on approval, prepaid (your choice of ladies' or gentlemen's open face or hunting case). You risk absolutely nothing. You pay nothing—not a cent unless you **want** the great offer after seeing and thoroughly inspecting the watch. Send for our great offer today.

FREE BOOK COUPON

Burlington Watch Company
19th St. and Marshall Blvd., Dept. 124Y, Chicago

Please send me, without obligations and prepaid, your free book on watches, including your enamel monogram cases, with full explanation of your cash or $2.50 a month offer on the 19-jewel, thin model Burlington Watch.

Name.....

Address.....

Write for FREE Catalog

Send for the free book. It will tell the inside facts about watch prices, and explains the many superior points of the Burlington over double-priced products. Absolutely no obligations of any kind in getting the catalog. It's free to you, so write at once Just send the free coupon or a letter or a postal.

BURLINGTON WATCH CO.
19th St. and Marshall Blvd., Dept. 124Y, Chicago

To gain the votes of Spotless Town, the Mayor beamed at Mrs. Brown. Her candid way shut off debate: she promptly flashed her candidate. As he reflects, of course he'll know She must have used SAPOLIO

Three household problems—with one answer

Suppose you must clean grimy floors, or dirty shelves, or a dingy kitchen. How can you freshen them up with a *quick* cleaner that *won't waste?*

Answer—Use **SAPOLIO.** (It *cleans* economically.)

Suppose you have a drawer full of kitchen knives, forks and spoons that demand quick scouring. How can you remove the dullness and rust?

Answer—Use **SAPOLIO.** (It *scours* thoroughly.)

Suppose you wish to polish tins, and thoroughly remove grease from your enamelled utensils and crockery *without marring the smooth surfaces.* What should you do?

Answer—Use **SAPOLIO.** (It *polishes* brilliantly. Its suds thoroughly remove grease.)

You rub just the amount of Sapolio you need on a damp rag. Not a particle scatters or wastes.

Our Spotless Town booklet will be mailed upon request.

Enoch Morgan's Sons Company *Sole Manufacturers* **New York City**

Fresh Air and Natural Food

The most "natural" foods are the cereals.

These should be cooked at the factory in a clean and scientific manner to make them easily digestible.

Grape=Nuts

FOOD

Is made of wheat and barley, the greatest of all cereals, containing the tissue-building (proteids), energy-making (carbohydrates) elements; and *also* the "vital" phosphates (grown in the grains) which Nature requires for replacing the soft gray material of brain and nerve centres, worn away by Life's daily activities.

Follow the law of Old Mother Nature—eat Grape-Nuts and cream, and *give it to the children*, at least once a day.

"There's a Reason"

THE SCHWEINLER PRESS